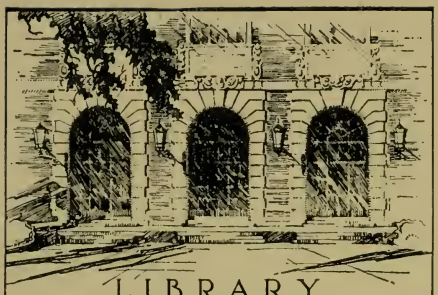

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THE WORLD AND HIS WIFE;

OR, A

PERSON OF CONSEQUENCE.

THE

WORLD AND HIS WIFE;

OR, A

PERSON OF CONSEQUENCE.

A Photographic Novel.

BY

LADY BULWER LYTTON.

AUTHOR OF "CHEVELEY," "BEHIND THE SCENES," &c.

"What a poor, what a paltry, what a merciless passion is this passion of *Gallantry!* yet (among a certain set) it reflects no scandal whatever upon its followers, tho' it begins in the most despicable falsehoods, and terminates in the most irreparable destruction."—*Kelly's* "*Word to the Wise.*"

"I know there are rascals, but the world is good in the lump, and I love all human kind; kings, lords, commons, duchesses, tallow-chandlers, dairy-maids, Indian chiefs, ambassadors, washerwomen, and tinkers; they all have their claims upon my regard in their different stations, and hang me, if I don't believe there are even *honest attorneys!*"—*G. Colman's* "*Who wants a Guinea?*"

In Three Volumes.

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THE WORLD AND HIS WIFE;

OR,

A PERSON OF CONSEQUENCE.

CHAPTER I.

The Launch of the Outward Bound.

THERE can be no doubt, as Hallam observes, that there is a constant analogy between the microcosm of external nature and the microcosm of man.* "But what hand," asks the eloquent Herder, "can detect, and grasp, what is hidden in the human brain? What finger can point out the windings of the conflicting, or the quiescent passions and sentiments; in that secret abyss, flooded with the marvels of intellectual light through its window—the eye, stirred with the mysterious voices of sound through its portal, the ear?" Verily! the mystery lies still deeper than all this, for, like the nymph of Elis, the first responsible step we take in life, is that which at

* Hallam, vol. I. chap. vii.

once opens the source, and determines the course, of our future career; then it is, that Fate becomes the headlong torrent that inseparably mingles with our waters of life; and that whatever Time may fling into this Alpheas in Elis, is sure to re-appear in that fountain of Arethusa—our heart; a fountain, which, however its waters may vary, now cold and dark, now bright, and gushing, yet for childhood at least, is ever gemmed with a lily coronal of pure white thoughts, and hopes, by him who hath said—

"'I bring a cloud over the earth.'"

The cloud comes, sooner and darker to some, than to others; then, fast fade the lilies!—for ever fly the fair white hours! The cold dark waters have to be met—stemmed, if they can; striven with they must be. We have dreamt—we must waken, and never more dream on life's flowery margin. The struggle is over—the plunge is taken! A sigh to the past—a fear for the present—a hope for the future! and we are launched on the perilous tide of time!

It was a small, cold-looking, wainscoted room—rather lofty, and rather bare—at the Great Western Hotel, at Paddington; the walls barricaded with those truly infernal machines called horse-hair chairs,—while on the northern side, a large railway-map, terminating in a bar of black wood, was also suspended. The empty grate, by means of some bright, narrow, tinsel clippings, was made to represent a very glittering, and respectable model of El Dorado on a small scale, with a moral to boot; for the substratum of this splendour being plain deal-shavings, the inference was obvious, to wit, that it was only by close shaving that gold can be arrived at.

In the centre of the room was a longish, square table,

with rounded corners, covered with a black and green checked-cloth,—on which was placed a copy of "The Times," a tumbler, and dinner caraft, of opaque-looking water, which looked more as if Professor Faraday had been experimentalizing upon it, than as if very recently brought from any of those wells in which truth is said to have her abode. The floor was also painted in imitation of oak—(for, since railways, all is vapouring—all is imitation)—a faded Turkey carpet covering the centre. The flat and scanty curtains, being of drab merino damask, effectually

"Cast a browner horror o'er the" room.

Upon one of the aforesaid horse-hair chairs, sat an exceedingly pretty boy, of about eight years old. A profusion of dark, soft, chestnut hair surmounted a fair, broad, high forehead, and dark hazel eyes, while the almost ideal delicacy of his features, and the angelic softness, yet bright intelligence of their expression, seemed not only to belie his sex, but his race; for, verily, he looked of another sphere than this work-a-day world. A pensive expression in his eyes, unwonted, and unnatural, at his age, added to this impression.

His hands and feet, and small white ears, were unmistakeably patrician; but though his dress (consisting of a dark blouse and broad patent leather belt, and a Glengarry cap, which he now held in his hand) was scrupulously clean, yet the material was coarse; the boots were clumsily thick; the little gloves also, and of a dark, dingy green; while the little black and white check neck-kerchief, tied under his falling collar in a slovenly bow, was altogether as flimsy as the poorest English silk could make it. In a word, there were none of those almost indescrib-

able, but equally unmistakeable *point device* little coquetries of love and pride, about his dress, which proclaim a mother's finishing touch. No, all that attracted there, was Nature's work ; and she had done much. Could even a mother have done more for such dainty workmanship ? Yes ; stamped the heart's hall-mark of love upon it ; without which, the fairest of earth's flowers, that ever opened to the sun, but—

"Waste their sweetness on the desert air."

Most boys of that age, would have been either up at the window accompanying the *opera seria* of their plans for future mischief, with an *obligato* accompaniment of the devil's tattoo against the panes, or plucking the tinsel brightness, and the homely shavings from the grate, to see what they could *not* be made into ; or, at least, if they could not be twisted into most orthodox, because most ungenial, matrimony ; or searching *The Times* for something he ought not to read in the police reports ; or *viâ* the point of a pen, or a knife, quite altering the geography of the county, or making tunnels in the railway-map that the original engineer had never had the genius to imagine.

But the solitary little tenant of that cold, cheerless room, did none of these things. He had been told to sit quietly on his chair till his grandmother, (who had brought him up from the country, returned ;) and he did so ; his right arm flung over the back of the chair, his right foot tucked under him, and his left swinging to and fro beneath the chair ; while his luminous, soft, dark eyes, looked dreamily up at the railway-map, and followed the flies in their ceaseless journeys from one end of the kingdom to the other, leaving their luggage in black spots after them at every station.

But to watch the bustle and stir of other lives, and note their superfluous energies, while our own are all stagnat-

ing, is perhaps one of the hardest fetters of compulsory inactivity; and, without being aware of it, the boy felt this. He did not think it, for we don't think at that age; memory is thought in after years. But the flies had wings, and he had none. So he grew weary of following them with his eyes, and leaning his cheek on his hand, he turned with a sigh towards the window; but still those young eyes had always the same gentle, pensive expression, as if bestowing love, and imploring sympathy, from all they looked upon, when suddenly he saw a poor fly quietly about to accept the treacherous hospitality of a large burly burgomaster-looking spider; and starting from his chair, he dashed his little clenched hand through the web, and released the fly, exclaiming, as he continued to shake it at the spider, "You sha'n't."

Just at this juncture, and before the spider had time (had he been able), like his prototypes in Parliament, to "rise in reply," the door opened, and Robert Bumpus, followed of course by Tatters, entered: his new clothes and his new happiness, making him altogether a new man, so that even Newmarket might have mistaken him for that sought-after thing—a *roué* Peer, instead of that only sought-after-by-the-police thing,—a penniless vagabond.

The boy stopped short in his threat, coloured like a girl, and looked as confused as if he had been caught committing, instead of preventing, a murder.

"I beg your pardon, young gentleman," said Bob, colouring in his turn, yet bowing most respectfully, "but, I believe you are Master Walter Selden? Mr. Quirker told me I should find you in this room. He is going down with us to Field-Fleury. I suppose you know you are going to Field-Fleury to school, sir?"

"Yes, yes," said the boy, hesitatingly, with another blush, and then added, with something very like a tear in his eyes—

"Is it far?"

Oh! prophetic wisdom of childhood! danger and distance,—in your glossary,—being always synonymous.

"No, no,—a matter of a hundred miles or so; and you know, by rail, sir, that's nothing."

"I know very well," continued Bob, with that genuine *politesse du cœur* which is ever on the alert to save pain, or give pleasure, "I know very well that no one can warrant *names* free from vice; and that *school* always *has* had, always has, and always *will* have, an ugly, birchy, booky, bread-and-scrape sound in a young gentleman's ears; but I do assure *you*, sir, that you won't find my brother's anything of a school to signify; and as for Field Fleury itself, it's just one of the nicest places you could pick out on a Summer's day. Such meadows! such trees! such birds' nests! such hazel-nuts! such bilberries! such blackberries! such cherry-orchards! three rookeries could not thin them in a month—and such streams, with the trout, and greylings, continually popping up their heads, as if they were saying, '*do* come and catch me,' and then bobbing under in a minute, as much as to say, 'don't you wish you may get it?"

"Then, come September, it's not for *me* to speak of geese, but I will say, nowhere have I ever been able to raise the wind as it rises of its own accord on Twaddleton Common, and nowhere have I ever seen such kite-flying."

"And may any boy fly a kite there?" asked Walter, the pupils of his eyes dilating, as if his ears had stolen

into them, and were listening there, as the little fellow had gradually advanced close up to Bob, during the narration of this exciting epic, and now actually placed his small white hand upon the Field-Fleury improvisatore's red rough one, as he looked up into the grotesque, but honest and intensely good-natured face of the latter.

"To be sure he may, sir,—Common, means common to all, you know."

Here Tatters, who had made all the investigations he wanted round the room, *viâ* the horse-hair chairs, and had advanced so far as under the table, now just peeped out, to reconnoitre the physiognomy of his master's new friend; and the judgment he had come to thereupon, being apparently one of an entirely satisfactory nature, he proclaimed the fact by gently insinuating, with a little sigh of canine satisfaction, his intensely cold nose into the boy's left hand, as it hung down listlessly by his side.

"Oh, what a dear doggie!" exclaimed he, electrified by the sudden chill, "may I lift him up in my arms?"

"Ay, to be sure you may, sir, eat him if you like, if you don't think he'd disagree with you," said Bob, aloud, while his unuttered soliloquy was "blinked, if that poor child hasn't been either muzzled, and milk-and-watered, with some piece of starched dimity of a maiden aunt, or else put upon, in double step-mother style, for all those 'May I's?' arn't natural in a boy of that age. Why for that matter, a chap of half his years, not out of petticoats, and bare legs, would have been slap-dash into, and at everything, before this, without, with your leave, or by your leave. I must get to the root of all this. Mischief is

a boy's natural state, and where it aint visible to the naked eye at the first glance, there *must* be and is, something wrong. No getting anything out of Terps Quirker; he's a lawyer, and they're paid for always taking in, and never letting out ; must try the boy himself, and yet he looks so innocent, that it's almost like jockeying an angel, to make him tell anything he's perhaps been told not to tell. Then those eyes, where have I seen just the fellow look to that one of his, when he looks up into one's face as if he was taking refuge there, body and soul, and believed no harm could come to him ; nor could it, if the devil himself once took such bail."

While Robert Bumpus still pondered, and racked his memory for the look it was in quest of, Walter Selden's fair young face was partially buried in the dog's shaggy head, on which he bestowed innumerable kisses. Tatters, who had been used to similar ovations during his recent *séjour* at Clanhaven House, receiving them all with a sort of matter-of-fact affectionate complacency, which was indicated by a gentle undulation of his tail, that did not amount to positive common-place wagging.

"Ahem ! I suppose, sir, your mamma has got a dog, you seem so fond of dogs ;" ventured Bob, as his first *coup d'essai* in diplomacy.

The boy paused in his caresses, sighed audibly, and did not answer for a second or two ; and then looking timidly up with the reverse of a blush this time, and the same confiding look that so bewildered Bob, which however was veiled in tears now, though they did not overflow the boundary of his eyes, said in a voice even lower than usual—

"I have no mamma, she died a whole year ago."

"I beg your pardon sir, I, I—m sure, I meant to say—

your papa," stammered Mr. Bumpus, floundering into another attempt.

"Oh!" said the child, with a smile, shewing all his small pearl-like teeth, "I never had any papa."

"Oh! indeed, sir, dear me, I thought mushrooms and pignuts were the only little things that had no pa's or ma's."

"Oh! I forgot, I had a papa somewhere, only I never saw him but once, just after mamma died, when he came to grandmamma Selden's on such a beautiful horse! and he wanted to take me home, to his home for the day, but grandmamma got very angry, and would not let me go. And I recollect, too, he gave me when he was riding away, some sugar-plums, nice big burnt almonds, but grandmamma would not let me have those either, but flung them away, and was—oh! so angry."

"Poor little fellow," *thought* Bob; "pedigree's as plain as Godolphin Arabian's—Innocence out of Victim, by Scoundrel; I'll be bound, something of that sort."

"But *now*, I really *have* no papa," resumed the boy; "for he went away somewhere a great, *great!* way off, and grandmamma said I should never see him again; and, oh! I forgot," added he, dropping his voice, and compressing his Glengarry cap into the most distorted shapes—"she said I was never to speak of him to anyone, but I *should* have liked a ride on that beautiful horse."

"Are you fond of horses, Master Walter?" asked Bob, sidling up to him quite affectionately, as he hastily passed the back of his hand across his eyes, and brushed away something very like a tear.

"Oh! so fond, and if ever I have money enough, I'll buy a pony. Look here, I have four whole half-crowns! bhat grandmamma gave me because I was going to school, but *that* is not enough to buy a pony with—is it?"

"Lawr bless you, no; but we'll see if we can't manage it somehow. I *should* like to teach you to ride, *that* I should!"

"There's a fore-hand! added Bob, stepping back a pace or two, and looking admiringly at the youthful symmetry of the boy's figure."

"Oh! *will* you?" cried Walter, laying both his hands on Mr. Bumpus's arms, and looking up so earnestly into his face as he flung back his head with its profusion of soft burnished, chestnut curls that, had he said with the same voice and look,—"Oh! will you let me cut off your ears?"—Bob would have returned the same answer he then did, seizing and shaking the boy's hands.

"Ay, *that* will I! I beg your pardon, Master Walter, for making so free with you; but the truth is, you see, sir, whenever there is any talk about horses, Bob Bumpus is sure to behave like an ass."

"Oh! never mind,—I like you; you look so good-natured. And *have* you any ponies?"

"A few; why I've a whole Circus of horses," responded the owner of "BUMPUS'S UNRIVALLED ATTRACTIONS," proudly, yet modestly; now feeling, perhaps, for the first time, the full *dignity* of his position; for hitherto, he had only experienced the *delight* of his recent acquisition.

"You know what a Circus is?"

"Yes,—no, that is, one came to Pencridge a short time ago, and Martha wanted to take me, and"—

"Pencridge! what Pencridge in Staffordshire, where the great horse-fair is held?" interrupted Bob.

"Yes; do you know it?"

"Don't I!—well, never mind; you were saying, Master Walter, that you went to the Circus?"

"No,—no,—that I *wanted* to go, and Martha wanted to take me; but grandmamma wouldn't let her."

"Strange!" half soliloquized Mr. Bumpus" "Grandmothers, as a general rule, are regular insurgents; but this one of yours seems always to be forbidding the bans from Circuses down to sugar-plums. I suppose you are not exactly to say *desperately* fond of her?" inquired Mr. Bumpus, caressing his chin with his right hand, accompanying the query with much the same sort of look, with which he would have said to a cabman, while eyeing his particularly out-of-condition hack, "Didn't win the last Goodwood Cup, *I s'pose?*"

"I pray for her every night," said the boy, in a low voice, hanging his head, and colouring deeply as was his wont.

"Pray for her; ay, praying is an angel's trade."

"Do you know," said Walter, looking round to see that nobody was there to overhear him, and rapidly twisting Tatters's ears as he spoke, "Do you know,—mamma is an angel now in Heaven? and so I don't pray for *her* any more, for Martha says we oughtn't to pray for those who are in Heaven."

"No, Master Walter—it is to be hoped they pray for us," said Bob, turning away to hide an unpleasant humidity in his eyes.

"Ah! but I should like to pray for her, though; and I often do pray to her when I'm very, very miserable."

"Very, very miserable! Lawr bless you—and have you got to *that* already?"

And Robert Bumpus interlaced his fingers with a sort of involuntary convulsive movement, as he looked at the child with an expression of melancholy and passionate affection.

"Yes, very often; when grandmamma is very angry with me, and I don't know why; and she says I belong to nobody, and have no right to anything."

"Grandmamma be hanged!" exclaimed Mr. Bumpus, with such energetic piety in the prayer, that he broke the tumbler over the caraff of the opaque water, as he brought down his clenched fist like a sledge-hammer on an anvil upon the table.

"Hush!" cried Walter. "Grandmamma says, whatever I do, I must mind and never talk about people being hanged."

"Well, it aint civil, and that's the truth, Master Walter, —so mind you never do, sir, there's a good young gentleman," responded his companion with a strange chaos of conflicting expressions in his face; and then he added, after clearing his throat with one or two nervous hems,— "Don't know, I'm sure, how we came to get into this rope-walk, but the sooner we get out of it the better. Ah! a gallop round my Circus of a morning before the company comes—that's the thing for you, Master Walter."

"What! is your Circus at the school where I'm going?" asked young Selden, the pupils of his eyes dilating, and his whole countenance radiating, as he formed a sudden and very different notion to his estimate of schools in general, and the Field-Fleury School in particular.

"Why, no—not exactly; because you see, sir, if they were to have Circuses and Hippodromes at young gentlemen's schools, the boys would be always on their high horse, and the master would never be able to get the whip-hand of them. But I shall go down there twice a-year, and to-morrow morning—if I'm alive—you shall have your first riding-lesson, Master Walter, on Solomon."

"On Solomon?"

"Oh! I forgot—you don't know anything about Solomon; he is a pony at Mornington Manor, that I know Brown, the coachman, will lend me."

"But if I should break my neck—as grandmamma says people fond of horses and riding deserve to do?"

"Grandmamma be —— decorated with the Victoria order of merit;—but there's no fear of your neck, Master Walter—Solomon is a serious pony, and is used to a stiff-necked generation. He carries Mr. Luther himself occasionally, and has never been known to shy, even at Madam Mornington; so you cannot have safer cattle than that, if you paid £200 a foot for it."

Walter, now deeply interested in the conversation of Mr. Bumpus, whom he thought the pleasantest person he had ever met in his life, was just about to make a few inquiries touching the identity of Mr. Luther, and Madam Mornington, and the whereabout of Mornington Manor, the sagacity of Solomon, and the capabilities of Brown the coachman, when the door opened, and Mr. Terps Quirker entered, accompanied by ——. But there is no room for such a nose at the the fag end of a chapter.

CHAPTER II.

Getting Under Weigh.

THE door opened, and a tall, gaunt woman, in black, entered. Not that she was in reality so very tall; but there are certain anatomical thriftinesses, by which a mere ordinary supply of bone, and muscle, is made to appear to go great lengths,—as was the case with the assortment in question; her very long, thin, sharp nose, preceding her like a *piqueur*, or *avant courier*. Her eyes were dark and fierce, though sunken; her cheek-bones high, and their colour equally so. Her mourning was neither very new, nor very costly; there was no radiant darkness of jet and bugles about it, but its thin gauzy texture fell in innumerable draperies round her lank uncrinolined figure, like so many death-flags, hung out in all directions.

In short, Mrs. Selden, Walter's grandmother—for she it was—,was a something between a tragedy queen, and a

gipsy tramper; a sort of hybrid, in fact, between Mrs. Siddons, and Bampyfield Moore Carew—(without, however, meaning to cast the slightest aspersion on the immaculate memory of that illustrious lady)—while the over-erectness of her deportment, flinging her head unusually back, gave her such a disdainful air, as to make her look as if she had gone in, for despising the whole world,—though to the classical reader she might have conveyed the idea of Theopompus, King of Sparta, masquerading it, in the effeminate trappings of Sardanapalus.

But neither Mr. Terps Quirker, the 'torney (as he was called down at Twaddleton and Field-Fleury,—nor Mr. Robert Bumpus, of that ilk,—being good, bad, or even indifferent classics, they merely trembled, as they felt the imposing presence of the *gauntity* and *grandity* of this lady, without in their own minds being able to lessen that effect, by likening the cause, to any thing in heaven or earth. Mrs. Selden having flung open the door, and franchised the space necessary to gaining the centre of the room; which she did with an impartial mode of progression, derived both from the quick, and the dead, and equally combining the glide of a ghost, with the stride of a cock.

She was followed at a respectful distance by Mr. Roger, —commonly called, and therefore better known, as Mr. Terps Quirker. Never before, perhaps, had there been so small an "abridgment of common law;" nevertheless, it comprised every possible quibble, and every known legal fiction. About five feet three, and proportionately slight, Mr. Terps Quirker's low, and rather retreating forehead, was surmounted by a goodly quantity of light, and perfectly straight brown hair,—rather long, and of so fine a texture, that it had no obstinate ways of its own, but was

blown about by every breeze. His eyes, which were of a light hazel, were very long cut; and a habit he had of looking out at the corners of them, without turning his head, gave him and them, a particularly sly look, which was considered in the profession, as the best authenticated work of supererogation extant. His complexion was of a smooth, yellowish, delicate pink and white, like the living incarnation of that most lawful of all unions,—parchment and red tape.

Beside a dimple in each cheek—more long than round, as if made by the slit of a penknife—he was much addicted to constitutional blushing; which, in a solicitor, the late Edward Irving would no doubt have considered as a sign of grace, while mere wordlings would probably have looked on it as a practical illustration of cause and effect. His nose was not only turned up, but so pointed, that as it stood out in a straight horizontal line from his face, it would have done admirably to hang his hat, or even a case upon: indeed, thereby hung a tale—not exactly from his nose, but about it—as there was an oral tradition, still floating through Ely Place, and Hatton Garden, and also west of Hanover Square, in his present office, to the effect that in his earlier days, Terps Quirker, tempted by an immoral brother clerk, had gone *incog.* for a month to Paris—(as his late Majesty George the Fourth, when Prince of Wales, did with General Conway, to play a game of piquette with the beautiful and ill-fated Marie Antoinette, as *he* said; though the scandalous chronicle of that day hinted—and history has since confirmed it—that it was to play up the game of antique gooseberry, his Royal Highness went).

During this month, Terps Quirker, setting the law at defiance, and scattering the profits, had consumed Cham-

bertin, discussed *gibelottes*, and cultivated a moustache; but the immoral clerk who first tempted him, whispered in his ear, that *gibelottes* without gallantry, were as great an anomaly as a *grisette*, without a *Garde Nationale*, which whisperings, were followed up by the perpetual goadings of a *gros papa* of a porter, in the house where they lodged—*Rue Neuve des Petits Champs*, who, whenever anything in the shape of a cap, or a petticoat, appeared on the horizon, would nudge his elbow, and, with a twirl of his own veteran moustache, whisper confidentially, "Hein! ah! ça Monsieur Terps; faut vous lançer; diantre!"

Till one day, he, and the immoral clerk, were descending the large, common dirty staircase together, when a certain *Mademoiselle Justine*, a little *demoiselle du magazin* from the *Rue Vivienne*, was about to ascend it, encumbered with a large *carton*, containing a "chapeau de Longchamp pour la dame au quatrième," when the immoral clerk, giving his companion an *impetus* by a thump between the shoulders, cried "Now! Terps! Now's your time!" and hurled him like a quoit, down the stairs, straight in the direction of the little *modiste;* but though Terps held out his arms like two wings, not only to aid his flight, but also for the nefarious purpose of encircling Mademoiselle Justine in them, he missed her mouth, as completely as if it had been the mouth of the Thames, on a foggy night; and ran the sharp point of his nose into the poor little *modiste's* eye, who, dropping her carton, exclaimed, with a scream, "Eh! Seignieur Dieu! que faites vous donc Monsieur!"

While old Goguenard, the *gros papa de portier*, stood at the door of his *concièrge*, holding both his fat sides, and roaring so as that he might have been heard at Mont-

faucon; but as soon as he could speak, he paid the adventurous youth the following compliment:—

"Ha! ha! ha! du moins, Monsieur Terps, vous avez—joliment donné dans l'œil, à Mamselle Justine;" and the legend further set forth, that the following week *le père Goguenard* added a supplement to this compliment, by telling the *cuisinière* of the *entresol*, with his right eye closed, and his forefinger placed at the side of his nose,

"Et depuis l'affaire de la Justine, ça petit bon homme de Terps, va sans qu'on lui dit—allez!"

Thus, at once *lancé*, and established as a man of gallantry,—though, as a lawyer, Terps Quirker continued to poke his nose into everything, he, from that out, managed his love-affairs less *gaûchely*—and, when that is the case, a man begins to consider himself a *personnage*, as the superior sex generally derive more pride (though, perhaps, conceit would be the more appropriate word) from their follies and their vices, than they do from their virtues—in the rare instances where they possess any. Therefore, Mr. Terps Quirker had got into a way of making the most of himself, and carrying his head quite as high as Mrs. Selden did hers; nevertheless, like the unequal contest for greatness between the frog and the bull, in the fable, in vain he strutted and stretched—on the present occasion, his chin, or even his nose (that fatal and unwonted weapon which had occasioned such havoc in the eye of the Paris grisette) could only, at its highest standard of elevation, attain to a parallel line with the curtain of Mrs. Selden's bonnet, as he followed her into the room.

No sooner had the door opened and discovered who the arrivals were, than Walter, suddenly, and with that

guilty look which the most extreme innocence is subject to when under the influence of habitual and causeless severity, put Tatters down off the chair, dropping him with much the same sort of accelerated haste, that he might have done a red-hot coal, (had he inadvertently taken one up); while Mr. Bumpus, as hastily, and quite as guiltily "stood at ease;" that is to say, in the most uncomfortable position he could.

Oh! ha! hum!" squeaked Terps Quirker, making rapid sort of carte and tierce passes out of the corners of his eyes, to the right and to the left, without moving his head, only rising jauntily on the tips of his boots, and pressing both sides of his hat like the popular candidate on a hustings, as he spoke. "Oh! ha! hum!—Mrs. Selden, this is Mr. Bumpus."

Mrs. Selden bowed stiffly—not to say savagely—as she, in one electric glance, filed a sort of bill of indictment against poor Bob from head to foot; who (as he afterwards confessed to the attorney) felt shying to the very roots of his whiskers, and would have jibbed, had he been near the door.

"Pray, Sir," said she, in a booming, deep tragedy voice (leaning the tips of all the fingers of her right hand upon the table, as she spoke, as a sort of prop to the weight of dignity under which she was evidently labouring)—"pray sir, *arre* YOU the proprietor of the school at which Master Selden is to be placed?" And in this short query the dog's letter, the *r*, whirred through the air, like the ricket of a pheasant rising; and so close was the imitation, that, though Mr. Bumpus felt himself utterly incapable of uttering a syllable in reply to the question put to him, he mechanically looked up, as if

watching the flight of the bird, and winked his right eye at the ceiling.

Perceiving the sudden dumbness which had fallen upon him, the man of law came to the rescue, and said, with a renewed ocular passage of arms—

"No, oh! no—this is his brother. Mr. Moses Bumpus's scholastic avocations did not admit of his coming for Master Selden himself."

"Then, sir," resumed Mrs. Selden—not vouchsafing any reply to Mr. Quirker, but again slowly turning the full battery of her Medusa-like gaze upon Robert Bumpus —"you will inform your brother, that though Master Selden appears to have no friends, he *has* a GRANDMOTHER! who, if proper *respect* is not paid to him, will find means of making those who have failed in it repent their temerity;" and she perorated this menace by, with great energy, flinging the long end of her light gauze scarf, Toga-wise, over the left shoulder—as she darted her sharp, dagger-like eyes from the school-master's brother, to her grandchild:—whose young blood seemed rippled like the still waters of a lake, when a chill breeze passes suddenly over them, for the colour went and came on his soft cheek; while even Tatters, a dog never once suspected of cowardice, sat *under* the chair, only occasionally protruding his head to see what was going on; and trembling and fidgeting from one paw to another, as he saw the *effect*, produced on his master's countenance, and the *cause*, in Mrs. Selden's. But, at this threat, Robert Bumpus's heart leaped over to the child, and he said, boldly and distinctly—

"Lord, ma'am! there's no fear of *that*; no one could choose, but be kind to such a young gentleman as Master Selden.

"*Key*-indness, sir, is for *equals*; respect for SUPERIORS!"

And here, (as Bob afterwards expressed it) she piled up the dignity to a terrific height; still, it did *not* fall and crush him, for he replied with calm philosophy—

"Oh, as far as that goes, ma'am, we are *all* equals; for the greatest, stand in need of kindness, as much as the meanest."

"It may be so, sir, from their peers—from their peers."

And here, a black paper-fan that she held, was opened, and agitated violently, as if to cool the indignation such vulgar familiarity had excited.

"Then Heaven help them!" said Bob, nothing daunted, —"for it is just from their *peers* that they *wont* get it."

"What calling or *pro*-fession does this person follow, that he permits himself such freedom of speech, touching his superiors?" asked the haughty old lady; addressing herself to Terps Quirker, but pointing at the plebeian Bob, with the end of her fan.

But, apparently, the lawyer thought the question so indiscreet as to demand a double quantum of caution in his reply; so, sidling up to Mrs. Selden, till he was almost as close to her as he had been to Mademoiselle Justine, he was about to whisper his answer, when she started back several paces, extending her fan as a barrier between them, like the ghost of the Commandant's *bâton*, in Don Giovanni, and did not *say*, "Avaunt," but looked it, as she exclaimed, *in alto*,

"Sir! I am not your client,—you are employed by the opposite party; therefore, there can be no necessity for any secret, or confidential communications, between you and me."

"Oh, that is just as you please, my good lady," said the little attorney, with a pert look, and a shrug of contemp-

tuous impertinence: "I'm sure, neither I, nor my noble client, want to make any mysteries. His Lordship's morals, I suppose, are no worse than any other nobleman's,—indeed, I may say than other men's. So, of course, *he* cares very little how far his share in the matter is known; and it is for you to decide, whether a gallows is exactly the sort of hanging wood to be proud of on one's estate."

"Sir, sir—have a care! Were all hanged who deserved it, *you* would not now be standing there to insult me:" and with her quivering fingers, and with both her hands, she tore open her collar, and displayed the convulsive gaspings of her scraggy throat.

"You'll just allow me to remind you professionally," said the man of law, with another impertinent shrug, "that such language as you are using is actionable."

"Walter," said Mrs. Selden, sinking down into a chair, and wiping the big drops from her now livid face, as she turned slowly towards her grandchild, and nodded her head at Bob; "do you like that person well enough to go with him? because if you don't; they sha'nt force you."

"Oh! yes, grandmamma—I like him *very* much:" and the boy walked over, and laying his hand on Bob's arm, looked with a transient, but sunny smile, up into his face.

"Thank you, Master Walter; and if ever I belie your liking, may I die of the staggers!"

"Walter," said Mrs. Selden, in her deep-measured tragedy voice—"you appear to be already strangely familiar with that person."

Walter withdrew his hand as hastily as if the arm it rested on had bitten him; and Mr. Bumpus again stood at ease, under the same difficulties as before—while the

little rapid sharp glances from the corners of the attorney's eyes, appeared to be running races with the flies and shadows round the room.

"Ahem—ahem!" said the latter,—"I think it must be near the time for the train to start: I'll just step out to see." So saying, he bolted—not the door—but through it; soliloquizing as he went, "Bless my soul—what a particularly unpleasant, formidable female!" tapping his pockets as he spoke, as if logically concluding, that having invoked his soul, if it *had* "a local habitation" it would be *there*. With this critique upon Mrs. Selden, Mr. Terps Quirker rushed out upon—rather than walked—to the platform, where he commenced a series of gyrations very similar to those of a tetotum or a dancing Dervish, in order to ascertain if, among the comers and goers, to or fro, there was any, who had the felicity of his acquaintance. His researches were rewarded by presently espying an elaborately got-up "gent," moustached and bearded like a "Pard," ringed like a rattle-snake, and studded like a firmament, who was frantically rescuing, or endeavouring to rescue, his luggage, consisting of a carpet-bag and a hat-box, from the unprincipled designs of a score of porters, who were treating it precisely as the Romans treated the Sabine women in the abridgement of the Roman History, in which valuable work, (as far as that event went, which he had always considered actionable) Mr. Terps Quirker was well versed.

"Hallo! De Musty, where are you for?" cried Terps, making a sudden leap forward with all the agility, and the total absence of grace of a carp, as he laid his hand on Mr. De Musty's arm, while that gentleman's eyes had a very narrow escape of incurring the same danger that Mademoiselle Justine's had done. So often in this world

of chances, and cross purposes, do similar results arise from such very different causes.

"Ah! Quirker,—how do?" responded Mr. Warren Hastings De Musty in a languid voice, such as he considered to be the vocal quintessence of lords and literature; and therefore always adopted on social, festive—or, in fact,—any public occasions. Having by one more vigorous effort rescued his brown leather hat-box from the abducting hirelings, he added, "It's a confounded boa (*bore*), but I'm going down to do the Hereford festival."

Now, lest the superficial reader (and there are very few in these days, when people read by rail, and think (?) by electric telegraph who are not superficial): well, lest any one should erroneously suppose from this speech, that Mr. Warren Hastings De Musty was some mere vulgar member of the swell-mob, or ticket-of-leave man, we beg explicitly to state, that his branch of the profession was "Own Correspondent" to a provincial paper, and doer of the musical and theatrical criticisms on two metropolitan ones; also occasionally furnishing reports of Parliamentary debates—which triune calling, gave him a sort of influence, in what may be termed the sewers, and conduits, of London society, from the theatrical orders, it enabled him to dispense to the families of his less aristocratic friends; while, if a minister wanted a "Fact" done to order, or a twist given to a truth, or an attractive and natural colouring to the most livid lie, Warren Hastings De Musty, was just the creative genius to invent the one, and embellish, and give an impetus to the other; and much service (through the valuable introduction of the Firm of Quirker, Graball, and Quirker) had he done Lord Portarjis in this way. So that his studs, his stare, his white waistcoat, and his black

whiskers, were not unknown to the *habitués* of Clanhaven House—a circumstance with which his profound knowledge of the peerage, (which the vulgar are apt to mistake for an acquaintance with live peers) entailed upon him terrific testimonials of hospitality in the provinces, and west of Asia Minor, during the London season.

He had also, thanks to Lady Portarjis's receptions, succeeded in becoming a member of "The Garrick," and of a new club established on Utilitarian principles, called "The Cold Shoulder, and Half-pint Club;" and would, by indisputable right, have been a member of Mr. Thackeray's Mythological "POLUPHLOISBOIO THALASSES LITERARY CLUB," had it existed. Another class, that hung their ovations on Mr. De Musty's chariot wheels, was manœuvring mothers, with marriageable, but can't-get-married daughters; M.P's. wives, who upon a scanty fifteen hundred a-year, contrive for three months in each season, on the plan of the Wizard of the North's inexhaustible bottle, to live as if they had six thousand—which plainly proves that, though their husbands are no conjurors, they are.

No class has such an exalted idea of the occult power of the Mockanas of the press (provided they are in any sort of society) as these maternal St. Pauls, who have "the care of all the churches" in which their daughters *may*, by any possibility be married; for no one reverences the High Priests of Humbug, like the votaries of that power, which now sways the world. These good ladies feel all the importance of the puff apparent, or puff presumptive, to Georgy, or Julia, on their presentation; or still more,—of the puff hyperbolical—when, season after season, their advent at Caledonian, and other balls, is advancing fast to the term of a jubilee.

But it is invidious to single out that poor, singularly

hard-working class,—manœuvring mothers—as being peculiarly the vassals of this autocrat of the nineteenth century: for the truth is, that this said HUMBUG is to us Anglo-Saxons. what manna was to the Israelites in the wilderness,—a miraculous sustenance that supports us under everything, though it is not exactly angels' food, but rather the reverse. And as a dispenser of the Antipodical manna of the press, Mr. Warren Hastings De Musty, to do him justice, was far from under-valuing a man, whom others,—by themselves, others,—appeared to value so highly.

"Going down to Twaddleton?" inquired that gentleman, as soon as Terps Quirker had released the one finger he had graciously, without over familiarity, or, what is even worse, cordiality, presented to him.

"Ha! yes, thereabouts—ahem! perhaps *you* know something about it?" probed Terps, his little sharp, long-cut eyes, darting out their corner glances with a rapid, fluttering motion, which gave to the pupils a strong family likeness to the coloured balls of an electric telegraph.

"Oh, *that* affair?" rejoined the "own correspondent," with an oracular look which, though he would have given the world to have been more grammatical, and said "*what* affair?" by implying he knew everything, did not commit himself to anything.

"Yes, yes—exactly so," nodded the attorney, while his eyes appeared to be imitating the dexterity of the Indian Jugglers, in actually playing at ball with their own pupils, so swiftly did their glances fly from one side to the other.

"The lady's plate, wasn't it?" ventured his at-fault companion, making a random guess that it was some

racing transaction of Lord Portarjis's, and calculating upon being set right, if he had hit the wrong target.

"He! he! he!—ha! ha! ha! rather the lady's *dished* I should say," cachinnated Terps; but evidently, the jest, however rare, was strictly confidential, for *he* had it all to himself, more especially when he added, with such accelerated hilarity that his shoulders moved almost as rapidly as his eyes, though not in a horizontal direction, "*Groseilles et grisettes!*" an oath he had invented for his own especial use, during his visit to Paris, though, like a true-born Briton, he, of course, gave the gooseberries precedence. "*Groseilles et grisettes!* but the grandmother beats anything I ever beheld, with the exception of a pickled alligator, at the *Jardin des Plantes.*"

Now, this allusion to the grandmother and the simile of the alligator, completely mystified Mr. Warren Hastings De Musty; but, as neither grandmothers nor crocodiles formed a particularly interesting chapter of natural history to him, and as it would never do for an "own correspondent" to *confess* that there was any one thing that he ignored, in heaven or earth; instead of sympathizing with Mr. Quirker's mirth, as good-breeding would have exacted, he very cavalierly changed the subject with a—

"By-the-bye, isn't there some very rich old miser living down between Twaddleton, and Field Fleury?"

Now, Mr. Warren Hastings De Musty was by no means of so penurious a disposition as to be statistically interested in the whereabouts of old miser's; but the fact was, that in addition to his other avocations, he had lately become one of the directors of a new Metropolitan Bank, called the West Middlesex Doem and Cookem

Bank, with a capital of one million sterling—on paper,—and unusual advantages secured to investers—in the prospectus ; consequently, as in his capacity of "own correspondent," it was his bounden duty to invent events, when they were too dilatory to develop themselves, or to commit murders, or work miracles, by first killing, and then resuscitating a stray bishop, or *primo basso,* as the exigencies of the news-market required. So, in like manner, as the West Middlesex Doem and Cookem was at present rather at sea, it became the peculiar province of the chairman and director, Warren Hastings De Musty, Esq., D.C.L. and A.S.S., to take note of any probable gulls up, and down, the length and breadth of the land, and hence, his apparently *àpropos de botte* query touching the old Field Fleury miser.

"Ah, you mean old Paul Windsor," replied Terps, "who lives in that old dilapidated house in Well-Close, with his sister Dorothy. You may call it a miser's nest, for his next-door neighbour, old mother Fowkes, is also a complete miser."

"Ah, indeed," said Mr. De Musty, now considerably interested by Mr. Quirker's conversational powers, as he added, with condescending blandness, "and where is their money invested ?"

"Invested, indeed—wheugh ! mother Fowkes's magpie, Stump, so called on account of his wooden leg, *might* possibly know ; but I'm sure nobody else does. Both she, and Paul Windsor are the regular pure breed of miser, that even the interest cannot tempt to let the money out of their own clutches ; so they roof their house, strengthen the foundations, and cement the walls with it, but never let other eyes behold it but their own, or perhaps the old gentleman's—he ! he ! he ! when he

may pop in upon them, now and then, in the dead of the night, as chancellor of his own exchequer, to collect their forgotten income-tax, for there are queer tales told of the witch-like mutterings of mother Fowkes's magpie, and the terrific yells, and capers, of old Paul Windsor's skeleton black cat, Scratch, which the neighbours declare to be one and the same cat, for the last five-and-thirty years, for that no other cat *could* be so thin, and live, as the shadow of a grasshopper is corpulent to it."

"Well," but objected De Musty, who had not in his literary capacity had so much to do with 'Church and State,' without being pretty well up in the natural history of rats, mice, and cat's paws, "cats are generally their own purveyors; therefore, it would be quite so difficult to starve a cat, as it would to starve a Chinaman, so long as the providential dispensation of rats and mice exists.

"Ha! ha! ha! He! he! he!" giggled Mr. Quirker, his fancy, though not his palate, much tickled at the notion. "But they say, Paul has a *gusto* for that sort of game himself; and so cuts off all the (en) tails, which is the sole portion he leaves to Scratch."

"Good Gad?" ejaculated his auditor with a shrug of gastronomic horror! "but which is the wealthiest of these two; the lady or the gentleman miser?" added he, quickly, so as not to let the interesting subject flag.

"Oh! old Windsor, by a long score: for he cannot be worth less than £50,000; while mother Fowkes, even with those London houses of hers in Hatton-Garden, has not more at the outside, than a couple of hundred a-year. To be sure, to this may be added, thirty years accumulation of at least £150 a-year, for at the uttermost she don't spend £50."

The "Own Correspondent" made a memorandum of these facts, in his own mind, giving Paul Windsor, *Esq.*, precedence, and generously bestowing upon him theoretical unlimited shares, in the West Middlesex Doem and Cookem Bank. But just at this moment, a full-blown lady, in a rich purple brocade dress, with *volents* of black lace, and an immense spread of crinoline, with the supplementary appendages of three daughters, a lady's maid, a footman, a Skye terrier, and a sallow-looking husband, made their appearance, and Mr. Warren Hastings De Musty, recognising some of his "best" acquaintance, which, with a few ministerial exceptions, seldom reached higher than borough members, lost no time, after having ascertained their identity through his glass, in taking off his hat, and, advancing with his most graceful glide to the group, and hoping he had the honour of seeing Mrs. and the Miss Ommany Kay's, quite well? Ultimately, turning to the original owner of that name, the sallow gentleman aforesaid, with a more *liberté, égalité,* and *fraternité, abord,* as extending two fingers, he said,—

"Ah! how do, Colonel?"

Colonel Ommany Kay was member for Twaddleton, and the two fingers now presented to him, being the identical ones that had so often bestowed, "Hear! hears!" that had never been uttered, in the course of some of the Colonel's orations (about the Toll-Bar, the Town Clock, the Twaddleton Hedges and Ditches Bill, or other local interests of that borough, which for ten years he had, had the honour of adequately representing, by doing nothing), he of course grasped them cordially, and asked in a tone of *implied* hospitality, if their owner was coming down into their part of the world? adding, as soon as he was re-assured that Hereford was Mr. De

Musty's destination, and that he had no invasion to apprehend, "Dear me! I'm sorry for that; for I was in hopes we should have been able to lure you to Laurel Grove, for our Toxophilite meeting."

And if Colonel Ommany Kay *was* sorry, it must be confessed, that never had man achieved such a triumph over his emotions as he then evinced in the philosophical equanimity of his bearing.

"Ah! you are very good; but it is impossible this time."

Literature now turned from valour, to talk a little *Morning Post* with mamma, and the three young ladies, embellishing for their especial edification a piece of *scan mag*, which had appeared in that bulwark of the fashionable world that very morning; *àpropos* of that illustrious hand-organ, the *Morning Post*, it is a wonder as Lord Palmerston is fond of a little innocuous classicality, that he never recommended Scaliger's definition of Tragedy, as a motto for that journal.

"*Imitatio per actiones illustris fortunæ exitu infelice, orationis gravi metrico,*"—or rather the Old Eton Boy of the last century's translation of it; as nothing could be more descriptive of the attributes and purports of that paper, viz.:—

"The imitation of actions *in high life*, the catastrophe of which is unhappy; and the language of the characters, supported in solemn measure."

Now, while Mr. Warren Hastings De Musty was doing the agreeable to the Miss Ommany Kay's—(for he was used to *doing* every thing, from the leaders in the "Tyburn Tonans," to the shareholders in the West Middlesex)—Mr. Terps Quirker was "dwelling apart," not exactly like a star, but like a single gentleman, as he then was, in the

most comprehensive sense of the term,—casting such incessant glances, from the corner of his eyes, after his late companion, that they appeared to be telegraphing to him the *refrain* of "Molly Carew"—

"I'm alone!—I'm alone in the world, without you!"

But, oh! blessed system of compensation!—it is always when life's desert is most barren, that an oasis unexpectedly springs up in it; and while Terps was actually larding Mr. Warren Hastings De Musty's unconscious back with these sharp detective glances, one of them suddenly fell upon a tall figure, in white muslin and a black scarf, which looked for all the world like a May-pole, that had kindly undertaken the part of the "Unprotected Female," at the shortest notice; for the face belonging to this figure, was very long and very pale, with pale blue eyes, and weeping willows of long, black, out-of-curl ringlets, falling like the blight of desolation on either side. Her nose was not very long, but spiky and prominent, but the upper lip was unusually long and straight,—the lips naturally thin, and bitten into still greater attenuation,—while the neck that supported this head, was so long and thin, that it had the effect of a detached pole, stuck between, and rising out of the shoulders.

In one hand she carried a small circular, brass, wire-cage, containing two love-birds; in the other, a miniature black morocco carpet-bag, with a steel clasp, containing the last number of "The Band of Hope Review,"—some Abernethy biscuits,—a box-case, with a bottle and glass, the former of which, was filled with a high-coloured topaz fluid, travelling under the name of wine and water,—a bunch of keys, a portemonaie, a bottle of smelling-salts, and a recently commenced baby's cap in crochet. What

made the upper part of this figure look so peculiarly lank and disconsolate, was the balloon-like circumference of crinoline, and flounces, of the lower part of it.

But Miss Jacyntha Jetson—the name of the owner of these attractions—having a remarkably stern expression of countenance, when her face was in repose, and a way of carrying her head on one side, and much thrown back, was called by her own set, "extremely stylish!"—that favourite panegyric of vulgar people. And Miss Jacyntha Jetson herself, never lost sight of this judgment that had been pronounced on her. She endeavoured, under all circumstances, to act up to the dignity which she thought it entailed upon her; except, as on the present occasion, when she saw her innumerable band-boxes, baskets, and boxes, all cased in the whitest, and cleanest, brown holland covers, bound with the most glowing crimson ribbon,—the work of her own fair hands, with "JACYNTHA JETSON" embroidered in full, upon each of them, in crimson floral capitals—about to be soiled by the harpy touch of soapless porters, or appropriated by some unprincipled hanger-on of the terminus, whose phrenological development clearly established the fact, that he ignored the distinction between *meum*, and *tuum*,—when, being but "a female!" as she herself was wont to express it, the lady-like! the languishing! the sentimental! and the *stylish!* alike forsook her —and Miss Jacyntha Jetson became the incarnation of complex, and impotent FUSS! showering out the

"Oh! don't *plea*ses!" and

"Oh! do *plea*ses!" and

"What *ever shall I do's?" en mitraille*, upon all around her.

It was in one of these latter paroxysms, that Terps Quirker first espied the fair Jacyntha, when in a half

demented state, she was trying to rescue the cage with the love-birds, from one profane porter, and to save the Abernethy biscuits from macadamization, in the rude grasp of another, and hysterically sobbing out to each,

"Oh! no, no! *please* don't—if you will, *please send* a truck to take my luggage, that it may not be soiled."

Now Terps Quirker, like all diminutive specimens, of the superior sex, always selected even for a partner in a quadrille—the very largest, and tallest lady he could find; (the baronet's daughter, so the legend ran, was six feet one, in her stockings,) and he determined that if ever he *did* commit matrimony, he would never serve any but a very tall "*female*" with "a writ of attachment," as he in his own mind, facetiously denominated a love-letter. And Miss Jacyntha Jetson, being quite in his style, that is tall, and terrible! *he* also pronounced her "very stylish." So, rushing forward, at this juncture, and keeping back the obtrusive porter, with his umbrella, while as he ran, he read, out of each side of the corners of his eyes, the blushing name of "Miss Jacyntha Jetson" on the luggage, he said, in his blandest squeak—

"Miss Jetson, can I be of any assistance—most proud, and *appy*, I'm sure?"

"Oh! dear!" faltered, and *minauded*, that lady, "de—do—you know me, then?" and blushes, not being in the *repertoire* of her complexion, she bit her lips most remorselessly, for one of the chief causes of trepidation to the genuine *British female*, is the unexpectedly finding that a *male* knows her name! though as in the present instance, it may be displayed proper, in all directions; for such knowledge, on the part of a stranger, is always synonymous in the mind of the *British female* with a clandestine passion—which she must lose no time in

repulsing, or at least in *appearing* to repulse upon the "*on se retire, pour mieux, sauter*" principle, knowing that the best bait for the unfair sex, is Mrs. Malaprop's plan, of "beginning with a little aversion."

"Only," responded Terps, in a straight-forward matter-of-fact way, unprecedented in an attorney, and not habitual to the Quirkers. "Only from having the pleasure of reading your name on your luggage, where it is so tastefully engrossed—ahem! I mean embroidered."

"Oh!" said Miss Jetson, feeling rather disappointed, not to say betrayed, and deceived, to think that Mr. Quirker's gallantry had not a deeper root, and that he had not weeks before, unknown to her, excavated that precious name, from the profoundest depths of Newington Butts, where she resided.

Somebody has said (for what will somebody *not* say?) that "the woman who deliberates is *lost;*" *çela dépend*—for she is quite as often *found*, during the process of deliberation, to be just in the mood her assailant wishes, and such was the case with Miss Jacyntha Jetson, in whose feeble-fussyness of indecision, the oblique glances of Mr. Terps Quirker, not only discovered the germs of a travelling flirtation, but in her interminable figure (long as a Chancery suit, and thin as a Chancery plaintiff), and the sympathy that a black bag, might naturally be expected to have for a blue one; he thought he had also suddenly, and fortuitously discovered, all that was at *length* worthy of becoming Mrs. Terps Quirker; in short, an advocate, with whom, without perilling his suit, he might place the brief of his affections. So clearing his voice, he again advanced into closer proximity with Miss Jetson, and said—

"May I inquire where you are going? and I will do myself the *h*onour of seeing your luggage safely packed." For with conscientious niceness, Terps Quirker to atone for the H's of which he so remorselessly mulcted some words—furiously aspirated them in others, and honour was one of them, and humble another.

"Oh! thank you, you are very good—but, but—I don't like to give you so much trouble."

"Don't mention it, the trouble's a pleasure," squeaked Terps, looking as proud of this novel and chivalric complement, as if he had been the original patentee of it.

"You are very good, I'm sure," looked down and faltered Miss Jetson, overpowered at once with a sense of her own attractions, and her own imprudence, in thus accepting the attentions of a *strange gentleman!* attentions, which in every other county but England, women quietly accept as the natural courtesy due to their *sex*, without in any degree holding *themselves individually* responsible for them; not so, Miss Jacyntha Jetson, who was in every respect the model British female—vain beyond all warrant of her own imaginary fascinations, yet antithetically servilely grateful, and deferential to the superior sex, for the commonest modicum of civility; so, after a little more simpering, hesitation, panting, and averting her face, from what she pre-supposed to be the too ardent gaze of Terps (though had she looked the danger steadily in the face, she would have perceived, that from his peculiar system of optics, her boxes shared his glances, quite as much as her beauty), she cleared another rubicon, and added—

"I—I—am going down to Twaddleton."

"To Twaddleton! dear me, how fortunate! precisely *my* destination!" chirped Terps.

In her *own mind* the fair Jacyntha attributed this announcement entirely to an audacious Don Juanism *improvisé* at the moment, in defiance of Bradshaw, as, in all probability, he had either not been going to leave town at all, or had been going quite in an opposite direction, till he heard where *she* was going. Having arranged this flattering little programme entirely to her own satisfaction, Miss Jetson wisely allowed gallantry to go by default, which, in default of all gallantry in the superior sex, the "*British Female*" is quite right in doing. Meanwhile, after this announcement, Terps, to show his own aristocratic relations, ran rapidly over a *catalogue raisonné* of the county families, giving, of course, precedence to Clanhaven Castle, with which he really *was* acquainted, though it was two-and-twenty miles from Twaddleton, and four-and-twenty from Field Fleury.

"Was it to any of these places Miss Jetson was going?"

"No, no," and Miss Jetson sighed and looked down, for it is an obligato proceeding on the part of the genuine British female, whether letting lodgings, which her maternal progenitors for two generations may have done, with great pleasure and profit, before her, or teaching little girls to mutilate the Queen's English, and calumniate the best composers on the piano-forte, for which she was especially trained, always to impress her auditors with an idea of her *actual* lost pleiad position, as compared with her former sphere of grandeur. So Miss Jetson, of course, cast down her eyes, and sighed as she replied—

"No, no—we used to visit entirely among the *county families* in my *dear* father's time. You may. perhaps, have heard of Major Jetson, of the Slowcome militia, who behaved so gallantly during the Corn Law riots, and who

was so severely wounded at the taking of Muchchaff's mill, near Bristol, by an oystershell, aimed by a miscreant in the crowd, which completely laid his right eye open, aud compelled him to wear a black patch over it, for the rest of his life? (alas! even a greater man, Montezuma, was killed outright by a stone). Strange to say, gallant as the Major's conduct had evidently been, we have had such a glut of glory of late years, and sown such wildernesses of laurels in all parts of the world, that this particular branch of home culture, (as is so often the case) had escaped Mr. Quirker's knowledge, so he merely bowed a Janus movement, that may always be interpreted either as a negative, or an affirmative. Again Miss Jetson sighed, and informed him that the Major's domestic virtues, had been quite equal to his military prowess, for which reason, her mother had been unable to survive him—more than two-and-twenty years, and that her (Miss Jetson's) circumstances had been *very different* since she had been an orphan, so much so, that she had in fact given up *fashionable life (!)* and that she was then going down, for the benefit of change of air, on a visit to an old but *humble* friend of her dear mother's, a Miss Worrybones, who kept an "Establishment for Young Ladies," at Twaddleton. But she had either quite forgotten, or did not think it necessary to add, that Miss Worrybones had also been a cousin-german of her dear mother's.

Terps Quirker knew Miss Worrybones's Establishment for Young Ladies well,—his family-pew adjoined that of Miss Worrybones in the gallery of St. Jude's Church at Twaddleton; so that, in his more joyous, and boyish, days, before even the episode of the baronet's daughter, and long before his trip to Paris with the immoral clerk, he

had been in the habit of attending three times a-day—morning, afternoon, and evening—service at St. Jude's; and always being first in the Church, as soon as the doors were open; not so much, it must be confessed, from any devotional zeal, as for the sole purpose of taking out of the box, the Prayer-books belonging to the young ladies of Miss Worrybones's establishment, and spreading them out, one, and all, open at

"THE SOLEMNIZATION OF MATRIMONY,"

which stale as the jest must have become from constant repetition, yet never failed amply to repay the perpetrator, from the amount of irrepressible giggling it produced among the young ladies, more especially, when he added a variation to it, by always leaving Miss Worrybones's own large type quarto church service open at

"THE BAPTISM OF INFANTS."

But all this, like Miss Worrybones's consanguinity to Miss Jetson, was secret history, so Terps merely smiled, and rolled his eyes at the recollection of it, while all he said was—

"Oh, indeed, I have the pleasure of knowing Miss Worrybones very well, I dare say you have heard her mention my family? My father, and grandfather, commenced business in Twaddleton, the Firm of Quirker, Graball, and Quirker."

Miss Jetson *had* often heard of that firm as a very wealthy one; so now, she replied, looking quite tenderly at the scion of it before her, a tenderness which the mention of her own revered parent, the Major's name, quite warranted.

"Oh, yes, I have heard my *dear* father o*ften* speak in the very *ighest* terms of the Quirker family. He used to say, old Mr. Quinton Quirker, your grandfather, was such a

perfect gentleman, that in making out bills for friends, he never took the odd eightpence, but only charged six shillings."

"Ah ! one's grandfathers were rather greener chaps than their grandsons are," *thought* the eightpence-eschewing old gentleman's descendant ; but all he said was, to repeat with a bow, that he felt "most proud and *appy*," and as just then, the guard unlocked, and flung open the door of a carriage near which they were standing ; he, in a hurried and unceremonious manner, (which might pass for being hurried away either by his feelings, or the now approaching time of departure) took Miss Jetson's left elbow in his right hand, taking her hand with his left, with what might be termed a *douce violence*, and handed her into the carriage, saying, "I think we had better secure our places ; and as I shall require three seats, if you will allow me, I will take possession, by placing all your light packages in them."

No sooner said, than done. The cage, the band-boxes, dressing-boxes, and work-boxes, to Miss Jetson's ineffable relief and delight, forthwith stopped the way, so as effectually to prevent the advent of any interlopers ; and only two trunks (especially recommended to mercy by Terps) were left to the chances of the luggage-train ; so that the chief Lar, the black morocco *cabas* containing the topaz-coloured locomotive wine and water, alone remained dangling dangerously from Mr. Quirker's fore-finger, when the fair Jacyntha, having given a final squeeze to her crinoline on the side nearest the door, stretched out her hand with a gentle, anxious, fussy—

"Oh ! give *me* that, *please ?*" and its undiminished weight on her arm, seemed to lighten her heart.

But what perfect happiness is there on this side Styx ?

where joy, and sorrow are still, beginning, and never ending, their eternal game of "Puss in the Corner;" for no sooner does Joy manage to get into one nook of the human heart, with the intention of making the tour of it, than Presto! Sorrow is down upon it, and blocks up every other inlet. So it was with Miss Jacyntha Jetson; for no sooner had she begun to rejoice at the safety of her luggage, and the sentimentality of her travelling companion's looks, than the aërial paphos she was so rapidly erecting in her imagination, was rudely razed by a very simple and common-place remark on the part of Mr. Quirker, who, after having cast a sort of Alexander Selkirk, or "I'm monarch of all I survey," look around at the packages, and the two love-birds, terminating on Miss Jetson herself, he said, "Well, now that I have *ad* the pleasure of seeing you all right, I'll just go for my little boy."

"Little boy!" echoed Miss Jetson, with almost as great a look of horror! and dismay, as if she had suddenly stepped on a viper's nest, whose reprisals had already commenced; but as desperate cases, require desperate remedies, she quickly added, with a firm and unflinching voice, nobly nerved to the exigencies of the crisis, "And is Mrs. Quirker with you, also?"

"Oh!" responded Terps, evidently flattered at the idea of such a possibility, "I am not *appy* enough just yet, to *ave* a Mrs. Quirker.

"So young! and a widower!" sighed Miss Jetson, clasping her hands, much relieved, but still dubious; not, indeed, from any feverish anxiety touching Mr. Terps Quirker's possible, or probable, *lèze morale*, for

"I know not, I care not, if guilt's in thy heart;
I *but*, care to hook thee, whatever thou art!"

Is the "British Females" matrimonial maxim, but from that universal, minute, and insatiable curiosity, which is he ruling vice of all little and vulgar minds, and this it was, which now made Miss Jacyntha Jetson resolve upon playing the sphinx, and solving the enigma, of how Mr. Terps Quirker, in default of a Mrs. Terps, had come into possession of "A *my* little boy?" and the sigh! and the "widower," with an attempt at a blush, were effectual colour tests, that would have detected the strychnia of marriage, had any such existed; for they immediately elicited the following disclaimer from the accused:—

"Oh! dear no, *that* I hope never to be;" and here Mr. Quirker hurled so killing a look at the fair Jacyntha, that it seemed to belie his words, as he quickly added: "when I spoke of my little boy, I alluded to a young gentleman entrusted to my care, by one of my clients, to place at a sort of preparatory-school at Field Fleury; and, possession being nine points of the law you know, Miss Jetson—he! he! he! I merely called him mine *pro tem.*"

"Most *ke*-ynd and conscientious of you, I'm sure," responded Miss Jetson, solemnly and sentimentally, (with a look of anticipatory maternal tenderness. "Had your charge been a little *gurl*, and Miss Worrybones's establishment had been selected for her, I should have been most happy, during my visit, to have paid her every attention, and watched over her as if she had been a dear little sister of my own."

"*Only* a sister!" said Terps, with a sort of parish-register pathos, which was not lost on his auditor, who, however, thinking it wrong to dive into futurity, dived into the black morocco-bag, and offered him an Abernethy biscuit—a temptation which he was resolutely

resisting, when Mr. Warren Hastings de Musty, having handed Mrs. and the Miss Ommany Kay's into their respective carriages, came up, and tapping his waistcoat-pocket (into which he had thrust his thumb) with his left hand, placed his right, on Mr. Quirker's wrist—as he said, in a low, hurried tone—

"My dear fellow, can you lend me a couple of sovereigns? I came away in such a confounded hurry I did not bring enough; or, if you could, make it five pounds, I'll send you a Post-office order as soon as I get to Hereford, and can get a check cashed."

Now, it was a notable fact, that Terps Quirker was so sympathetic in his friendships, that it always so happened (whenever any of his acquaintance made similar applications to him) *he* was precisely in the same bankrupt condition; and had only the day—or, as in the present instance, a few minutes before—been obliged *himself* to seek similar aid!

"Dear me, how exceedingly provoking; just my own case! I'm not habitually an early bird, and though generally pretty wide awake—he! he! he!—this morning, in the hurry of fearing I should not get here in time, I came away without my purse (!) and have been obliged to borrow enough to pay for our places, from Robert Bumpus."

Now, had any one else made this assertion, with five ten-pound notes in his pocket-book and fifteen sovereigns in his purse, Mr. Terps Quirker would have been the first to decide that "the action wouldn't lie;" which, however, was no reason why *he* should not; more especially, as independent of his admirable general rule of never either giving or lending, he had heard his brother Crosbie say—that, when literary gentlemen imitated Edward the

Fourth, in the matter of "FORCED LOANS," they rendered the resemblance still more historically correct, by never remembering to pay, consequently, his (Terps') decision was to avoid all such "benevolences."

"What a confounded boa," (bore) muttered the "own correspondent to the Tyburn Tonans ;" and as he pulled his under lip, his naturally bilious complexion seemed to deepen into an orange tinge, and the very crow's feet at the corners of his eyes, looked as if they were repeating Panurges' eulogium on lenders and borrowers, and saying to his whiskers—

"Au contraire representez vous ung monde aultre auquel ung chascun preste, ung chascun doibue, tous soyent debteurs tous soyent presteurs. O quelle harmonie sera parmy les reguliers monuemens des cieulx ! Il m'est aduis que ie l'entendz aussi bien que feit oncques Platon. Quelle sympathie entre les elemens ! O comment nature s'y delectera en ses œuures, et productions. Ceres chargée de bledz, Bacchus de Vins, Flora de Fleurs, Pomona de Fruictz, tuno en son aer serain, seraine, salubre plaisante. Je me perdz en ceste contemplation. Entre les humains, paix, amour, dilection, fidelité, repous, bancquetz, festins, ioye, liesse, or argent menne monnoye, chaisne, bagues, marchandises troteront de main en main. Nul procez, nulle guerre, nul debat ; nul n'y sera usurier nul eschart* nul chichart, nul refusant. Vray dieu ne sera ce l'eage d'or le regne de Saturne ? l'dee des regions Olympicques, esquelles toutes auetres vertuz cessent charité seule regne, regente, domine triumphe ? Tous seront bons, tous seront beaulx, tous seront iustes, O monde hereux ! O gens de cestuy monde hereux ! O beatz troys et quatre foys. Il m'est aduis que i'y suis ?"

* Econome.

Then, casting a furtive glance over the exterior of Terps Quirker's not very extensive person, he appeared with the *clairvoyant* eyes of an "own correspondent," in the habit of diving into the wrong-side-out of things, not visible to mere ordinary mortals, to suddenly glare upon the latent £10 notes, and fifteen glittering sovereigns, which constituted that gentleman's intrinsic, not to say sterling worth; and fearful was the look of dark and sinister import that came over Mr. Warren Hastings de Musty's countenance, as if he had suddenly recollected how Antoninus Caricala, to avenge a trivial jest, had put all the inhabitants of Alexandria to death, and razed their city to the ground; but a second mechanical appeal to his own waistcoat-pocket, seemed to exercise a mesmerically soothing influence on his nerves, by reminding him that Terps's refusal was no joke. Indeed, to do him justice, Mr. Quirker had not intended it as such, for the *vis comica* which Caesar said the plays of Plautus lacked, was also wanting in Terps Quirker; though he was pre-eminently the *cause* of it in *others*; so sending the coruscations of his corner glances more rapidly than ever in all directions, he repeated (with much the same air of solemn sincerity with which an eminent council, who has received a full confession of his client's guilt, avers that in his conscience (?) he believes the prisoner at the bar to be innocent of the murder imputed to him) that "he was exceedingly sorry, he could not oblige Mr. de Musty in so trifling a matter, which he should have been most proud, and appy to have done, but for his stupidity in leaving his money at home."

Without in the least attempting to refute or dispute the stupidity of Mr. Quirker, Mr. Warren Hastings de Musty merely said—"Oh! it can't be helped," accompanying this truism, with a pale, smudged smile, like a

blurred proof-sheet, and, as the hour of departure now approached, Dean Swift's dissolution of words from a cloud, seemed suddenly to have fallen on the platform, which caused Mr. de Musty to remember, that although he had failed in *doing* Terps Quirker, he *must* do the Hereford Musical Festival; therefore, he turned on his heel, and jumped into a carriage, the fifth from that in which Terps had placed the gentle Jacyntha, seeing which, Mr. Quirker, with that little hysterical giggle habitual to him, and which made an admirable, natural, and as it were, sequent accompaniment to his rapid, ocular gymnastics, exclaimed—

"So it seems you *have* got a ticket-of-leave, after all, old chap!" and giving his pockets a congratulatory tap, he nodded to Miss Jetson, saying he should be back in a minute, ran to the hotel for Walter Selden and Robert Bumpus, while as a sort of inverse ratio stirrup-cup, the fair Jacyntha, again for the moment feeling herself "an unprotected female," took that opportunity of withdrawing the case-bottle from the black bag, and pouring out a small bumper of the topaz fluid, drank to her absent friends, and then cautiously re-placed the bottle under the Abernethy biscuits, and snapped to, the steel clasp of the morocco bag—so little display, is *real* feeling always attended with.

As Terps Quirker crossed the platform at an accelerated pace, Mr. Warren Hastings de Musty followed him with his eyes, and the corners of his mouth so turned down, as to plainly show, that although he was quite aware that it was actionable to call an attorney a fool, there was no Act of Parliament against thinking him one. No sooner had Mr. Quirker disappeared in the body, than the "own correspondent" relieved himself by the following terse,

but anonymous libel:—"Cursed ass!" for as Dryden truly observes, "While the French language has all the swiftness and grace of a greyhound, the English has all the strength of a mastiff," by which he doubtless meant, that for vituperatives, which everything in our domestic manners is so calculated to excite, it is a peculiarly strong-jaw'd language.

"Come, Master Selden, my dear! we have not a minute to lose," cried Terps Quirker, driving into No. 15 with a sort of stoker-get-up-the-steam haste, and almost running the old lady into the wall, near which she was sitting,—a catastrophe which she avoided by rising, as if electrified; and seizing her grandchild's hand, as she said with a hoarse and faltering voice, and two big hard tears, that really looked like "iron tears,"

"Good bye, Walter!—Heaven bless you! We part—but I shall still watch over you."

"But are you not coming, too, grandmamma?"

"And do *you* wish me to come, Walter?" said the poor old lady with a burst of real feeling, and almost tenderness, that nearly choked her utterance, as she clutched the boy's shoulders convulsively with her trembling hands, and looked into the clear Heaven of his cloudless eyes.

"Oh! yes, yes, grandmamma, *indeed I do*," said Walter, clinging to her, as he would have clung to a buoy, had he been suddenly flung into the middle of the Channel; for now, for the first time in his young life, had come the cold-nipping blight of separation, which seems to tear out our heart as it were from the safe sanctuary of HOME! and leave it bare for every bird of prey, in that great wilderness the WORLD! to peck at. Now, too, for the first time he felt that he actually *loved* that

stern, solemn, old woman, who, though she had never been positively unkind to him, had yet, from some unaccountable motive or other, thwarted, and interfered, with all his childish pleasures,—had been, in fact, the one cold, dark, shadow flung before all his sunshine,—and like "The Lady of Chalot," children, "grow tired of shadows!"—but now! now! he was going to lose her! and there is scarcely anything, short of a chronic hatred, that to lose, is not to love! besides, he *knew* her, and, with the exception of his new friends, Bob, and Tatters, he did *not* know another living creature in the wide world!

"No, no,—grandmamma!" cried the boy, bursting into tears, and holding up his face, imploringly, "you *won't* leave me? I'll be very, *very* good,—I will, *indeed*, only come with me?"

This was too much! and, for the first time in her life, —at least in *his* life—were opened the flood-gates of the old lady's heart; she caught him convulsively to it, and covering his face with tears and kisses, sobbed out, "My poor Walter! we *must* part; but you are *not* alone in the world; you *shan't* be alone; I will watch over you."

This scene was quite too exciting for Mr. Bumpus, who had already had another, though of a less painful description, that morning in Fox Court, where he had had, the unspeakable satisfaction of restoring Pinch and Skins, *alias* Master Patsy and Miss Norah O'Toole, to their disconsolate parent, and also of making a most satisfactory arrangement to all parties, by engaging them with their own, and their grateful mother's entire approbation, at an adequate salary, as Signor Orlando, and Signora Angelina, the Infant Prodigies! (that were to be) of BUMPUS'S UNRIVALLED ATTRACTIONS." But *that* was joy, and *this* was sorrow!—a jade, as Bob himself expressed it, "so

hard in the mouth that there was no doing anything with her." Therefore, he merely passed the back of his hand over his eyes, and turned to the window; and grief, like Death, being an autocrat, which awes alike the most ferocious, and the most frivolous,—even the attorney felt his arrogance, and his authority, growing limp under all these tears,—and said in a subdued voice, of unusual courtesy, making his watch, which he held towards her, responsible for the interruption, "they had only ten minutes more."

"I am very sorry to hurry you, Madam, but the time is nearly up, and I feel confident, Master Selden will have every care and attention, and will soon be able to write you word, that he is as *appy* as a *hangel* down at Field Fleury."

Saying which, Terps opened the door, and the old lady nerving herself for the inevitable, relaxed her grasp of her grand-child, and taking from a black velvet bag that hung from her arm, two small very thick old books, bound in discoloured parchment, said solemnly, in the harsh accents of her usual disinherited dignity, "Walter! the world into which you are now going for the first time, is full of vulgar and impertinent curiosity; for which it is right you should be prepared; and if ever you are asked who you are, you may answer with just pride, that you are a descendant of the great, the good, and the learned, John Selden! Here are your Title Deeds!" added she, vaulting again into the mock-heroic, as she handed him the two little burly parchment books,—"his '*Mare clausum*,' and his '*Titles of Honour*,' enriched by his own autograph, that is, his name Walter, written by himself."

It would be impossible to describe the Mosaic of expressions that tesselated Mr. Quirker's face, during this

exordium; but at the words, "here are your title-deeds," his legal *pietra dura* predominated, in a smile of irrepressible contempt.

Not so Mr. Bumpus, who entirely won the old lady's heart and confidence, by saying—

"Ah, indeed;—and those books belonged to the great John Selden. I am no scholar myself, but my brother, who is, I know, Madam, has the greatest veneration for John Selden, and has a large book of his, with brass clasps, called 'Analectum Anglo Britannicum,' which, he says, he would not give for a Fellowship."

"Your brother, sir, is a man of sense. Thank heaven, Walter, you are not going among Goths!"

"To say nothing of Vandals," put in Terps by way of wit.

"But, Grandmamma, these books are not in English; at least, they are not like my grammar and spelling-book, or like my Peter Parley, so I don't know how to read them."

"No, Walter, they are in Latin; but you *will* know how to read them by-and-bye. And here is another heir-loom, that you will, perhaps, now understand better; but you must promise me never, *never* to part with it; no, not even if you were starving!"

And again the old lady excavated from the black velvet bag, a small, mole-skin, heart-shaped bag, lined with pale-pink lute-string, and suspended by a small, grey, silk cord, and investing the boy with it, with as much dignity as if it had been the Garter or The Golden Fleece, by passing it round his neck, added—

"*This*, also, belonged to John Selden—it is a gold Jacobus."

"What is a Jacobus, Grandmamma?—and what is it for?"

"A Jacobus, Walter, is a coin—a guinea, of James the First, and Charles the First's time."

"Oh, it's money, then; but I don't want more money; you know you gave me those four big half-crowns," said Walter, the gentle blood mounting to his cheek, as he resisted the investiture of the Jacobus, from an intuitively gentlemanlike feeling that it is not right to take *all* one can get, more especially in the way of money, even from one's grandmother.

"I do not give it you for money, Walter, but for what money can never buy—honour."

The boy seemed to feel, without understanding, the appeal, and with an "Oh," that would either have done for an interrogation or an assent, quietly thrust the little, soft, mole-skin bag into his bosom, apparently thinking the small, grey cord an admirable substitute for the perspective dandyism of a chain, while Terps Quirker looked a flat denial to Mrs. Selden's aphorism, for he knew that there is *nothing* money cannot buy—honour!! inclusive—and thought she ought to know it, too.

But, as they hurried along the passages, Bob was still busy with his eyes, for while Walter Selden had one hand clasped in his grandmother's, he kept continually stretching out the other behind him, to make sure, as it were, that he did not lose his new friend, in trying to retain his old one, which so touched Mr. Bumpus's feelings and pride, that at that moment, he would, not only gladly, and madly, have exchanged "BUMPUS'S UNRIVALLED ATTRACTIONS" for his brother Moses's repeller—the birch, but have given the world to boot, to have been sure of keeping that child by him, and Mary to look after him. With all their haste, they barely reached the platform in time.

"Come, come, Master Selden, we shall lose the train," urged Terps, hurrying him on, to where Miss Jetson's pale face, surmounting her unusually long neck, like the new light-house at the Needles, was anxiously awaiting them; while Mr. Bumpus, catching up Tatters as the bell rang, Desdemona'd him under a railway-wrapper for the moment, in default of a dog-ticket, and also on account of wishing to secure his company in the same carriage, for, seeing Miss Jetson, he hurriedly declared, in his own mind, "if such tabbies as *that* went in the first class, he did not see why Tatters was to be excluded."

"Dear little fellow," exclaimed the fair Jacyntha, stretching out both her hands to help in Walter, as Terps lifted him up.

"*Ad* I returned alone, would you ave said so?" whispered Terps, jumping in after, and making a deep impression on Miss Jetson's crinoline, as he did so.

"How can you?" simpered Jacyntha.

"Doubt it," filled in Terps, giving the lady's elbow a gentle squeeze, for which he might have had the excuse (had he wanted one) of mistaking it for the bone knob of the door-handle, or the ivory bust of Punch, which embellished the stick of his own umbrella. But Terps Quirker knew the difference between love and law, and scorned all excuses in or for the former, his more than ever rapid side-glances on all such occasions, seeming rapidly to proclaim the poet's bravado—

> "Non ego mendosos ausim defendere mores,
> Falsaque pro vitiis arma tenere meis."

"Grandmamma! Grandmamma! are you not coming?" cried Walter, stretching himself half out of the window,

and straining his eyes in the direction of Mrs. Sldeen' retreating figure, while Robert Bumpus, having deposited Tatters safely under the seat, held the boy tightly by the skirts of his *blouse,* to prevent his falling out; for a moment the old lady turned her streaming eyes towards the carriage where the little voice so imploringly came from, but the next, the signal shrieked; she put her hands to her ears—the huge monster, with its hissing, snorting, panting iron lungs, darted forward on its headlong course. The giant shrillness of its departing yell, seemed to have dissolved that dark, shadowy, attenuated figure into its component elements, so suddenly, did it vanish from the straining gaze of her grandchild, who, burying his face on Robert Bumpus's shoulder, burst into a paroxysm of tears, those bitter, burning, agonizing, Gethsemane tears! which are the last, we give to the home of our childhood, and the first, we give to the world of our trials.

CHAPTER III.

"Incidents of Travel."

WALTER continued to sob as if his heart would break, vaguely reproaching himself, that it was because he had never loved his grandmother till then, that he was sent away from her, and Bob continued gently to pat him on the back with one hand, as he had seen mothers hush the wailings of refractory infants, and considering it was his first appearance in that character, he really played the part admirably, the genuine feeling he threw into it, being quite true to nature; never once interrupting the tide of the child's grief, with commonplace consolations, but only wondering in his own heart, if Walter could so grieve at having to part from an old woman then, where, in the name of tribulation, he would ever find room for his sorrow, when the time came, that he would have to part from a young one, which, at some epoch or other, is sure to form an important item in "The whole duty of man."

Tatters, when for half a second the train stopped, hearing these sounds of affliction, obtruded his head from under the opposite seat, and receiving a nod of invitation from his master, put up his paws, and sympathizingly thrust his nose into Walter's hand, which produced the desired effect of diverting the child's attention, and as he lifted up his head to return the dog's caresses, they at that moment passed a field, containing a pic-nic party, of three cows, two donkeys, four pigs, and a pony, whereupon Mr. Bumpus, with much eagerness, and infinite tact, exclaimed—

"There! there! Master Walter, is a pony, something the size of Solomon in bone, but, bless you! not to compare to him in flesh."

Walter's attention was instantly arrested, and his interest excited, and so graphically did Bob improve the opportunity, and manage the *manége* of his conversation, that it soon resembled a verbal illustration of a certain huge folio, on the Management of the Great Horse, in the days of three-cornered hats and jack-boots, by one Monsieur de Mazin, dedicated to a then Marquis of Newcastle, wherein may be seen, and read, to this day the following interesting programme of

"Tantôt M. le Marquis à Cheval,
Tantôt, Monsieur de Mazin!"

For, in like manner, it was now Mr. Bumpus on Solomon, proving his proverbial philosophy, by the most fabulous *tours de force*, and now Master Selden, on the serious pony, doing the part of Job's horse, by crying "Ha! ha!" as he sniffed, not exactly the battle, but the boundary-wall of the Priory Fields afar off, as described by Bob; but it is astonishing how, even in a railway-carriage, the fitness of

things obtains, as for the purpose of better evoking his hippodromic *tableaux*, Mr. Bumpus and his pupil, had completely turned their backs upon the next compartment of the carriage, containing Miss Jetson, and Mr. Quirker, to give Bob a wider scope for describing with his hand, in the open space through the window, the equestrian fêtes that were to be, much on the same principle, that the Third Richard traced, with the point of his sword, in that dust where his crown was so soon to lie, the plan of Bosworth Field the night before the battle.

But this decidedly ill-bred conduct on their part, instead of eliciting any comment of disapprobation on that of the fair Jacyntha and Terps, seemed to be almost ignored by the latter, as they looked from the green, and blue, love-birds, into their own blue, and green eyes, and from their own eyes, back to the love-birds, with occasional digressions to the black morocco bag, when invariably its considerate owner again made her companion an offer—of an Abernethy biscuit, which he again declined; but from that charming absence of mind, so interesting to those whom it does *not* concern, she never once thought of offering him any of the topaz-coloured liquid, or perhaps it was that she *did* think, that—

> "The thirst that from his soul did rise,
> Did ask a drink divine!"

or, at least, *ought* to have done so. Be this as it might, it is certain, that while the rest of the passengers in the other carriages of that long train,—including Mr. Warren Hastings de Musty,—were all "pishing" and "pshawing," chafing at, and complaining of, the soot, and the smells, the noise, and the nuisances, which assailed their ears, and olfactory nerves, Jacyntha and Terps, seemed to be looking

—he, out of the corners of his eyes, she, out of the corners of her mouth—

> " Oh ! if there *is* an Elysium on earth,
> It is this ! it is *this !*"

Dan Cupid is a strange wag ; some faces he makes so fair, and others so funny, and that of Terps Quirker's was among this latter *genre* of his *chef d'œuvres,* it must be confessed, but what then ? Ulysses was not handsome, but he was eloquent, and so was Terps ; though perhaps in a style that Ulysses never dreamt of, or else Dido might have been glad when he *did not* come. In truth, if one may use such an expression, Terps's was a gymnastic sort of eloquence, centring more in his hands and his feet, than in his tongue or his eyes ; but as a solicitor accustomed to sharp practice, he seemed to think he could not have too much upon his hands, for every now and then, he had fears that the black morocco bag, though secured round her wrist, would slip from off Miss Jetson's lap, and then he would rescue it from its imaginary danger with both his hands, gently pressing the knees on which it rested, in admiration of their sustaining powers ; while upon the slightest swerve of the carriage, his foot instantly rested upon hers, as the united force of Lilliput had pegged down Gulliver, they, from fear of so huge an animal ;—Terps, for fear that, in case of an accident, the fair Jacyntha should shoot off into boundless space, without *he* had a lien on her specific gravity, but he always accompanied the latter proceeding, by " *Oping* she was not afraid"—till, decidedly by the end of the journey, she must have reversed the usual order of things, and been more hurt than frightened.

At length, in going through a tunnel, an incipient concussion came, not, indeed sufficient to

fracture any limbs, but to touch the spring of the black morocco bag, and instantly all the contents came rolling about! accompanied by a faint scream! from its fair owner, not so much on account of the Abernethy biscuits, though they, like worn-out dynasties, were crumbling in all directions; but, for the box-wood case-bottle, which, despite her screams, *would* go rolling over under Mr. Quirker's very feet; while she, fearing that in so doing it might come unscrewed, and Fillibustering about in this unseemly manner, be detected in conveying run spirits, had the presence of mind to cry out, "Oh! my *bark*, I don't know what I *shall* do, if my quinine! is spilt; *do* give me my bottle of bark, *please?*"

Whereupon, Terps picked up the trusty unopened case-bottle, and presented it to her, with the gallant assurance that he was certain her bark, was worse than her bite! adding, that he thought they had better wait till they got into the daylight to pick up the other things, "for," said he, "with such a dim lamp as that, there is only *one* thing, that there is light enough to see to do."

Always anxious for the diffusion of useful knowledge, he eagerly waited an interrogation from the fair Jacyntha as to what that was?

But she, either acting upon the "ignorance is bliss" system, or not requiring any information on the subject, remained silent, during which momentous pause, Terps said to himself, "She's not quick at taking an *int;* I must file another bill;" which he did by sticking his hat on one side, and adding aloud,—that is, in an audible whisper, as he leant towards the side of her bonnet that just came on her head, as far as her ear, "A sweet thing! that 'Kiss in the Dark,' of Planché's; but I know another, that I should much prefer."

"I did not know there was any other but his," murmured Jacyntha, with an air of unfledged innocence, and a sacrifice of truth to propriety, that would not have discredited any of the young ladies, even of Miss Worrybones's establishment.

"'What a romantic idea!' and yet I should think you were 'Not a Bad Judge!'" cachinnated Terps, who, like Baron Borrow-wits, was growing witty with Mr. Planché for a purveyor; but just as he had, without being aware of the similitude, decided in his own mind, that there was nothing for any species of tuition, like Pestalozzi's plan of practical illustration, and had actually approached within whisker reach of the fair Jacyntha's most inhospitable, because not at all inviting cheek, the tunnel thought fit to be at an end, and the day-light came rushing in, in the most rude and unceremonious manner.

"Oh! my!" exclaimed Miss Jetson.

"Love;" added Terps, in an insinuating voice, as she performed the supererogatory work of adjusting her bonnet, which she seemed to think, "Coming events casting their shadows before," might possibly have disarranged; after which piece of superfluous bye-play, she proceeded to gather up the scattered contents of the black bag, apologizing to Terps for the "Thing of shreds, and patches" they had made of him.

"Don't mention it!" responded he, holding up the half-penny periodical with one hand, while he stuck like a cotton thimble, the recently commenced crochet-cap, on the fore-finger of the other.

"What more can any mortal desire, than 'The Band of *Ope?*' I consider this, as quite a homen!" simpered he, while Miss Jetson cast down her eyes, and seemed to sigh, "Amen!"

"But here, the train stopped, and was to stop, for some minutes, to let loose on the stale sandwiches, antediluvian biscuits, and fossil remains of chickens, and boiled, and roast *pièces de resistance*, which form the refectory luxuries of English Railway Stations, all those hungry and solitary mortals, who, less fortunate than Miss Jetson, were neither provided with black bags, nor Quirkers.

Robert Bumpus asked Walter if he would not like to get out, and have something to eat? and, indeed, both Terps, and Jacyntha, kindly urged him to do so; but the boy said he was not hungry, and tightly clasped his little hands round Bob's arm, as if he feared by any further move, he should lose his new friend, too; and so be left *quite* alone in this great, big, cold world!

Miss Jetson, being unable to curl her ringlets, which, between love, and locomotion, were becoming longer and lanker, curled her lip at Walter's decision, while Mr. Quirker shrugged his shoulders, and darted his glances into all the right angles of the carriage, as he asked her, by way of expressing his disappointment in diplomatic cipher, of which he concluded that her sympathetic annoyance had the key, whether she had ever seen those capital French caricatures, "Les *Ongfong* terrible? (*Les Enfans terribles.*) To which she replied, in the Gaelic gleanings which she had acquired in Miss Worrybones's establishment: "Oh! je haime tong les ongfongs, qu'e je ne la^{i} ponx pas de *tew* terrible!"

Terps said he was "most proud and appy!" why, or wherefore, did not exactly transpire; for, at that moment, a benevolent and gentleman-like-looking clergyman got in, in, whom both Mr. Quirker, and Robert Bumpus recognised—The Rev. Clive Langston, who had been a missionary in India, but was now the incumbent of a

small living called Beechcroft, three miles from Field-Fleury; and an able coadjutor of Lady Clairville's, in the School of Universal Usefulness, she had established in that hamlet.

Robert Bumpus tried to show his respect, by rising, as Mr. Langston entered, and Terps Quirker, in his greeting, assumed an air of involuntary respect, that he could not always command, even in the presence of his patron, Lord Portarjis; while Mr. Langston, calm and collected, like a thorough gentleman as he was, made a circular bow, beginning with Miss Jetson, and terminating on Robert Bumpus, as he said—

"I hope I do not disarrange any one?" and then having placed his umbrella, and a thick quarto he carried in his hand, in the net-work, he seated himself opposite to Robert Bumpus and Walter, and being evidently equally surprised and pleased, at the transmogrified appearance of the former, he said—

"I am really delighted, Bumpus, to see you looking so well, and I hope I shall never see you looking less well."

For this Christian gentleman had the delicacy not to use the word *respectable*, which was what he meant, and Bob, knowing it was, flushed to his very temples, as he said—

"Thank you, sir, I hope not either. I think I may say, I've turned over a new leaf, though I may not yet have got exactly to the right page, Mr. Langston; but I'm married now, and having really got a *better* half, I must try and match it in some sort."

"Married! that's right. I thought you looked like a man that had been properly turned out, by a good wife."

"Well, not exactly, sir, we've not got to brushes, and buttons, just yet, as I was only married yesterday, but all in good time; and I'll back my Polly's needle and thimble.

against all the sewing-machines that ever were, or ever will be invented."

"And who is my little friend here?" asked Mr. Langston, holding out both his hands to Walter, who, placing his in them with alacrity, answered, looking frankly, and steadily, into the kind eyes fixed on his—

"Grandmamma said I was to say that I am a descendant of the great John Selden, and here are his books, and here is his money," added Walter, excavating the two little dropsical-looking volumes, from between the side of the cushion where Bob had wedged them, and then pulling out the moleskin bag containing the gold Jacobus, which he held out to Mr. Langston.

"'Pon my word, my little fellow," said the latter, opening the books and therein reading, John Selden's, tall, straight, fine hair, and dark down stroke autograph, now become of a pale, reddish brown. "You have every reason to be proud of such an ancestor."

"Oh! he was not my aunt's sister; I have no aunt, nor no sister. Grandmamma only said that I was his descendant. What is a descendant?"

"Let me see, I must explain to you what a descendant is. You have read the History of England; at least some of it, I suppose?"

"Not much," said Walter, colouring, looking down, and energetically pulling the fingers of his dark-green gloves, which he held in his hand, and which, to say the truth, were quite shabby enough, without his giving himself the trouble of making them more so, "not much, I like my 'Peter Parley' better."

"Well, I'm not greatly surprised at that," smiled Mr. Langston; "but, among the Kings of England, I suppose you know that there was a King George!"

"Oh, yes! King George and the Dragon," said Walter, proud of displaying the extent of his knowledge.

"No, not exactly; the Dragon's antagonist was a saint, and saints are not generally kings, neither are kings often saints; but there were four King Georges, and four King Williams, and after the last King William, came Queen Victoria. So she is a descendant of all these kings."

"And was John Selden a king?"

"No; he was a great lawyer, and a great writer upon jurisprudence, or law, but he had more weight than the ill-fated king, in the troubled times in which he lived, and was universally esteemed as well by Charles the First, as by the Parliament."

Walter's eyes eagerly followed Mr. Langston's, every word he uttered, but not being quite able to understand what he himself had to do with all this, he remained silent for a second, and then said, taking the coin out of the little bag—

"Oh! but you have not looked at this money of his yet."

"A very fine Jacobus, indeed; in excellent preservation. I hope you will never be tempted to part with it in exchange for any toys, or pleasures. It would be such a pity, for when you are older, you would be so sorry for having done so."

"Oh, no; grandmamma said if I was starving I must not part with it."

"Grandmamma was quite right; but I hope it will never come to that, and that you will always have food enough, or money to buy it."

"Yes, that I shall; for look here, I've got four great big half-crowns."

"You *are* rich, indeed," again smiled Mr. Langston,

patting his cheek. Why you'll have people borrowing money from you."

"Do *you* want any? not to borrow; I'll give you three, if you want them?"

"I'm *very* much obliged to you, but I fear three would be of no use to me."

"Then I'll give you the whole four."

"But that will leave you without any money at all, and what will you do, then?"

"Oh! very well; for I never had any money before last night, when we were leaving Pencridge. Grandmamma gave me those half-crowns."

"My little friend," said Mr. Langston, laying both his hands on Walter's shoulders: "I quite approve of the literal Christian principle, that would make you deprive yourself even of *all*, to give to others, with this slight amendment,—first, be sure before you do so, that they really want it, and are deserving of it."

"But you said you wanted it; or, at least you said that three, would be no use to you."

"My boy, I only wanted to try you; I have done so; and you have answered the test. Heaven forbid!" added he, turning to Bob, who was looking unutterable things, in the way of pride, and admiration at Walter's profile, "Heaven forbid! that any one should dam up so generous a source. It only wants to be directed into proper channels; for goodness knows, Nature seems to have broken the mould, of all such golden hearts, and to suit the grovelling meanness of this age, to go upon the limited liability system, in meting out all high and noble instincts. Whose child is this? I never saw a countenance that bore more unmistakeably the impress, and superscription, of Heaven's own coinage."

"Well, Sir, he's Master Walter Selden, an orphan, or something like it. More's the pity!—and I'm taking him down to school at my brother Moses's."

Mr. Langston *looked* as if he was wondering, and should much like to have known, how so evidently patrician a looking child came to be entrusted to the casualties of a village pedagogue's school, like Moses Bumpus's; but all he said was, "I'm glad to hear we shall be such near neighbours, and I hope your Master will sometimes allow you to come over to see me at Beechcroft, where you will find some little companions of your own age."

"Oh! thank you Mr. Langston," said Bob, "that *is* kind of you! for though Moses is all very well for the learning, and the Latin, and all that, and though I know if he was the Prince of Wales, my mother could not do more for him than she will, still, it's *not* the sort of place for him. The day-scholars that Moses has, are not of *his* sort, and I take it, sir, that nothing thrives in this world but like to like,—a fish in a hot-house, or a flower in a river, has no chance, and we common people, *are always* common people, that is, our kindest meanings are coarsely executed, and wound, where we mean to heal, for want of sufficiently remembering, that the hard, strong thread, very proper for mending huccaback, can only tear fine cambric."

"Well, I don't know, Bob, in your very animadversions, you give a proof to the contrary, and now that I am happy to find you have left off that odious slang with your old clothes, you seem to have adopted the feelings, as well as the dress of a gentleman."

"Skin deep! skin deep! only sir, I fear, the mere glazing on the common clay, for you forget how I have lived among horses, Mr. Langston," added Bob, proudly,

"and *that* brings one among gentlemen, and though there may be, from time to time, a few black-legs amongst them, they have all white hands and soft manners, and the latter are to a man, what action is to a horse—bless you, sir! it's every thing! for I take it, if all the doings of ticket-of-leave, swell mobsmen, treadmill, and Old Bailey heroes, were put into one scale, and weighed against the vices of the nobility and gentry in another; first scale would go up like a feather, only what *they* do, is caught at, because they have no *manner*, and no money, to carry it off."

"There certainly is some truth in *that*."

"You may depend on it, sir, all the truth of the world is in it."

As Mr. Langston did not refute this axiom of Bob's, there was a momentary pause in their conversation. On the entrance of the former, Miss Jetson had thrown herself back, and languidly leant her head against her compartment of the carriage, closing her eyes, as if enjoying the repose of the grave, where the weary are at rest, while Terps had as suddenly taken upon himself the *rôle* of the wicked, who cease from troubling, by keeping his hands and his feet to himself: but hearing this pause in the conversation on her right, the fair Jacyntha once more opened her eyes, and clearing her throat with three little nervous hems, so as to call Mr. Langston's attention to the implied compliment to his cloth, while she ostensibly addressed herself to Mr. Quirker, said—

"I hope there is no regiment quartered at Twaddleton, now? for though it is very wrong to say so, when I think of my dear father; yet I *do* dislike military in a town beyond everything! It makes it so unpleasant for females to venture out."

Terps thus specially appealed to, and moreover, "most proud and appy," as he himself would have expressed it, to find that in Miss Jetson's estimation *noir gagnait, et rouge perdait;* began to re-commence *de faire son jeu;* by approaching several inches nearer, and again rescuing the black bag from its imaginary perils, said, with a delighted simper, as his glances flitted about like Will-o'-the-wisps, in all directions—

"Well, I'm sorry to say, one of the most glaring cavalry regiments in the service is at present quartered there, the 111th Cherry Pant Hussars."

"Oh! dear!" cried Miss Jetson, bridling and performing sundry contorted evolutions, as if she had been suddenly changed into a bull, and was growing savage, under the irritation of the ensanguined colour, predominating in the nether portion of the uniform of the 111th.

"Oh! dear! how very annoying, for the cavalry-barracks are on Emmet Hill, quite close to Matchlock House; indeed, some of the back bed-room windows actually look into the barrack-yard!"

Now Emmet Hill was the "local habitation," and Matchlock House, the name of Miss Worrybones's establishment.

"He! he! he! pleasant look out, for the young ladies! hope they attend parade regularly?" giggled Terps.

"Oh! dear no," bridled Miss Jetson, "it's only the maids who occupy those rooms; Miss Worrybones is far too particular with *her* young ladies, for even if they look at a man out walking, they are fined three-pence, sixpence for an ugly man, and a shilling for a handsome one."

"At that rate," observed Terps, with great legal acumen, "Miss Worrybones, or the governesses, to say nothing of the young ladies, must take a very correct inventory of

the gentlemen to enable them to decide upon the amount of the forfeits—he ! he ! he ! I have a friend in 'the shipping dues,' and I suppose he'd call the three-penny gentlemen neutral vessels ; but it is to be hoped, for the sake of their exchequer, unlike that of the Crystal Palace, Miss Worrybones's young ladies have not many shilling, days ; because, really, this sort of poll-tax, would be quite ruinous—especially now the 111th Cherry Pants are quartered at Twaddleton ; for I should say, *they all* came under the high figure."

"And, yet," responded Miss Jetson, throwing back her head and folding her arms, with a stern attempt at satire, and statistics, "I believe very many of those misguided young men, are so extravagant, and such gamblers, as not to be *worth* a shilling."

While this edifying conversation was going on, between Miss Jetson and Mr. Quirker, Mr. Langston was winning Walter Selden's heart, and delighting his naturally vivid imagination, by a description of many of the marvels of the Eastern hemisphere, which he had witnessed during his Indian mission, more especially the extraordinary phenomenon of the burning well at Barrahcoon, the waters of which, though vomiting forth flames, and emitting an overpoweringly strong sulphureous smell, were yet perfectly cold.

"Did you put your hand into them—through the flames?" asked Walter.

"I did ; but what is still more remarkable, I observed that the stones round this well were burning hot, so I filled what in India they call a kedgeree-pot, with the water, and poured it on these burning stones to see what effect this would have on them, when, to my still greater surprise, it immediately cooled them."

"What! this flaming water? how odd—and did you taste the water?"

"Yes, it had a mixed, and most disagreeable taste as if sulphur and verdigris had been infused into it, and though the water upon being first poured upon the stones cooled them, it bubbled up immediately after with a bright flash, like sheet lightning, and the stones about the well varied in colour; those nearest to it were red, but others at a greater distance from it, were of a deep blue. While we remained looking at this extraordinary fountain, several of our palanquin-bearers bathed in it, and found themselves greatly refreshed. We then went on to a place called Satacroon, about four miles from Barrahcoon, where there was another wonder, in the shape of a burning rock, but the flames were far from being as ardent here as at the well, scarcely more than what a cup of spirits set on fire might produce."

But we will leave Mr. Langston to describe to his attentive listeners his journey back from Barrahcoon to Jaffrabad, and take a peep into the carriage in which Mr. Warren Hastings De Musty had taken refuge from the "wintry-wind" unkindness of Terps Quirker, when he had so untruthfully excused himself from accommodating that gentleman, not to say genius, with the small scrap of silver paper he required. At first, beside Mr. De Musty, the carriage was only occupied by a portly-looking Frenchman, watched, chained, diamoned ringed, fine-linened, French-polished, and clean-gloved,—such as "gives the world assurance" of a well-to-do Parisian. He was looking over a leash of blue foolscap red tape-tied papers, which had a most *police correctionnel* appearance; but immediately on Mr. De Musty's advent, looked up, and with that national good breeding which never permits a

Frenchman to be so pre-occupied with his own affairs, as to forget the presence or existence of other people, said, "*Serviteur Monsieur!*—we have var fine day for our voyage."

"Remarkably so, indeed," said Mr. De Musty, in tones of diplomatic mellifluousness, and an air of almost ambassadorial blandness, which, as "Own Correspondent" to the "Tyburn Tonans," it was his orders always to assume to Foreigners, more especially to Frenchmen, during the present '*intente cordiale.*'

"Remarkably so, indeed; I conclude you have been some time among us, Sir ; you speak English so well?"

"You are var goot so to say, sare; I admire your coanty so moche, dat I have de English heart,—but I fear still to have de French tongue."

"Only as the most polite in the world, Sir."

"Monsieur est trop aimable! on reconnait bien l'homme d'esprit!"

"C'est vrai, Monsieur, en vous voyant—il n'y a pas moyen de s'y tromper."

"Ah! sare, I am really delight to make your charming acquaintance! Shall I tell you vot I write to Madame de Quinola—my vife, dis mornings; I take de vords of Mirabeau, ven foste he come to Londres, and write to his frien Achille in Paris, and I say, 'It is frome dis sovereign city, vich built of brick, and visout eider elegance or dignity, points to de Thames, and its superb! bridge, and seem to say—'To vot dare you compare a me? Let de Ocean,—let vorlds bring hider deir tributes;' it is from dis city dat I write to you; in haste, my eyes distrac by crowd of object; my mind, occupied by von tousand painful solicitude,— car Monsieur, je ne vous cacherai pas, que je suis venu à Londres pour entamer un procés à

M. Le Comte de Bussy,—Attaché à notre Ambassade ; à cause de quelques Paris louches qui'l a fait à mon intention, au Jockey Club :—malheureusement, he have got for his avocat von of ze cleverest vaurien of la Jurisprudence Anglaise,—Sare Clairville ; but I have got de great Thornberry."

"Oh ! indeed ? Sir Fulke Clairville,—the Solicitor-General, who soon will be Attorney-General."

"Yes,—yes,—*justement*, but I should not so moche care for dis, if I coulds in any vay get at *le rédacteur* du 'Tyburn Tonans,' to gives de proper twiste to ze poablic minds ; because you know it, *sans que je vous le dit Monsieur ;* les Anglais do not eats, nor drinks, nor even turn in deir beds ; boat as de 'Tyburn Tonans' tell dem de vay dey is to do it ; den *pour la politique*, it is de 'Tonans,' dat make non seulement, *la pluie, et le beau temp ;* but de blacks, and de vites, voyez, votre Lord Kremlinston ; who have for five and twenty year, been *le Croupier d'Angleterre, faisant son jeu*, and selling your coantry to *la Russie* ; and, because he have got de 'Tonans,' de bien jeter l'encre, ça qui est la poussière-journaliste, — aux yeux du peuple ; il fait ses tours de passe.-passe, toute à son aise ; et passe pour être le Ministre le plus populaire de son Siècle par-dessus le Marché !"—

As Jupiter might do, or rather have done, when he lived on Olympus, before Belgravia became the fashion ; Mr. Warren Hastings De Musty, with great dignity knit his brows, and, clearing his throat, as imperiously, as if he had been *bonâ fide* EDITOR!! OF THE "TYBURN TONANS"!!! instead of merely "Own Correspondent," or Assistant Sheet-lightning, to that omnipotent journal, said solemnly, in the very best French he could command

at so short a notice; for he felt that the omnipotent and ubiquitous WE! had not only to be represented, but avenged! in his individual person.

"Ahem! Monsieur, I will first tell you that, as a foreigner more especially, it behoves you to be more cautious of whom, and what, you speak in public conveyances; you have, most unguardedly and unwarrantably, traduced the character of 'The Tyburn Tonans,' which stands alike unrivalled, and unimpeached, for its immutable justice and its unvarying consistency, alike impervious to gold and to government, and impenetrable to patronage or to power. The ONE unbiassed and unerring 'guide, companion, friend,' of the British nation at home and abroad, in *me*, sir, (with justifiable pride I say it) you behold one of the representatives (though, perhaps, the humblest) of that immaculate, and incorruptible, Goliah of the English Press."

And Mr. Warren Hastings De Musty drew himself up at this peroration, squared his elbow, and with his white cambric pocket-handkerchief wiped the dews from his brow, as if it had been *actually* bleeding from the sling of the little David before him.

"Comment! j'aurais l'honneur, et l'avantage inespéré, de m'addresser à M. le rédacteur du Tonans!" exclaimed M. de Quinola, clasping his hands, "mais c'est un heureux hazard inouï! agréez Monsieur mes hommages respectueux; you make de great mistakes to vot I say sare about de 'Tonans,' I say he is de magic *et habile*, hand dat pull de string of all de mariionnettes in England, and make a dem danse *sur quel pied il veut;* by gar! dis is true, and no mistakes."

"Excusez, Monsieur," said Mr. De Musty, with appeased, and therefore more affable dignity, "but you forget the power of a free country—the power of the people."

"Bah! mon bon Monsieur—all dat very well in print," said the practical Frenchman.

Whereupon, the "own correspondent" thought it necessary to accelerate the humbug, and did so in English, that it might seem more natural, and have a better effect.

"You seem to forget, Monsieur, that as *our* monarchs have the executive power in them, so our people have the right to assemble, (by proxy) that is, by their *own chosen* (!) *representatives in parliament*, and *they* are there called, to advise in the important matters of legislation, so that when they are thus assembled, they are part and parcel, as it were, of the legislative authority, whose business has always been to inquire into, and correct the errors and abuses, committed by those upon whom the sovereign has devolved any part of the executive power. If, for instance, ministers of state were to advise an unnecessary war, or a dishonourable peace, or a disadvantageous or dangerous alliance, they are as much accountable to the Parliament as for any other neglect, or crime, in the administration of affairs. Nor could an angry message from the throne itself, as in the case of James the First, deter an honest Parliament from exercising their claim to this privilege, which they then asserted—and would now?—by having a protestation entered on their minutes, that the arduous and urgent affairs, concerning the sovereign, the state, the defence of the realm, and of the Church of England, the maintenance and making of laws, and redress of grievances which daily happen within this kingdom, are proper matter, for the council, debate, and investigation of Parliament. So you see, that were a journal even so inclined, it could not have the power, of writing the unpopular measures of any minister into popularity, or

varnishing over his misdeeds, as you so erroneously assume, that the 'Tonans' has done, in the case of Lord Kremlinston."

"Non, non, *pardonnez*—I no see nosings of ze kind; *au contraire,* de 'Tonans,' he shake a de dice for milord Kremlinston, and ven he come up blank, he cry seexes! seexes! and de coantry echo de cry; and so Lord Kremlinston *et la Russie* win for a times, till by-and-bye, ven England come for to—*how* you say dat?—pay a de pipes, and den, she shall begin to fines out, vot my Lord Kremlinston have been about, and dat he have been putting de spoke in her wheel, and de feder in his own nests; for, as for your *parlement, bah!* John Bull, he is for de mose parts represents—par Jack Ass—enfin, mon cher Monsieur, votre tant vanté liberté, est tant soit peu, en camisole de force."

"It may seem to you so just now," rejoined De Musty, meaning to be very severe, and to run into the Frenchman's train of argument with what, in his own mind, he technically called "a slashing leader." "It may seem so to you just now, for the beginnings of an arbitrary government are always light and easy, and its first steps are slow and measured; but if its power be suffered to spread and take a deep root, and it be not betimes opposed, it grows at last irresistible, for a thousand circumstances concur to hinder the people from recovering any ground they have once lost; their friends are generally divided among one another,—corruption intervenes, or wealth makes them timorous,—their enemies agree in any mischief, the means of corrupting is in their hands, they are liable to few fears, as having much to gain, and little to lose. The reason why patriots, perhaps, under absolute governments" (or, indeed, any other, asided the

"own correspondent" to himself) "have generally been found to be but a disappointed and weak party to withstand the mass, whom despair emboldens, whom their common crimes render desperate, and whom their common danger unites."

Here, Mr. Warren Hastings De Musty felt that without an anti-climax, he could not have a better peroration; so he managed the full stop by coughing slightly, and gently caressing his right whisker. M. de Quinola, perceiving *qu'il avait la parole*, was about to reply, and preparatory to doing so, had just expectorated through the open window, with such unerring aim, at one of the wires of the electric-telegraph, that it is to be hoped, the not very flattering missive, was instantly conveyed to some spittoon in-waiting, on the other side of the Atlantic. Before, however, that words had time to replace the recent ejectment, the train stopped; and, at the same moment that Mr. Langston had obtruded upon Miss Jetson's and Terps Quirker's Paphian privacy,—two gentlemen, and a buxom widow broke in, upon Mr. Warren Hastings De Musty, and Monsieur de Quinola's "Parliamentary logic." The male intruders were no others, than the very personages they had been discussing—namely—Lord Kremlinston, and Sir Fulke Clairville; the lady, who had a very high colour and very projecting teeth, which appeared to be vainly trying to stretch forward, to look down over her very full bust, looked like what she was, a Mrs. Jobbins, the widow of a grocer. Both the Viscount and the legal Baronet were known, *ex officio*, to the correspondent of the "*Tonans*," Sir Fulke Clarville, only to M. de Quinola, who not much relishing the *rencontre*, turned his shoulders, as if securing his packet of papers, which he had wedged between the cushion.

"Ah! how do, De Musty?" said Lord Kremlinston, graciously extending one finger.

"Quite an unexpected pleasure, this—as I thought your lordship never travelled but of a Sunday?"

"Never, when I can avoid it."

"Is it like Dean Swift—who also preferred that day for travelling, because the women have clean faces, and the men clean shirts?—Is that *your* because, also—eh, Kremlinston?" laughed Sir Fulke.

"Well, not exactly; but to avoid the *pleba superum*, whom I equally dislike—even when clean-faced and clean-shirted."

De Musty smiled, to think how characteristic this rabble-hating speech was, of a Liberal Whig Premier, while Sir Fulke, with much mock heroic, spouted—

> "Nil habet infelix paupertas durius in se,
> Quam quod, ridiculos homines facit."

And here, perceiving M. de Quinola for the first time, the learned judge professed himself charmed to see him, and with quite as much sincerity as he was in the habit of arraigning vulgar culprits at the bar, and warning them against the fatal and degrading consequences of intemperance, after one of his own nearly nightly orgies. Having shaken hands with him, he turned to Lord Kremlinston and De Musty, and said in unexceptionable French, and a perfectly Parisian accent, rarely heard on this side of the Channel—"Comme disait mi lord Chesterfield quand, il trouva L'abbé de la Ville avec les députés d'Amsterdam. Je suis fâché, Messieurs, de trouver mon ennemi avec vous; Je le connais déjà assez pour le craindre, la partie n'est pas égale, mais je me fie à nos propres intérêts, contre ses

talens; et au moins, si je n'ai pas eu le premier mot, j'aurai le dernier."*

M. Quinola bowed coldly, and said—"C'est la justice, de Monsieur, que je réclame; et non, son esprit que je rédoute."†

Except in one respect, it was a melancholy fact, that Sir Fulke Clairville was by no means an exceptional type of the morality (!) of the English bar, some of the magnates of which, have been but too highly distinguished in the annals of profligacy, but few, very few, to their credit be it spoken, considering the iniquity of the Ecclesiastical laws, which they make, break, and administer, add to their *lèze morale*, marital brutality, It was in this respect that Sir Fulke Clairville differed from his legal brethren, for in addition to the most unbridled licentiousness, he had treated his wife with the utmost personal brutality; and in order to keep her in his power, had most orthodoxly, and legally, robbed her of every shilling, till weary of oppressing so defenceless and unoffending a victim, Fortune, in one of her caprices, turned suddenly round and instigated an unknown old gentleman, who had once received some trifling civility from her father, to leave Lady Clairville on his death-bed £40,000 strictly tied up upon herself, with a clause, that she was to forfeit the

* As Lord Chesterfield said when he found the Abbé la Ville, with the deputies of Amsterdam, "I am sorry, gentlemen, to find my adversary with you; I know him already sufficiently to fear him; we are not on equal terms, but I trust to our mutual interests, against his talents; if I've not had the first word, I'll have the last."

† It is your justice, sir, that I demand; and not your talents that I dread.

whole, if ever detected, under any pretext whatever, in giving Sir Fulke a shilling of it.

This, as may be supposed, considerably impeded his amiable plots and persecutions, and enabled his victim to set up the school at Beechcroft, which Robert Bumpus had spoken to Mary about on Tower Hill the morning of his marriage. But what then? Sir Fulke was *so* clever, and *so* agreeable, and *so* supple, and *so* useful, to whatever ministry might chance to be in, (for he had no political, more than any moral prejudices) that he was just the person, of all others, to be *répandu* among the *haute volée* of English society; for he was, in fact, the very nucleus and incarnation of that complex, highly-cultivated, intellectual corruption, which leavens and taints our whole social system; for if we look over the catalogue of *public* corruption, we shall have ample reason to place private corruption, which is its germ, in a striking point of view, as its influence is as subtle as it is extensive; and it is the ever-welling source of innumerable evils.

When a man is once seduced by the Circean snares of chartered, that is of conventional immorality, and the pecuniary baits of political corruption, to speak against his judgment, and to act against his conscience, to what unwarrantable lengths will he not be driven in the hour of necessity, or the day of temptation? And doubly, trebly dangerous and infamous, is that man in private life, who after being bribed out of his own integrity, in his turn seeks to corrupt others. He may be fairly pointed at as a great criminal, as he will be naturally forced, when called upon to vindicate his conduct, to make hypocrisy the basis of his defence; but in the social circle, he but retails his stock of vices; in public life, they are more widely inimical, as there, the mart being larger, he traffics with

them wholesale, for what inducements does he not find to risk and launch his all, on the Sea of CORRUPTION? And as he succeeds in capturing its so-called prizes, on the sharpness of his intellect, increased by the whetstone of power, better qualifies him to hush all inquiries which may lead to the exposure of himself, or of those from whom he is ever ready to receive the wages of iniquity. In this way, step by step, with the aid of the branch corruptions of literature and the press, had Sir Fulke Clairville risen in his profession, and in our immaculate, social scale, till each succeeding government marking the elasticity of his conscience (?) and the inflexibility of his will, said unto him,

"Thou art the man!"

His present travelling-companion, Lord Kremlinston, had, only the week before, said this to him, in reference to the Attorney-Generalship; what then were such little pimples, as a man's private vices, including the violation of every law—human and divine—compared to the Pelions upon Ossa, of Virtue and Eloquence, he could pile up in public? whether in his judicial or senatorial capacity. But does not the whole system work in the same purely *public* manner; witness the late truly edifying discussions in both houses of Parliament, upon the Divorce Bill; so pure, so rigid, so religious, so immaculate, were the fastidious fears and objections of both Lords and Commons, that could one only have forgotten a few of the antecedents of the noble lord who framed the bill, and have fancied the senators who discussed it, still prattling in the guileless innocence of their white frock and blue-sash days, there would have been wherewithal to make the angels blush for their own shortcomings; but as it was, truly their verbal morality was of the very

worst vintage of hypocrisy—that which amounts to rank blasphemy !

But to return to Sir Fulke Clairville ; his was quite the character to grow out of, and to prolong our present system of verbal progress, and morality (?) and practical vice, and feudal oppression ; and he was therefore quite the man to be popular with, because useful to such men, as Lords Kremlinston and Portarjis ; for alas ! such is the egotism of human nature (not only with the vicious but even with the most virtuous) that we value people, not so much for their abstract qualities and intrinsic merits, as in proportion as those qualities may be serviceable, or detrimental to ourselves. To this also, perhaps, may be traced the origin of much of the so-called ingratitude, that floats on the world's surface, or skulks in its nooks and corners. Many persons, with every intention to serve, execute their designs, either so coarsely or so carelessly, that for the one wound they meant to heal, they establish several incurable raw places ; in the throbbings and smartings of which we are apt to forget the balm that was *intended.* Then there are few—very few—who have sufficient abnegation of self to serve us in *our way,* it must be in *their's*—and your misfortunes *may* extend so far, that their *intentions* may not be long enough to meet them for homœopathic benevolence, has seldom much effect upon allopathic misery—yet, were but their *manner* of acting as kind as the motive which prompted them to act, if we did not reap the harvest they intended, at all events the tares of ingratitude, would never be sown with it. When *will* English people learn Elizabeth Smith's golden axiom, that

"TO BE GOOD, AND DISAGREEABLE, IS HIGH TREASON AGAINST VIRTUE."

"Seen Portarjis lately?" asked Lord Kremlinston, addressing Mr. De Musty, which was part of the noble Viscount's proverbial tact, and *savoir faire*, for he knew that asking "own correspondents" after lords, was quite as popular a measure, to the parties so interrogated, as giving school-boys' tips, or getting a week's extra holidays at Harrow or Eton.

"Not since last *Toosday* evening, when I looked in at Clanhaven House."

Looked *out*, would have been the more correct expression, for it was at these aristocratic *réunions*, the only ones in London where Mr. De Musty had his *entrées*, that he generally catered for the "gossip" for which he was purveyor to two provincial newspapers, to say nothing of a little eaves dropping, which he did on these occasions, among the stars and garters, for the more serious business of "The Tonans" itself.

Sir Fulke Clairville, whose light hair, sandy whiskers, pale-blue, gloating eyes, aquiline nose, animal mouth, and in short, Satyr-type of face, contrasted strongly, and not favourably with De Musty's dark Velasquez colouring, now looked across him at the widow, who was pounding an obstreperous and usually large, bluish green, cotton umbrella, (with a yellow handle) in all directions, without being able to fix it in any.

"Pray allow me, madam, to relieve you of that," said Sir Fulke, with a telegraphic glance at the rest of the party, which said, "now prepare for some fun, for I'm going to draw this woman out."

"No, I thank ee, sir; it's my gig-humbreller, which makes it rather hunconvenient for riding hinside; but my son he's to meet me with the oss and chay, at the station, as is two mile from our home."

"You are going to the Hereford Festival, I presume, madam?"

"Oh, dear no, sir, I aint; I be going back to Wales, straight ome to Llewenne. So recent has I've lost my poor Jobbins, (and here the widow applied to either eye, a large, linen pocket-handkerchief, about the size, and texture, of a winding-sheet) I aint got no *sperits* for feasts and festivals, and such like."

"To Llewenne, madam," repeated Sir Fulke, "then it it is to be hoped that a lady of your personal attractions and evidently superior mind, will lose no time in following the highly commendable example of your illustrious country-woman—Catherine Tudor."

"Catherine Tudor—who be she? where do she bide? she baint of our parts, leastways, *I* never heerd on her; do you say she be to Llewenne, sir?"

"She did formerly, madam, grace that part of your principality; but her celebrity has now become historical. With the permission of the present company," added he, looking round, and bowing to Lord Kremlinston, who had his handkerchief crammed into his mouth, to prevent his laughing outright, while Mr. De Musty, whose risible muscles were generally languid and lymphatic, like a damp proof-sheet, was of course following his example. Both having nodded their assent, Sir Fulke resumed, "I will relate the anecdote to which I alluded, which I never fail to do, in the interest of 'suffering humanity,' whenever I see flowers of loveliness, choked up by weeds, as you now are, madam.

"Catherine Tudor, of Llewenne, better known, in her day, as Pennant tells us, in that part of Wales, as Catherine Tudor, of Berain, the name of her country seat, was the daughter and heiress, of Tudor Ap Robert Tycham, of

Berain. Her first husband was John Salusbury, and at his death she bestowed her hand upon Sir Richard Clough. The tradition goes that at the funeral of her beloved spouse, John Salusbury, she was led *to* the church by Sir Richard, and *from* the church by Morris Wynne, of Gwedir, who whispered to her his fervent wish, and humble hope, of becoming her second. She sighed, looked down, and refused him with great civility, informing him that on her way to church, she had received, and accepted, the proposals of Sir Richard Clough, but assured him that he might depend upon being her third, in case she ever had to perform the same melancholy duty for the knight, that they were then about for John Salusbury. She was as good as her word; and, as soon as she had also disposed of Sir Richard out of harm's way, to show that she had no superstitious prejudices about the number three, Morris Wynne having likewise gone the way of all flesh, she concluded a union with Edward Thelwal, of Plas-y-ward, with whom she lived till she died, on the 27th of August, 1591, when she was buried with her beloved John Salusbury, upon first-come, first-served principles."

"Well, I never heered tell of the like o' *that!*" cried Mrs. Jobbins, energetically pounding the gig-umbrella on the floor, which she held so as to let her knees form a Dardanelle on each side of it; "the highdear of accepting hon fresh purposhals at a *berrin*, as if usbans, was no better nor clowns at a fair, where it's one down, 'tother come hon. I calls it shameful! I do. I shouldn't care how well to do the man was, who dared to hinsult *me* with his perposhals at sich a time, I should pretty soon tell him as I know'd when I was well hoff, and wasn't a-going to get *myself* into ot water for any on 'em, to say nothink of treating of the dear deceased, with no more

respect than to just empt him out like leaves from a tea-pot. Oh, cruel, scandalous ! hin the *hex*treme, I calls it,' concluded Jacob Jobbins's relict, waxing more, and more, wrath.

"Then I have absolutely *no* chance ?" said Sir Fulke, clasping his hands, and leering at the widow in so exaggerated a manner, that the three men could no longer restrain their mirth within decent bounds, but exploded into a roar of laughter, which so angered the subject of it, that she said, flushing like a peony, and shaking her head at Sir Fulke—

"No, you avent no chance, I can tell you ; for though Arnit Jobbins is but a grocer's widder, she knows the tricks of you quality gents, and ave always kep *her*self respectable, she ave, and don't care a pepper-corn for any on you, *that* she don't." An assertion which she endorsed by snapping her fingers like a sort of castanet accompaniment, in Sir Fulke's face.'

"Ah," said that undaunted personage, with a profound sigh, "I see how it is, I am too old ; plague take the crow's feet, which mark the steps of time ; were I but young Hyson in my bloom, or even Bohea, I *might* have a chance."

"Ay, the same sort of chance as a *hinterloping* cur, when he gets a canister tied to his tail," retorted the widow, indignantly turning completely round to the window with a great bounce, so as only to give Sir Fulke and his friends, an extensive back view of her figure, which by no means abated their mirth, more especially as she continued to pound with great indignation her Gallipoli of a gig-umbrella.

"Have a care, madam !" cried Sir Fulke, sticking his hat on one side, putting his arms a kimbo, puffing out his

cheeks, and looking very fierce. "Have a care! for I'm like Captain Raggado in the Arabian Nights. By Mahomed! I am vastly fond of the women, but when they cry out and throw stones at me, or what is worse, pound their gig-umbrellas at me—and set on their husbands at me (living or dead), it is another affair; see how I have had my feelings outraged! and the little finger of my glove ripped quite up! Sblood! madam! such conduct is not to be borne—I love the women! but *not* when they are transported with rage; for *then*, whether old or young, ugly, or handsome, I cut in pieces as many as come in my way, without sparing one who makes the smallest resistance!" and Sir Fulke shook his head and made a noise, in imitation of the roaring of a wild beast, while Lord Kremlinston almost choked with laughter—*improvise'd* the part of Ballayah the jovial Hermit, and said in his words,

"You are rather hot-blooded, captain; you should, like me, drink nothing but hydromel."

"By Mahomet!" resumed the baronet, "your hydromel reduces me to a jelly, my slut of a star would triumph, did she see to what I was now reduced! let us, if possible, contrive how to correct her influence; if I could get up to the skies, I should bring her to reason. But cannot *you*, who are an astrologer—or at least a prime minister, which is much the same sort of thing; since both dispose of the stars (to say nothing of the garters), cannot *you* help me to right myself by means of some of your machines?" And involuntarily perhaps, as he pronounced the latter word, Sir Fulke glanced at Mr. Warren Hastings De Musty, whose sense of the ridiculous being now, thoroughly roused, was burying his face in his pocket-handkerchief, while the widow, like most ladies of her class, having

merely caught the sounds of the words "Mahomet," and "Astrologer," and put her own construction upon them, could stand it no longer; so bouncing round, as suddenly from, as she had a few minutes before turned to the window, and shaking her right hand (which still grasped the winding-sheet pocket-handkerchief), in the direction of Sir Fulke's face—she exclaimed, as her own glowed like a kitchen-fire,

"Hold your tongue! *do*—you good-for-nothink heathen, you—with your Mahomed and your strologers! and your profligate boasts, as you tries to get hevry female hinto your clutches, and them as won't submit to you, you cuts down like clover, but you've no call to give *me* none of your vulgarity; for I, nor no other prudent ooman, I'm sure, never give you no encouragement. Shouldn't wonder if you wasn't one of they Bigamarians, one of Brigham Young's gang of villands! from the Salt Lake, a feller as has a most depoplated Wales, and ruinated more women than there is days in the year, but you'll jist please to *reclict* that this haint Utah, and that you are now in a Christian country, where there *is* such things as prisons and *pleece*men; ay, and treadmills, too, for the likes of you."

Well, now you mention it, I think I *have* heard of such things, somewhere," said Sir Fulke, with an imperturbable gravity, that threw the rest of the spectators into fresh convulsions of laughter, while Lord Kremlinston, with tears in his eyes, touched him on the shoulder with his cane, and said, "Rise, Sir, Brigham Young!"

A *sobriquet*, that never after left him.

"Very good—I have not the least objection to *rise*, though not exactly as Brigham Young, if it's all the same to you?"

Then, turning once more upon Mrs. Jobbins, Sir Fulke was re-commencing his rhodomontade anew with—

"By Mahomet! madam."

When Lord Kremlinston, true to his vocation of affecting to assuage, the disorders he had been secretly aiding, and abetting; and thereby aiming at, and reaping a superficial and spurious popularity, laid his hand on the legal functionary's arm, and said, as he bowed slightly, but deferentially to the widow,

"Nay—nay—I must protest against swearing, in the presence of ladies."

"Protest against swearing—indeed—it's easy for *you*, my lord, to be a non-juror with your hydromel—and your holiday-temper—but '*my* love is like the lava's flood,' and all that sort of thing—and moreover—*I*—swear, to refute an ecclesiastical fallacy, for did not Archbishop Tillotson say, that 'no man is born of a swearing constitution.' Now I *was*—and gad—I only wish I had been there at the time, to have been heard on the other side, when he made the assertion."

Turning away, as if quite shocked at the laxity of this speech, Lord Kremlinston addressing Mrs. Jobbins with as much ceremonious respect as if she had been "the Queen in Parliament assembled," said, "I fear the draught from the window may be too much for you, will you allow me to put it up half-way?"

"Oh, no, I thank ee, sir—I've been to the water-cure, and after *that*, one needn't be afeard of nothink."

"Ah! there it is, cried Sir Fulke, *Wenus* and water! like *wer*tue and *wine*gar, always go together; *she* rose *from* the sea, and *you* sank down into a bath."

"I did no such a thing, I was packed in wet sheets, and I honly wish as *you* could be packed in any way, so

as you was but packed off; for, of all the vulgar, how-dacious, persuming, himperent fellers I hever *did* see, you are the most so. But I'd ave you to know, once for all, that *I aint* none of your good-for-nothink Wenuses, nor nothink of the kind; so, don't want none of your sort."

Whereupon, Sir Fulke, with his hand upon his heart, and looking most imploringly into the widow's angry face, began to sing—

"Pray Goody, please to moderate the rancour of your tongue;
Why flash such sparks of fury from your eyes?
Remember where the judgment's weak, the prejudice is strong,
A stranger, why will you despise?"

Adding, in plain prose,—"Don't be alarmed, Madam; wet sheets, like wet blankets, are effectual dampers, by the beard of the Prophet!"

"Lawr! I don't see no profit in they great ugly beards, I'm sure; unless it be to hide some gents ugly faces. Now, I should say as *you* would do well to wear one. Lawr! there was such a lot on 'em, to be sure, at the Hydrophobee Stablishment, at Dr. Killsome's, where I come from."

"Ah! indeed, Madam," replied Sir Fulke, "I should not presume to ask you, who invented gunpowder; but *can* you tell me who invented the water-cure?"

"If so be, as you really wants to know," replied the widow, with that air of defiance which she always assumed when addressing her tormentor, "you'd better ask the pump."

"You see," laughed Lord Kremlinston, "you have given the lady a *handle* against you."

"Very good!" said De Musty, which he would have been equally sure to have said, had it been ten times worse, and then added,—"Why, the really first discoverer of hydropathy, was Howard, the philanthropist, who always had his sheets damped before he went to bed, and swathed himself in coarse towels, steeped in the coldest water that could be got, in which state he used to remain for half an hour, and then would throw them off, declaring he felt well, and strong for the day."

"No doubt this was his cold comfort for visiting so many prisons," said Sir Fulke, with a shrug.

"But he no catch a cold," said M. Quinola, with what he meant to be a *foudroyant* look at Sir Fulke, "because *he* nevare turn a his coat."

"Ah! very likely not; any Jew can tell you, that it is not every coat that *can* turn. I wonder what the origin of that saying was? I dare say you can tell us, De Musty?" said Sir Fulke, giving that gentleman a gentle poke in the ribs with his fore-finger, which condescending familiarity enchanted him, as enabling him to exaggerate it for the next three days at the festival, into the innocent cause of an apochryphal pain in his side.

"Why," said Warren Hastings, with a lucidity, worthy of "Notice to Correspondents," "there are two origins assigned to it; one, is in an old book, containing the derivation of English words, published in 1689, or thereabout; which says, 'that to *turn Catipan*, which was afterwards perverted into turn-coate, was taken from a people in Calabria, and Apulia, who got a proverbially ill-name from their perfidy. But I myself should say, that it's real rigin, was that ascribed to it by Speed, who tells us that

the adage originally meant to *turn cat* (or cates, *i.e.*, cakes) *i'the pan*, which was also the old word for *aumolette*, or, what we call omelet, which being fried, and consequently turned, in the pan, does therefore very aptly express the changing of sides ; but in time, the word cate, falling into disuse, the simile remained, but perverted into turn-*coat*."

"Well," said Sir Fulke, "that's out of the frying-pan, though not exactly into the fire ;" and then, turning to Lord Kremlinston, he said, "Have *you* seen that new villa of Lord St. Heliers, that every one is talking about, which he calls 'Val Ombrosa ?' "

"Yes, I have ; I'm going down there now. Lady St. Heliers gives her first *déjeûner* there to day."

"Ah ! she don't patronize me ;—but is it such a perfect thing as they say ?"

"Yes, and no."

"Come, that's rather a sibylline answer, the oracle must declare itself a little more clearly."

"Why, mine is a Lucius Seneca sort of objection to it ; you know when Emilius Varro, Nero's secretary, took Seneca over the magnificent palace he had built, in which here was a separate suite of apartments for every person, and for everything, the latter said nothing, and when pressed by Varro for his opinion of it, he answered, 'In all this great house you have not shown me a single room for yourself.' Now that is precisely my objection to St. Heliers's new villa, which otherwise *is* very perfect."

"Perhaps," laughed Sir Fulke, "he's waiting for a retiring pension, before he adds that luxury to it."

Here the train stopped at ———, where Lord Kremlinston's servants and carriage were in waiting for him, and shaking hands with the baronet, again a finger was

extended to Mr. de Musty, a bow to M. de Quinola, and another, accompanied with a thousand apologies to the widow for having to pass her, he got out.

"I think, sir," said Mrs. Jobbins, bending forward, so as scrupulously to avoid Sir Fulke, and addressing herself especially to Mr. de Musty, "I think, sir, as I heerd you a callen on that ere gent as has just got out, Lord Kremlinston ; pray may I make so bold as to ask if so be as he is any relation to the Prime Minister, or any of that family ?"

"He *is* the Prime Minister."

"Lawr ! you don't say so, sir ! Well, what a pleasant, haffable, civil-spoken gent to be sure. I wish as I'd a knowed of it afore, and I'd a took a good look at him. Well ! that *will* be something to tell my Jacob, as I've seen a *real* Lordship and Prime Minister, and he, to take such notice on me, too; and be so *perlite*, and fearful o'towzeling on my clothes as he got out ; ah, it's easy to know a real-born quality gent, from they howdacious riff-raff, as sticks theirselves up for gents, and thinks as they've got *Hesquire* to their names, when they've hinsulted a prudent female," and here, she hurled a furious look at Sir Fulke, who immediately took up the challenge, by recommencing hostilities—with—

"I assure you, Madam, if you only knew who *I* am, I am *much* better worth looking at than a mere Prime Minister, which the country is never without ; and therefore, as the exotics of St. Stephen's, being always on sale, are always to be seen; but *I*, Madam, *I* am Prince Albert."

"You're not a going to make *me* believe such a flam as *that*—for great use it would be for Queen Victoree to be Queen of England, if so be as she couldn't do no better for herself than *that!* and be obleeged to take up with such a

good-for-nothink, imperent, feller as you. But the surest proof of all, as you *aint* Prince Halbert, is, that if you *was*, you'd never be let to run about the country hinsulting of females has you does."

At this, Sir Fulke himself was obliged to join in the laugh, and before he had sufficiently recovered to reply, the guard, who was going about to, and fro, like a much wickeder personage, only not seeking whom he might devour, but calling out the name of the station, now opened the door to admit new passengers, in the persons of Mr. Thornberry, Sir Noodle, and Lady Fitz Doodle, and their eldest hope, a young gentleman of five years, squeakily like his mamma, and awkwardly like his papa. No sooner did Sir Fulke perceive not only a barrister, but one of the very shrewdest, cleverest, and most sarcastic of the whole bar, than muttering—

"Confound it!" he darted over two seats to make way for him; and seating himself at the further end, opposite the Frenchman, seemed to have flung all his ribaldry to the winds; for putting on his hat, he adjusted it as solemnly, as if it had been the black cap, and he was about to pass sentence—as, indeed, he was—upon all further *persiflage* with the widow.

Lady Fitz Doodle was a "British female" to the backbone; and although if one of her children had been afflicted with the most ordinary childish indisposition, she had not womanly, and motherly, knowledge to know what to do for it, beyond having physicians at guinea fees constantly in attendance. Her mode of displaying her maternal tenderness was by an incessant fuss, kept up at fever-heat and the transmuting herself, and her offspring, into public nuisances; for at watering-places, the hotels, and the beach, resounded with Lady Fitz Doodle's very shrill and

very squeaky voice—crying out, "Felloon," (for she was so fortunate as to possess for her head nursery-maid, a sister of the before-mentioned Miss Fanny Felloon, living in a similar capacity with Lady Portarjis, to whom Mr. Delpops was paying his addresses), "Felloon! take care Master Doodle does not fall going down stairs;"—or, "Felloon! be sure you do not take the children on the north cliff;—or, "Felloon! be sure and don't forget to call at Dr. Calomel's, and ask him if he thinks there is any danger of Noodie's having poisoned his hand, by having dipped his finger into the ink-stand this morning?" Or, "Noodie, dear, don't walk too near the sea—the waves will wet your feet;"—or, "Noodie, you are *very naughty*, and really must not stop and talk to strange children, till one knows who they are."

With pretty, delicate, regular features, that ought to have made her pretty, their whole effect was marred by a pair of very small, pale, totally inexpressive, powder-blue-looking eyes—that terribly shrill, squeaky voice, and an expression of countenance, in which it was impossible to decide which predominated,—selfishness or silliness,—so equal was the contest between the two. The same malignant fairy seemed to have interfered, when Nature had endowed Sir Noodle, which she had also done with a remarkably handsome set of features, including a pair of fine dark eyes, and the most dazzlingly white, and perfect set of teeth ever seen in a human head; but the eyes looked vacant, and lack-lustre, from the spectacles through which they glared, and the gaping, open mouth, while it displayed, spoiled the expression of the beautiful teeth, by giving to them, and his whole face, an almost idiotic expression. His height was great, and his figure the very triumph of clumsiness; his shoulders being colossally broad and high, were made still more ungainly, by his

terribly near-sighted stoop,—so that the first impression he conveyed was, that a bad plaster-cast of the head of the Antoninus, had been stuck in the hurry and confusion of a conflagration, upon the Torso of Dr. Johnson.

It is, perhaps, needless to say, that like all silly, selfish women, his lesser-half, ruled him with a rod of iron; it was a something beyond petticoat-government—it was apron-string-government, in its most absolute form; and "Noodie" himself, never was more catechised as to his shortest absences from her presence, than was his obedient father. And woe! unto him if ever he committed *lèze* muffinism, and absented himself from the tea-table—which, indeed, he had never been known to do but once, during ten years of his marriage—and then, he had been so severely punished by constant allusions to the misdemeanour at all times, and in all places, and a rigorous *régime* of milk-and-water for so many months, in lieu of the tea he had slighted—that it was historic in the Noodle family, that he had never repeated the offence. So, having found out "the way to keep him," Lady Fitz Doodle very properly kept him, as his own domestic expressed it, "With his nose to the grinding-stone."

Now it so happened, that Lady Clairville had, among her other misfortunes, been a distant relation of Sir Noodle's; and, as long as she had lived with her brutal husband, Sir Fulke having a thorough contempt for the Fitz Doodles (which perhaps at that time, was thoroughly reciprocated by them), she had never been allowed to ask them inside her house; but no sooner had Sir Fulke culminated his infamy by turning her out of her home, and himself being freed from all incumbrances that fetter or impede meaner mortals, had begun to "get on" in the world—than to spite his wife, and injure her as *he*

thought in public opinion, by showing on what good terms *he* was with *her* relations, or rather they were with him ! than he actually condescended to patronize the Fitz Doodles !—and Sir Noodle felt extremely flattered at being invited at length, after so many years, to dinner by Sir Fulke to meet a few lords and dukes. And indeed, had he murdered Sir Noodle's relation outright, both he, and Lady Fitz Doodle, having nothing to do with "The children of light," were so wise in their generation, and so thoroughly *parvenu* in their nature, that had he been his Satanic majesty in person—hoof, tail, brimstone and all, and been as much worshipped ostensibly by the *elite* of English society as *he* is *de facto*, the Fitz Doodles would have been among the most demonstrative of his votaries. Being fully aware of this, Sir Fulke, though rather late in the day, began fully to appreciate them ; and for motives of his own, always affected an immense amount of cordial intimacy with them in public. Not so, Mr. Thornberry ; who, being an old and staunch friend of Lady Clairville's, (having known her from a girl), execrated Sir Fulke, and heartily despised the Fitz Doodles—two sentiments which he not only took no pains to conceal, but rather made a parade of displaying, whenever an opportunity of doing so occurred, or could be made.

"Felloon ! Felloon !—now *mind* you keep the window down in your carriage, for fear Miss Sydney should take cold ; and Jenkins (this was said to a *souffre douleur* of a footman) what *have* you done with Master Noodie's drum ? for I know he wont be happy without it."

"Sir Noodle took it, my lady."

"Oh ! so *you've* got it," said the lady, turning on him a stern inquisitorial glance, as much as to say, "how dare *you* take charge of it, without asking *my* leave ?"

"Oh! ah! yes—I beg your pardon; I thought I had better take care of it," trembled Sir Noodle, and in rising up on one side, to excavate the delightful instrument from his capacious great-coat pocket, his foot slipping, he lost his balance, and came heavily down upon the drum! which exploded with a tremendous crash, to the no small delight of the rest of the passengers; who thought themselves thus providentially delivered from this least of all agreeable episodes of martial music for the rest of the journey—but,

"Honi soit, qui mal y pense!"

For, upon the destruction of his property, Master Noodie set up so terrific a howl—surmounted by his mamma's consolatory squeakings,—that they one, and all, would have preferred being drummed out of the world, to listening to it; whereupon, Sir Fulke (who, like all bad men, detested children, even in their most attractive and least offensive state) now undertook, by means of his watch and other blandishments, to console the young hero for his loss; while Mr. Thornberry, putting both hands to his ears, and shaking his head, said as loud as he could, so as to be heard above the storm—

"Such nuisances are insupportable; such disgusting little wretches ought to be put in the cattle or dog-van, and not allowed to annoy human beings!" and then, perceiving M. de Quinola, he put out his hand,

"Ah! mon honourable client! comment ça' va't-il?"

"Bien mal! comme vous voyez," said that gentleman, smiling, and nodding his head in the direction of Master Noodie, who was violently struggling upon Sir Fulke's knee, and with clenched hands, hurling pantomimic des-

truction at the *watch*, like a nocturnal "buck" of the days of Sheridan.

But here, Jenkins and Felloon, being hurried away by the guard, Lady Fitz Doodle had to scream after them, her injunctions about Miss Sydney and the draughts, and then tried to appease her son, by a *con amore* scolding of her lord, but by no means master, and a string of "Naughty papas, to break Noodie's drum; he shall give him a rocking-horse, and two trumpets for it, that he shall."

"But *now! now!* I will have them *now*," kicked, and screamed that amiable young gentleman.

"We can't get them now, dear, but as soon as ever we get to Hereford. Naughty papa shall have no dinner till he gets them."

Just as he was preparing for another roar, at this fresh disappointment, and with his finger still in his mouth, Master Noodie's inquiring mind was attracted by the portly dimensions, and the bright yellow handle, of Mrs. Jobbins's gig-umbrella, and pointing to it between a sob and a hiccup, he said—

"What's that?"

Whereat, the owner of that invaluable article, very good-naturedly said, offering it to his mother to hand over to him,

"Would the young gentleman like to play with it?"

But Lady Fitz Doodle, with the genuine Anglo-Saxon *nolo mi tangere* ill-breeding, so peculiar to the *British female*, seeing Mrs. Jobbins was "a common person," not only did not condescend to make her the slightest acknowledgment for her proffered civility, but further marked her resentment of it, by turning to her son with her forefinger, menacingly raised, saying—

"Naughty Noodie! how often am I to tell you not to speak to people you don't know."

"That's to make the matter even, I suppose," growled Mr. Thornberry, "for I'm sure no one who *did* know him, or any one belonging to him, would speak to him, or them," and then, to soothe Mrs. Jobbins's naturally ruffled feelings, he added, turning to her, "Capital sensible sort of umbrella that, ma'am, of yours; the only sort of one of any use, in a climate where it is always raining gallon-drops."

While Mr. Thornberry was thus making the *amende* to the widow, Lady Fitz Doodle took that opportunity of squeaking out the most *empressée* apologies to Sir Fulke Clairville, for Noodie's being so troublesome; whereupon the learned gentleman soared into one of the highest, and widest flights of fictions, that even *he* had ever attempted, by assuring her that he was *so* fond of children, that they *couldn't* annoy him." (!)

Encouraged by so truly amiable a sentiment, Sir Noodle ventured to launch a little small *sotto voce* jest, about refractory children being *some* of the pleasures of matrimony, which he accompanied by a small shrug of his huge shoulders, which seemed to say, "they had need be the size they were, for an inch less could not support all they had to bear."

But, as Lady Fitz Doodle, like many persons who totally lacked the blessed spirit of Christianity, was a great stickler for the letter, and therefore Church-missionary-meeting'd, and Exeter Halled it, on all occasions, Sir Fulke, true to his system of ingratiation in that quarter, always did the decorous, and the orthodox, in her presence, and so parried Sir Noodle's rash pleasantry with a compliment, which he intended should at once prove

his tact, and display his theology, as, bowing to Lady Fitz Doodle, he said, "No doubt of it my dear Sir Noodle, for you know Jeremy Taylor says, "Marriage is the nursery of Heaven."

"Bless my soul!" cried Mr. Thornberry, buttoning, the two lower buttons of his coat with great rapidity and excitement, "that's the first time I ever heard my favourite Divine accused of broaching Popish tenets!"

"Popish tenets! What is there Popish in that, my dear sir?" humbly, and pacifically, asked Sir Fulke.

"Why, plain as a pike-staff, sir, or a Roman candle; for, is it not making out, that we must reach Heaven, *viâ* Purgatory!"

Ha! ha! ha! very good!" laughed Mr. Warren Hastings De Musty—as he thought—that *mot* coming from Mr. Thornberry's celebrated arsenal of sarcasms, would be a capital *morceau* for his next week's "GOSSIP, LITERARY, SOCIAL, AND POLITICAL."

"Not bad," gently applauded Sir Fulke, as he turned from the Fitz Doodles, towards Mr. Thornberry's window to hide the sardonic grin that played over his face, and which was now quite genuine; while Sir Noodle, not daring to *say* it, *looked*, "Goodness knows, *that's* true!"

And M. de Quinola, having contributed his quota to the laugh, put his hand on the Q. C.'s wrist and said, "Du moins, mon cher Monsieur, si le mariage n'est pas tout entier le Purgatoire; bien sûr,—comme dit Rabelais, que c'est 'une invention mirifique!'"

Mrs. Jobbins, good worthy matron that she was, did not understand one syllable of this conversation, except that Sir Fulke had quoted Jeremy Taylor, and that, after this piece of audacity on his part, Mr. Thornberry had

said something, which had raised a laugh at her tormentor's expense, so that her unuttered remarks were,—

"Well! to be sure; the hidear! of that good-for-nothink rumbustshus feller! who was a calling upon Mahomet just now, and talking hin the rudest and vulgarest manner as hever a man could hoffer to talk to a respectable female; to begin, and talk about Jeremy Taylor's sermonts! the hypocrisy of it! as if such as he! knowed anythink about Jeremy Taylor, and Bunion, and Nelson, and Whitfield, and John Wesley, and such like. I'm glad, however, that that civil gent, as admired my humbreller, turned the laugh agin him."

But Time, who is exceedingly like a naughty boy, having his face washed, inasmuch as, that he *never will* stand still, now as usual rolled on, as well as the train, which at length stopped at Twaddleton; so we must leave the agreeable society in which Mr. Warren Hastings De Musty so unexpectedly found himself, and return to poor little Walter, who, having been so summarily thrust out upon the world, it behoves us to accompany, at least the first bit of the desolate way; and we quit with the less regret, inasmuch as neither Fitz Doodles, Jobbins's, nor De Musty's, are by any means unique of their kind, any more than was Sir Fulke Clairville of *his* kind; for, alas! among what are called "leading men," in a highly intellectual, and proportionately demoralized state of society, there are always to be found, as Burke said of the French National Convention, "persons, in comparison of whom, Catiline would be thought scrupulous, and Cethegus a man of sobriety, and moderation."

CHAPTER IV.

THE ARRIVAL—TERPS QUIRKER GIVES MISS JETSON "AN INT"—WALTER'S FIRST NIGHT AT FIELD-FLEURY, WHERE HE SEEMS TO REALIZE THE

"Ixion quod versari narratur rota
Volubilem fortunam jactari docet."

THE train stopped at Twaddleton, and the first thing it disgorged, was Terps Quirker, who nimbly jumped out, as if he had been playing at leap-frog over tufts of paste-board roses in a ballet. The next, was the love-birds, the black bag, and Miss Jetson, who being now about to inhale the rarified atmosphere of Matchlock House, already looked like Sterne's Vestal, "Unbroken by tender salutations," in which she differed from her own travelling-bottle, containing the topaz-coloured fluid; for that, was decidedly a case of

"Frangas non Flectes."

No sooner had Miss Jetson, and Terps, reached *terra firma,* than they were assailed by the usual obliging offers to carry their luggage, which Mr. Quirker rejected in a manner more summary, than dignified, and called a truck in as haughty a tone, as if he had said—

"Call a coach! and let a coach be called," which we are sorry to record, procured for him from one of the "Rejected addresses," in a tone not loud, but deep, the following compliment:—

"Ah! *Torneys* is always *truckling* fellers."

This sarcasm was uttered by one Will Catnip, the ne'er-do-well of the parish, though cousin, to Mr. Jerry Fowkes, now waiter at the Boar's Head, Eastcheap. But when Terps turned sharply round, and said, "Was that you, Bill Catnip? take care; I have had my eye upon you for some time," the latter, gave an inverse reading of his cousin Jerry's stereotyped phrase of "coming," by turning it into "going;" and disappeared forthwith. As soon as all Miss Jetson's trunks, and band-boxes, had been safely piled upon the truck, she still clinging to the black bag, as fondly as if it had been the last illusion which experience had left her,—and Terps retaining the cage of love-birds, as a sort of *devise parlante,* which said, or seemed to say, as he looked from them, to Jacyntha, and so round at himself, "Birds of a feather flock together!" —he next gave the word of command to the porter, ordering the truck to "Matchlock Ouse, Hemmet Ill."

Then, offering his arm to Miss Jetson, he put his head into the carriage, and said,—

"Master Selden, my dear, I'm only going for a few minutes to hescort this lady ome,—and I shall be back and see you comfortably settled in your new quarters; you won't mind going alone with Mr. Bumpus, shall you?"

"Oh! no," said Walter, clasping Bob's arm with both his hands.

"Good bye, dear," chimed in the fair Jacyntha, extending one of her skinny hands—"and whenever out of school-hours you can be spared, and your master will allow you to come and see me, I shall be *very pleased;*—you won't forget my name—will you? Miss Jetson—staying at Miss Worrybones's Establishment for young ladies, Matchlock House, Emmet Hill?"

Walter uttered a faint "No."

Whereupon Mr. Quirker, tenderly pressing Miss Jetson's arm, which now rested on his own, said facetiously, as it sounded to the by-standers, but most conjugally to the fair Jacyntha, "Well, you must make haste, Master Selden, to pay your visit, or *Miss Jetson* may not be to be found."

Immediately, upon the first stopping of the train, Mr. Langston had got out, anxious to get back to Beechcroft, having first promised Bob, that he would ask Lady Clairville to receive him at four the next day, as he wished to see her about getting Mabel admitted into her school; so that now he had nothing to do, but to see Walter's small trunks, and his own carpet-bag, consigned to a porter. No sooner had they alighted, followed by Tatters, who gave himself a congratulatory shake on his emancipation, than his master said, giving him a sonorous patting,

"Hallo! old friend; why don't you give three cheers at finding yourself back at the poor old place? This day month, I never thought it, and you, would see each other again; and Tatters, who had been too well accustomed to the demonstrative tone of the convivial meetings he and Mr. Bumpus had been in the habit of attending, to have forgotten any of his patriotic *répertoire*, during his six

weeks' aristocratic *séjour* at Clanhaven House, now flung his head up into the air, and gave three barks—not one more, nor one less—that made the welkin ring.

"Hear, hear!" cried Bob, applauding with the point of his umbrella on the pavement; and then Tatters frisked and capered round, and round, him, and finally gave one more bark, on his own account, as he darted on before with all the swiftness of a greyhound.

"Unless you wish it, Master Walter," said Bob, "we won't go through the town, but round by the walls; for you see, in country towns, the houses are all built with loopholes, and magnifying-glasses fixed in them? and the inhabitants are all Paul Prys, and Peeping Toms."

Walter, who did not very well understand either the truth, or *à propos* of this simile, but simply, that his new friend would rather not go through the town, merely replied, as he looked up into his face—"Oh, I don't care which way I go, as long as I go with you!"

"Ah! I only wish I could always go with you," thought Bob—but he also thought it best not to say so; therefore, hastily pressing his eyes, which as he himself would have expressed it, had been "at rainy all day, and were falling again," all he did say was,—

"Queer old place this, aint it, Master Walter?"

"Are there no streets—only these narrow passages?"

"Oh! bless you—we are all grand now, down in the town, with a new Town Hall, and a new market, and High-streets, and North-streets, East-streets, West-gates, and South-gates, and every gate but the right one; but Twaddleton is a very old town, and so has some old ways about it—and those, are not the worst either."

What Bob meant was, that it had, like all old towns which had been fortified during the Civil Wars, a great

many narrow passages, that went nearly all round the town, circling it like a girdle, and sometimes abutting in *culs de sacs*, where a great many houses were crowded together. There were also innumerable subterranean passages, communicating with the main streets. The brick walls between which, they were now walking were so high, and the flagged pavement, from which the echoes of their footsteps resounded with a hollow sound, so narrow, that were it not for a vagabond vine or espalier pear-branch, which occasionally strayed over the high parapets on either side, like two horticultural lovers determined to scale the walls and meet, this passage would have conveyed to any one an excellent idea of the old monastic punishment, of being immured alive ; and Walter, without exactly being able to define his own ideas, seemed to be thinking something of the kind, for he grasped Bob's hand more tightly.

"We shall soon be out of this, Master Walter," said the latter, at once interpreting and responding to the appeal; and as he spoke, they heard the echoes of other footsteps —but shuffling and slow, like those of age or debility— not following, but meeting them ; accompanied by a very hollow, and wheezing cough, commonly and expressively called "a church-yard cough."

"There's some poor creature booked for kingdom come," observed Mr. Bumpus, more in soliloquy than actually addressing his little charge. "It's to be hoped they've got a first-class ticket for Heaven, and not one for the other place."

He had scarcely uttered this wish, before a circular turn in the wall, brought them face, to face, with the owner of the cough—a thin, spare old man, of about sixty-five, dressed in rusty black, with knee-breeches, black worsted

stockings, and broad rusty-black tape ties, to his thick, brown-black shoes. He was so knock-kneed, and bow-legged, that, as he walked, a double vista like the figure of eight, was always to be seen. He was much bent, and carried a pick-axe on his shoulder. His black coat was very threadbare, and a "world too wide," for his shrunk figure. His face was pale—his bleared blue eyes nearly equally so—and his thin, long, partially curling hair of an iron gray. His hat, which was perfectly napless, was tied closely down under his chin, with a blue and white wide checked pocket-handkerchief; though it was only between four and five o'clock, and the weather sultry in the extreme. This was Nahemiah Twigg, the present sexton of Field-Fleury. He had formerly been a parishioner of the late incumbent of Beechcroft; all of whom, were as remarkable for their civility and deference to their superiors, which the vicar had instilled into them, as the inhabitants of Twaddleton, were notorious for their bearish rudeness, and uncouth free-and-easy, "I'm as good as you" sort of manner. So, the poor old sexton's first movement was to touch his hat to Walter, and say,

"Yer sarvant, young master." And then turning to Bob, and stepping back a pace or two, as he extended his hand, he exclaimed,

"Why, I hardly know'd ee, Bob Bumpus!—ee be so smarted up; but I be main glad to see ee so well to *du*, to be sure, and"—

But here, a fearful paroxysm of coughing interrupted whatever more he was going to say, and Bob replied—

"And I, Nahemiah, am as grieved to hear such a terrible cough as that. How on earth did you contrive to pick up such a lung-tearer? For pity's sake, man, 'let the dead bury their dead,' and leave the graves alone, till you get well of it."

"Lawr bless ee! Bob Bumpus, 'twarnt the graves as done it. Grave-digging never yet did no one any harm, for that's only a cultivating of God's garden; all I plants, the Lord gathers up above, even if he casts some on 'em away after. No, no—'twarnt among the tombs as I catched this here cough; but Madam Mornington, she will have what she *du* call wet prayers, at the ATAT, whenever it rains tremenjus—and it's *that*, as done it. Lawr bless ee, I still does the berrin at Beechcroft, too. So it warnt that as hurts me."

"Wet prayers!" repeated Bob; "what the deuce are they? I have heard of wet Quakers, but I never before heard of wet prayers."

"Why, Madam Mornington will make us pray *outside* the Ark, all knee-deep in mud, when it rains very hard—to remind us, she says, of the Deluge—and she calls it holy water."

"Well, then, I should just remind her—if she can't read her Bible better—that the original Ark was built to save the people *from* the Deluge, and not to expose them *to* it; and if she liked to go to the Old-un by water, she might go alone, for I'd be shot if she'd get me to go with her."

"Hush! hush! Bob Bumpus; I can't a bear to hear you talk in that way, though I *du* say, as having been man, and boy, all my life accustomed to pray *inside* a Church I prefers it; and as for calling on a good sousing "*Holy water*," I think that be coming too close to the *Papishes*, as Muster Luther be always a going up to Lunnun to Exeter Hall to complain on. But I suffers terrible with the rheumatics, for I wants a new fleecy hosiery waistcoat, mortal bad; and I misses my pipe tu, uncommon, but Madam Mornington, she says, that all

them as smokes backey here, will smoke brimstone hereafter."

"Madam Mornington—be—smoked! Here, Nahemiah, get yourself a new fleecy-hosiery waistcoat," said Bob, (slipping half-a-sovereign into the old man's hand) "and when you put it on, just rub up your brains into sufficient sense, to wish that you were the sheep whose back the wool came off; before you are such an ass, as to go to any more wet prayers!"

"Thank ee kindly, Bob Bumpus, but I know ee hant got no money to spare, and I should be sorry to take such an advantage of your good heart, which I always say, is as big as Solomon's Temple; and more nor enough to make *proper* hearts for all the princes upon the earth."

"No, no, I have got plenty of money now, Nahemiah," said Bob, putting back the old man's hand, held out to return the gold—"but I cannot stay talking to you all the day, so I must be off now, good bye; take care of yourself, plenty of warm flannel, and no more wet prayers, remember!" and he hurried on. But Walter said, "Just stay one moment," and running back, he put half-a-crown into the sexton's hand, saying—

"Do if you please, sir, get yourself another pipe?"

"Lord love your pretty face!—I'm sure I'm greatly beholden to ee, young gentleman;" and Nahemiah Twigg made no demur about accepting Walter's money, for anything belonging to what he called "the Quality," he thought *must* have such a plethora of wealth, that generosity was the only safety-valve for it; and so, kissing the child's half-crown, he forthwith transferred it into his pocket, where, with the half-sovereign, it made pleasant, though albeit unwonted music, as his terrible

cough clashed the gold, and silver, cymbals together, in his oft retarded homeward course.

As they walked along, Walter began to bound and dance, without relinquishing Bob's hand; for, after the first burst of natural grief at parting from his grandmother, (caused by the startling shock, and chill, of a first separation from the oldest familiar face our eyes, if not our hearts, have known) once fairly over, the re-action had taken place, and he began to feel the luxury of imping the light wings of liberty! and the relief of being freed from the constant check of "Walter, what are you doing?" or "Hush! little boys should never speak, but when they are spoken to!" or "Walter! Walter! walk quietly!"—all of which, "frivolous and vexatious," constant impedings,—chafe, fret, und ultimately spoil the human temper, as much as dragging at it, with too tight a rein, injures a horse's mouth.

As they emerged from the walls, and came out opposite the Priory Close—which would have been a *cul-de-sac*, or blind alley, but for the green vista of the Priory meadows at the end of it,—Robert Bumpus had decided within himself, that he would not take Walter through the kitchen of "The Top Boot and Horns;" but straight on, through the fields to the old refectory, now forming the school-house, and wherein were situated, on the one story above it, the large dormitory, and small sitting-room, that were to be especially dedicated to "THE YOUNG GENTLEMAN." For the truth was, he did not like the idea of passing through that ordeal, in his own present regenerated state; dreading the volubility of his mother's comments, and retrospections thereupon, and also the explanatory tumults which Tatters's re-appearance would give rise to.

Neither did he like the notion of "Master Walter"—for whom he entertained the most deferential respect,—coming in contact with this huccaback part of the establishment, and more especially, with his mother, till she had been duly drilled as to her bearing towards him. But truly, from the smallest, to the greatest things, it is "Man proposes, but God who disposes;" and, just as Bob was pointing with a sort of affectionate pride, to the bright emerald green of his native meadows (now decked in all their summer bravery, enamelled with daisies, and gemmed with bright sapphire-purple clover, balming the air, with its piny breath) and he had exclaimed—

"There! there! Master Walter! there are the Priory meadows, in which my brother's school stands, and won't we range them well to-morrow morning on Solomon—" he perceived Mrs. Mornington standing on the door-step of the little alehouse, talking to his mother, and followed by her own housekeeper, Mrs. Basket; the fact was, that Mrs. Bumpus had, had to borrow so many things from the housekeeper "up at the Manor," to make Walter's rooms habitable, that his advent had become *the* subject of conversation between Twaddleton, and Field-Fleury; for, as in the great universal world, "a sparrow cannot fall to the ground," without the cognisance of the Creator; in like manner, a pin cannot do so in a village, or a country town, without all the inhabitants being immediately aware of the important fact, and as immediately, in communication with each other respecting it: how much less, then, could a YOUNG GENTLEMAN be expected, at a little more than Ragged School like Moses Bumpus's, without exciting a suitable commotion!

Moreover, Mornington Manor was a *real* old manor house of Henry the Seventh's time, externally rejoicing in

its pleasaunces, terraces, bowling-greens, square fish-ponds, mazes, and covered arborial galleries of impervious yew, making artificial night, of the hottest and most glaring summer's noon, while the interior, had its large hall hung with old armour, its oaken tables round it, and its daïs at the upper end, with another long, wainscoted-room leading out of it, with its polished oak-floor and deep mullion windows, with their pleasant low-cushioned seats, for all who were lazily or dreamily inclined to lounge in, and look out upon, the pleasaunce beneath. This room was now called the library, and rendered doubly gloomy, by "Madam Mornington" having had *all* the books bound in plain black calf.

Then, in the very centre of the great hall, came the enormously wide, flat, easy-of-ascent oak staircase, with its thick *torsade* balustrades and the broad banister a foot and-a-half wide, with windows in the galleried corridor of the first landing, looking down into the great hall. But "Madam Mornington's" own bedchamber still retained its pristine gloomy splendour, of dark blue tapestry, and *aigrettes* of hearse-like plumes at each corner of the bed. The room itself, like all rooms of that period, was enormously large, without a dressing-room, but leading into a store-closet at one end, while at the other, was a large lattice of fine bamboo, which, being placed in grooves, slid backwards, and forwards, at pleasure, and when pushed back, enabled the occupant of the chamber in question, not only to look down into the spacious kitchen and see all that was going on there, but also to give any orders she might deem necessary, without stirring from her apartment. For "The Dame Morningtons" of former times, were their own housekeepers, and kept a steady eye, not only upon the culinary proceedings, but upon their "men-servants and

maid-servants, and the stranger that was within their gates."

Though "Madam Mornington" preserved the salutary *surveillance* of this lattice in *statu quo*, it was not so much to superintend pasties, or prevent perquisites, as with a view to enforcing prayers, and watching that no profane, or ungodly discourse was held there; and as the small lozenge-shaped apertures of the interstices of this lattice-work, in a high degree favoured this system of pious *espionnage*, she was in the habit of suddenly flinging open the wooden window, and delivering her *fiats*, or her queries, in monosyllables, but always in that shrill, strident, chanticleer, voice, which was luckily peculiar to herself; for instance, if a groom or other messenger brought a note, or a parcel into the kitchen, the lattice was immediately slid back with a great noise, and the voice falling like a shell, in the midst of the nether population, demanded—

"Who from?" or,

"Who for?"

And it was the rule, when not at the "ATAT," that every three quarters of an hour, the household should repeat either a psalm, or a hymn, the number of the former, with the number of the verses, or the first line of the latter, were alone given out, and to the uninitiated the effect was most startling, of hearing the sharp noise of the lattice being slid back, and the still sharper voice crying out—

"XLIX—1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20;

OR,

"As dying saints, let us rejoice!"

Now, it so happened that, among the many dainty old receipts for quaint, but rich confectionery, contemporaneous with the House, though but now rarely used at

Mornington Manor, was one called "THE LADY MARY'S QUINCE MANCHET; OR EXCEEDING RICH COMFIT CAKE." which was, in fact, a sort of pound cake, made in the form of a loaf of bread, the centre of which, was crammed with slices of preserved quinces, apricots, magnum-bonums, pistachio-nuts, guava cheese, and carraway comfits; and the whole, delicately flavoured with Noyeau, or peach-water, which cake had been (it is perhaps needless to say) exceedingly popular with Bowes, and Luther Mornington, and their sister Delmar, as children; but Mrs. Mornington being now, as she modestly styled herself, "a more advanced Christian," did not indulge her youngest daughter, Eva, in any such "sensualities."

Therefore, on the morning that Walter Selden was expected at Field-Fleury, as Mrs. Mornington was perfectly aware, having, of course, been appealed to as to lending the articles of furniture, Mrs. Bumpus required for him, the good lady was seated knitting a comforter, for her favourite excommunicator, the Rev. Aminadab Scuttledust, and reading his last (not exactly Heavenly discourse, since it dwelt entirely upon the torments of Heaven's antipodes) behind the lattice, when her olfactory nerves were suddenly assailed, not by the odour of sanctity, but by the far more mundane, if not less fragrant one, of peach-water, and other condiments. Both the worsted, and the wrathful comforter, were instantly laid in rest, and the lattice flung sharply back, when she beheld Basket busy in the unholy confection of a "Lady Mary's Quince Manchet, or exceedingly rich comfit cake."

"Who for?"

"Oh! please ma'am, Mrs. Bumpus asked me to make a cake for the young gentleman, as is to go to boarding-school to Moses Bumpus's to day," responded the

trembling Basket, shaking the flour from her hands, as she would gladly have done the dust of Mornington manor from her feet, at that moment.

"I have no objection no your making a cake for this strange child, if it was a suitable one. 'The widow took her cruise of oil, and all the flour she had, and made a cake for Elijah,' but you, take the sensual luxuries of a popish princess to feed this child with, instead of endeavouring to feed him with the bread of life."

"I suppose 'um in Elijah's time, *Christians* did eat them sort of cakes; but you see now, 'um they only gives oil-cakes to ke-*ows* and cattle, and such like, and I should be afraid of its disagreeing with the young gentleman; and, as for popish luxuries, 'um—Dame Deborah Mornington's receipt-book—out of which I got the receipt for that ere cake, says as Queen Elizabeth was quite as fond of it as her sister; so I'm sure *that* makes it as *much* Protestant as Papish."

"Oh! ye of little faith! how often am I to tell you that *both*, have got far,—far, out of the straight, and narrow, road to Heaven."

"That's cause I 'spose the road *is* so narrow, as there ain't no room for both on 'em," muttered Basket, *sotto voce*, as she carnally threw in, another handful of comfits, and gave the beaten-up eggs and cream, another energetic whisk."

"As you *are* making this leaven of unrighteousness you may finish, and take it to the child at once; but I shall counteract its baneful effects, by filling up the basket with spiritual food for him;" and the lattice was shut to.

"Spiritual fiddlestick!" muttered the irreverent Basket, rebelliously pouring out another bumper of Noyeau, and tossing it with an air of defiance into the ingredients of

the cake, "There, that'll do the poor child a deal more good, I know."

Fifty times a-day, did the servants lament what, in the olden time, when the manor-house was first built, it had been the fashion for servitors to dine at the lower end of the same hall as their masters, for this had effectually prevented, in its architectural economy, such a thing as a servants' hall; and, as through no succeeding generation had one ever been added, the servants were compelled to have their meals in the immense old kitchen, which was so large, as to require a fire-place at either end, the grates of which, were three yards long, though, of course, they took good care that the part used as a refectory, should be the furthest extremity from the lattice; though, to do Mrs. Mornington justice, having been born a gentlewoman, she was quite incapable, notwithstanding her many extraordinary crotchets, of playing the spy, or the eves-dropper, during her servants' repasts, when the manor ale, though far from being as strong, or unexceptionable in quality, as in days of yore, and far more circumscribed in quantity, was yet sufficiently genuine, and, unlike its metropolitan namesake, to have caused a degree of convivial *abandon* not at all consistent, with the austere tenets of "THE ATAT."

Perhaps, also, it was a continuation of this lingering worldly leaven of gentle blood, which caused her to receive and return, the visits of her county neighbours about twice a-year; but then, to be sure, neither her cards, nor her equipage, were like anyone else's, both being pre-eminently "serious." On the former, was simply inscribed—without the preliminary, "Mrs."—"Monica Mornington;" while the latter, was a flat, longish sort of box upon wheels, an evident struggle between a hearse, and an omnibus,

"the world, the flesh, and the devil" having so far prevailed, as to have made it the width of the latter, without making it long enough for the former. Its colour was also a compromise between the quick, and the dead, being of so dark a brown as in the shade to look black. Armorial bearings on such a vehicle, would, of course, have been ludicrously inconsistent, so two ghastly-looking M's rampant, surmounting a death's head, and cross-bones *couchant*, in white paint, upon the centre panel of the door, which, like that of an omnibus, opened at the back, were its only ornaments.

As for liveries, such gauds had not been seen at the manor for the last nine years, since the old squire died, and Mr. Luther had come into possession, the sables the servants had been inducted into on the decease of their old master, (as merry and jovial a fox-hunter as ever crossed a country) they still donned; and they were by no means renewed too often, for, the more seedy they looked, the more sanctimonious they appeared, and the more favour they found in the eye of the lady of the manor, whose ruling passion, next to religious intolerance, was a homœopathic, and insatiable curiosity, which led her to pry indefatigably into the minutiæ of everyone's affairs. This it was, under the pretext of the Tracts, and Walter's spiritual welfare, that made her accompany Basket, with "the Quince Manchet," to the Priory-close, the day of his arrival; and having inspected the two rooms that had been prepared for him, ascertained that he was to have a barn-door fowl, and a bread-pudding for dinner, and asked every imaginable, and almost unimaginable question, about him, as to who he was? and where he came from, and how a gentleman's son came to be sent to such an out-of-the-way place as Field-Fleury?

and as she had *not* reaped as much information as she desired in return, she was beginning to weary of her researches, and preparing to take her departure and postpone them till the morrow, when she perceived Robert Bumpus entering the Close, so, stopping on the threshold, she said—

"Why, here is the child, coming with your son Robert, I suppose?"

And at the very same moment, Robert Bumpus came to a dead stop, and, putting his left hand to his side, as if seized with a sudden spasm, exclaimed—

"Plague take it! if there aint Madam Mornington, as large as life, and no mistake."

Now, we once before, at one of Lady Portarjis's receptions, where Mrs. Mornington had created such an extraordinary inverse sensation, endeavoured to describe this lady, but find such a much more graphic sketch of her in a certain letter of Lord Rochester's to his wife, that we shall give this letter intact, as the best photograph (though an anticipatory one) we can possibly present to the reader, of—

"MADAM MORNINGTON."

An original letter, of John Wilmot, Earl of Rochester, to his wife.

"Madam,

"I received three pictures, and am in a great fright, least they should be like you! By the bigness of the head, I should apprehend that you were far gone in the rickets; by the severity of the countenance, that you were somewhat addicted to prayer and prophecy; but there is an alacrity in your plump cheeks, that seems to signify sack, and sugar; and your sharp-sighted nose, has borrowed

quickness from your sweet-smelling eye. I never saw a chin smile before, a mouth frown, or a forehead mump. Truly, the artist has done *his* part; (Heaven keep him humble!) and a fine man he is, if his excellencies do not puff him up like his pictures. The next impertinence that I have to tell you is, that I am going into the country; I have got horses, but want a coach: when that deficiency is supplied, you shall quickly have the trouble of

"Your humble servant,

"ROCHESTER."

The prayer and prophecy, were unmistakeable in Mrs Mornington's visage; the sack, and sugar, were far more apocryphal, there being no *apparent* sweetness of any kind there. Robert Bumpus gave one more undecided look forward, then stepped back for one moment, as if he had been reining himself in, preparatory to taking a standing leap, and thus having screwed his courage to the sticking point, boldly marched forward.

"I fear, Robert Bumpus," said Mrs. Mornington, who, like most self-delegated teachers of mankind, thought that her whole, and sole, duty towards her neighbour, consisted in not only saying disagreeable things to her fellow-creatures, but in saying them in the *most* disagreeable manner possible, "I fear, like many misguided and carnal-minded persons, who make to themselves friends of the Mammon of unrighteousness, you mistake the reverse of wrong, for right, and so go from one extreme to the other; your present appearance, I consider of the two, more unseemly for one of your station, than your former one; for surely, there are intermediate garments between the rags of Lazarus, and the purple and fine linen of Solomon, that would have been more befitting."

Having fired off this revolver, at the speechless and unresisting owner of "BUMPUS'S UNRIVALLED ATTRACTIONS," who stood with his looks anchored in the nethermost depths of his dazzlingly new hat, on the gilded glories of the Talismanic names of

"MOSES AND SONS!"

wishing, if even his ideas were sufficiently unfettered to form a wish, that instead of gilded letters on white taffeta they had been tall bullrushes in a deep morass, into which he could have plunged, so as to have escaped from the Medusa-like gaze, that was now upon him, and which he felt was fast petrifying him. Receiving no answer, with that arrogant self-complacency, which is the peculiar stronghold of self-constituted solons, whether in *paletôts* or petticoats, Mrs. Mornington concluded that her phillipic was *un*answerable, so slowly withdrawing her stony eyes from Robert Bumpus, she turned them upon Walter, and having measured him from head to foot, despite her chronic resistance of all the softer, and more humanizing emotions, there was too much of the angel in the child's face, not to touch the heart even of a Brummagem Saint; therefore, in a voice somewhat less shrill, and crowing, than her usual one, she said—

"Whose child is that?"

"Master Walter Selden, ma'am, an orphan," responded Bob, with desperate courage and determination, so as to silence all further inquiries.

"I am sure," said Mrs. Mornington, as if in reply to her own thoughts, and still continuing her scrutiny of Walter's countenance, "I am sure that child is

A PERSON OF CONSEQUENCE;"

For, like all Saints, Mrs. Mornington had sufficient of the

Merops* in her, while ostensibly making for Heaven, never to lose sight of earth.

But to this assertion of hers, "Discretion being the wisest part of valour," Mr. Bumpus made no reply.

"Child!" resumed Mrs. Mornington, now especially addressing herself to Walter, in a voice so stern and startling, that beside giving him a slight touch of the ague, it made him change alternately from white to red.

"Child! the outward casing the Lord has given to your soul is well enough; but how about that soul? There is food for it." She beckoned Basket to advance with the Tracts, and withdrawing the huge pile with both her hands from underneath "the Lady Mary's quince manchet," she presented them to, or rather thrust them at him, saying, "There! read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest them!"

"All these, ma'am?" asked poor Walter, with an appealing look that might have softened an executioner, as compelled to relinquish the protecting grasp of Bob's hand—both his little arms could scarcely circle the huge pile.

"And this, too, please, my little gentleman," said the compassionate Basket, coming to the rescue and presenting her offering. The sudden revulsion it produced, caused Walter to relax his grasp of the Tracts, which must eventually have fallen to the ground, had not Bob opportunely disencumbered him of them, and enabled him to receive the "exceeding rich comfit cake," which he did with a demonstrative

"Oh! thank you; what a nice cake!"

"But here, Mrs. Bumpus having discovered Tatters,

* A bird, said to fly with its tail upward, and its head downward, with its eyes bent upon the earth.

not all her awe of "Madam Mornington," and her "knowing her place," could repress the extacies of their mutual greetings; during which momentary commotion, and as Mr. Bumpus was wondering in his own mind, "when on earth Madam would take herself off," as he never dared to take the initiative in breaking up the meeting by walking off with Walter, Luther Mornington, got over the style leading out of the Priory fields, and was walking on, down the close, his hands behind his back, and his eyes bent on the ground, without even glancing towards "The Top Boot and Horns," and therefore, without perceiving his mother, and the group, that was standing on the steps.

"Luther! Luther!" cried Mrs. Mornington.

The young man stopped, and started! as if he had been suddenly awakened from a dream; as, in truth, he had. All his features were delicately chiselled, and handsome; his eyes even remarkably so, being of a very dark blue, long cut, with soft fringe-like lashes; and his mouth and teeth, faultless; but his profusion of silken, and naturally waving chestnut-hair, had been constrained and flattened down, into the true conventicle cut, which disfigured Nature as much as Nature would allow herself to *be* disfigured. There was a marble pallor, in his complexion, which did not seem natural in so young a man; or, indeed, in a living human being; his lips alone were red, as if they refused to utter such a calumny against his youth. When startled by his mother's shrill, inquisitorial voice, it was not a flush that suffused his cheek, but a deeper, and denser shade of white, such as deepens the pallor of a leper.

"Oh! are you there, mother?" said he, in reply to her call.

"Where from?" was her curt, sharp, interrogatory.

"I,—I,—have been to Beechcroft," hesitated the young man.

"Beechcroft again! have I not told you, 'Come ye out, and be ye separate.' To the school, or the factory, have you been?"

"To the school; it was to try and get them to attend our great meeting."

"And do you think making to yourself friends of the Mammon of unrighteousness, is the way to serve the Lord? Going after strange women, is almost as great a sin, as setting up strange gods; and have I not told you that, that Lady Clairville *is* a stranger without the walls of the true Canaan."

It is all very well for poor misguided worldly Honoria to be deluded by such whitened sepulchre good-works, and to send her child down there to heal her bodily infirmities; as if the waves of Beechcroft, were a Bethesda that *could* heal; and then she writes to *me* to go and see Gemma, as if I would cross that woman's threshhold!—a woman who knew not how to submit herself to her husband!"

Now it was historic in the annals of Twaddleton, Field-Fleury, and the adjacent hundreds, that till the day of his death, Mrs. Mornington had kept the poor squire in fear of his life; and that he would far rather at any time, have shared the fate of Actæon, and been torn to pieces by his own hounds, than have ventured to disobey her slightest wish, passive or positive, which implicit obedience, as she had not at *that* time taken to piety, but turned her prickly pear-nature upon the world, inculpated a constant thwarting of the poor squire's own wishes, and aspirations. But, like all that sort of *lusus naturæ*, wives who have

succeeded in establishing petticoat-government in an autocratic form, she was most rigorous, and stringent, in her *theoretical* notions of the state of serfdom, that *other* wives ought to be kept in, and implacable as to any *supposed lèze*-tyranny on their part. "Luther! Luther!" concluded she, "beware! we cannot touch pitch without being defiled."

"There is no pitch to defile;—that woman does good in her generation," responded Luther, doggedly, and yet with a flash very like human indignation, from the corners of his usually calm and passionless eyes."

"Luther! for shame!" cried his mother, with, if possible, more than her usual sternness, "herd not with the lost sheep! but rejoice in your great privileges; and rather let the face of your conversation shine, as shone the face of Moses, after he had been on the mount with God,—why mingle with the worldly and the prayerless?"

"Mother!" retorted the son, in a hoarse voice, "it may be, that *all* are not prayerless, because they do not find the same utterance for their prayers that we do; the voices that reach to Heaven proceed not from the tongue, but from the heart; the prayer that Hesekiah stammered, and that Hannah only wept, alike, were heard and accepted of God. It seems to me, the waters of strife are *not* those of life—'Pray for the peace of Jerusalem; they shall prosper that love thee."

Mrs. Mornington opened her eyes upon her son, as if she was not quite sure whether it was rank blasphemy that he had been propounding, or open rebellion that he had been declaring. But certain it is, that the pious and incontrovertible meaning of his words, utterly failed to convey a corresponding sense to her ears; while Robert Bumpus, thinking this an excellent opportunity of show-

ing his decorum, in not standing to overhear a conversation between Mrs. Mornington and her son, and making his escape with Walter, respectfully raised his hat to them; and, giving a telegraphic nod to his mother (and Basket), which said,

"By and bye."

The next moment, was over the style, into the Priory meadows, at the sight of which—in all their glory, with the setting sun gilding them into beauty,—Walter actually bounded with delight, notwithstanding he was so heavily laden with the "quince manchet."

"Is that a church—that old building with the cross on the top of it?"

"That, Master Walter, is part of the old Priory, where the monks used to dine; then (till about fifty years ago) it became a brewhouse, which perhaps wasn't so great a change for it; and. after that, it wasn't inhabited for some time, till my brother Moses rented it from the late Squire Mornington, (the husband of that lady that gave you this lot of waste paper), and now, it's my brother's school-house.

"Ah! there is Moses," added he, pointing to the schoolmaster's figure, which stood, capped and gowned, on the threshold of the school-room door, for the purpose (as was his daily wont) of inhaling a little pure air, after being shut up the whole day, in the close atmosphere of clod-hoppers, corduroys, grammars, green-horns, spelling-books, and stupids.

"What! that gentleman in that funny dress?" said Walter, who, never having seen a college cap and gown, thus desecrated Moses Bumpus's fustian academic glories, by the epithet of "funny!"

"Hush! Master Walter! laughed Bob; whatever you

do, never let my brother see, or hear, you making fun of his college toggery! for—lawr bless you!—he thinks more of it, or at least, as much of it, as any peer in the realm does of *his* robes; for though only rusty fustian without, they *are* well lined with Greek and Latin; whereas, the velvet, and ermine, are often only lined with "ass's skin."

"Indeed, I wasn't laughing at *your* brother," rejoined Walter, very gravely; "but am *I* to be dressed in that way, too?"

"No, no—not unless you go to College, when you are old enough."

"Oh!" said Walter, not much wiser, but still not liking to display his ignorance by asking any more questions, he looked down at the cake, which he *did* understand, and whose excellence he was looking forward to becoming better acquainted with. Here Moses Bumpus advanced to meet his new pupil, infusing, for scholastic reasons, all the remembered dignity of a Don into his deportment; while, from social ones, he threw all the genuine kindness of his nature into his countenance, wishing to conciliate what was evidently the first piece of finer clay, that had fallen to his lot to mould.

"I think," said he, as he held out both his hands to Walter, "that I am not mistaken, and that I have the pleasure of welcoming my new pupil, Master Selden, to Field-Fleury?"

"What a pretty field this is!" said Walter, with an innate good-breeding, that would have made him highly popular as a young prince; wishing to say something civil to his schoolmaster, in atonement for having laughed at his costume, as he withdrew his right hand from the

support of "The Lady Mary's Quince Manchet," and extended it to Moses Bumpus.

"I'm very glad you think so; and down by the river-side, I think you will find it still prettier."

"Why Bob!" added the schoolmaster—turning to shake hands with his brother, and evidently taken a-back at the unusual splendour of his appearance—

"Comet—now *wis*ible to the naked *heye*, that's hall," said Bob, winking his own right optic, and reverting to his usual slang, as he waved his hand with great dignity towards the school-room; as much as to say, "no indiscreet remarks before the young gentleman if *you* please;" so, taking the hint, Moses walked on, followed by Walter and his brother. The latter, on reaching the school-room, said—

"Here we are! this, Master Walter, is the shooting-gallery."

"Shooting-gallery!" repeated Walter.

"And here," resumed Bob, taking up a pile of well-thumbed grammars and spelling-books, off of one of the desks, "and here is the ammunition."

"But where are the guns, or bows and arrows?" asked the mystified, and literal Walter.

"Oh!" said Bob, with a look of Circus-facetiousness, and in suitable vernacular,—

"Hit's honly young hidears as is taught to shoot here, and they don't require no guns—honly occasionally a long bow, when they've learnt to shoot to hany purpose."

"My brother is only joking, Master Selden," said Moses.

But, as Walter could not see the jest, he the more readily turned from the long vista of bare benches, and deal desks, to the painfully new, and comparatively white

one, erected in his honour, near the schoolmaster's own rostrum, which the latter now called his attention to, with the new books and slate placed upon it.

"You'll like to begin upon those nice new books, shan't you, Master Walter?" said Bob, with a sort of philosophical-making the best of things.

"Yes," responded Walter, faintly, looking down at his cake with a look in which there was no guile, and which, therefore, said plainly, "I'd much rather begin upon you."

"They've brought the things, I suppose?" said Robert Bumpus.

"Yes, they are up stairs."

"Well, then, we'll go up at once; if you'll tell them, Moses, to send up Master Walter's dinner—as I am sure he must be starving; for he has had nothing to eat since we left London."

"He shall have it," said Moses, disappearing. "*Citius verit periculum cum contemnitur;*" and certainly, the Emperor Augustus himself, never enunciated this, his favourite proverb, more rapidly; however, he might have done so more regally. And, while the schoolmaster hurried across the field, to order Walter's dinner, his brother conducted the boy up the narrow, broken, old winding stone stairs, leading to the little sitting-room and long dormitory allotted to him. The former, was a small square room, with one narrow gothic window, looking down upon the Priory-Close—while, in a triangular corner of this room, was an old, wide fire-place, with rusty iron dogs, for burning wood. The bare white walls, had been freshly papered, with a sort of small shawl-pattern chintz paper, which gave it at once a look of cleanliness and comfort, somewhat strangely contrasting, with its gloomy groined ceiling, green and damp, from having been so long

uninhabited. The table was laid with a snow-white cloth, and a little silver dessert fork—an especial attention of Basket's, who had observed to Mrs. Bumpus in going over the rooms after their recent decoration, (?) that—

"Gentlefolks, however young and innocent, could not put up with steel forks."

The bed-room, opening out of this room, was long and narrow, with a large sort of Cathedral window at the end of it, divided into three compartments, by two triple-fluted stone pillars, terminating in very handsome bold Acanthas capitals.

This window looked out upon the pleasant Priory meadows, and had the full benefit of the genial morning sun. But, though the lofty ceiling was also groined with some dropsical-looking cherubims, and attenuated saints' heads at some of the points, it, and the walls, had only been whitewashed, which, with Walter's little half-tester bed, and its snow-white dimity curtains, though it was not cold, made the room look as if it *ought* to be so. The only things approaching to the warmth of human life, were a large high-backed, old fashioned, tapestried, easy chair, with wings to it, that stood by the bedside—a large ancient set of high walnut-tree drawers—a sitz-bath, a water-can, and foot-pan, painted oak colour; also voluntary contributions from the considerate Basket. Upon entering this room, Walter's first feeling was evidently a chill; for, shrinking back, and clinging to Bob, he said,

"What! Am I to sleep in *all this* by myself?"

"Oh! Master Walter, for that matter, the size of the room makes no difference; for nobody is ever obliged to do their sleeping beyond their own pillow, however their dreams may stray a little out of bounds."

There is no faith so blind and implicit, as that of affec-

tion, and that was the species of credence, which Walter already awarded to every word that issued from the mouth of his new friend; add to which, obedience, was a chronic virtue with him. So, Mr. Bumpus having told him it was no matter how large the room was in which he slept, it never entered within the pale of his possibilities, to gainsay it. Therefore, he made no answer, but looked down the long vista before him (*round* the room, he could not look), and then up the sides; and, as his eyes rested on his own little bed in the centre of it, like a solitary mushroom in the midst of a large plain, the tears welled up into them, which Bob perceived, but would not comment upon. But taking one of the four old broad rush-bottomed walnut-tree chairs, that completed the sedentary accommodation of the room, he placed it at the side of the old-fashioned, high chest of drawers, and springing nimbly upon it with one foot, while he held the other out in a straight horizontal line behind him, and both his arms stretched forward, as if about to fly, said, pulling open one of the small side drawers—

"See here, Master Walter, what fun it will be getting up here to put away your cap and gloves, so as not to leave them about in the dust."

"Oh! so it will," cried Walter, fired with the ambitious idea, and vaulting up upon the chair;—"Ah! but you see, I'm not tall enough to reach the drawer," added he, with a sigh, his ardour considerably damped by that incontrovertible obstacle.

"That's just the way of it, with every single thing in this cross-grained, topsy-turvy, old world, Master Walter. The easiest thing in life is to set-off, (we *all* do that in some sort of way)—the most difficult to arrive,—more especially, at the point our wishes have booked us for; but

my plan for getting over the ground is this,—always to keep *Resource* saddled. It's the only high-mettled racer that *never* ends in dog's meat; but carries you over every thing. So, whenever it so happens, (as it will sometimes, even if one was the Wheel of Fortune itself) that there is anything one can't get, or any place one can't reach, I turn short round, and take, or stop at, the *next best;* and the first love not being within reach, to give rise to any odious comparisons, I assure you. As the Yankees say, "You wouldn't know t'other, from which;" so *you* take my advice, Master Walter," concluded Bob, with a look that could not have been surpassed, had it been sharpened at Sheffield, as he opened another drawer lower down,—"*Start, for the highest if you like,* but always pull out the drawer that is *within reach,* for, if you don't, you'll only stand pawing the air."

This first lesson in practical philosophy, was interrupted by a gentle knock at the door, which had been preluded by the gastronomic symphony of plates, and dishes, and knives, and forks.

"Who is it?" said Walter, jumping down off the chair, "Well, I dare say, youv'e seen such a thing before; though you may not know it by the Twaddleton name; it's what they call a "*gurl*" at Twaddleton.

"What is it, Polly?" added Bob, going to the door.

"The young gentleman's dinner, please sir, is on the table, and missus wishes to know whether he takes beer, or cider?"

"Oh! neither, thank you," said Walter, answering for himself; "water, if you please."

And then, with hungry alacrity, he seated himself at the table in the chair the maid had placed for him; but had no sooner done so, than starting up, he dragged (for

he could not carry it) another over to the table, and placed it opposite to his own, saying to Bob—

"There, will you sit here, or do you like best to sit where I was sitting?"

But Mr. Bumpus drew himself up to his full height, shook his head, and looked very grave indeed, as if Walter had said something little short of blasphemy; and, as he placed both his hands on the back of Walter's chair, observed in as solemn a voice, as if he had been a bishop delivering a charge to the clergy of his diocese. "No, Master Walter, everything, and every one, in their place; and it is mine, to wait on you, and not to sit at table with you."

"Oh! but indeed, I should like you to do so," urged Walter, trying with all his strength to pull him down into the chair.

"Master Walter," said Bob, with an additional tone and look of severity, that was intended to be perfectly terrific, and which fully answered the desired purpose, "Master Walter, I should have thought you knew better." Then, still keeping his basilisk gaze fixed on Walter, with a slow and circular movement of his arm, he removed the tin cover from the admirably roasted barn-door fowl; and next, with solemn, not to say tragic pantomime, as if with a sudden and uncontrollable impulse, he seized the carving-knife, and giving it a flourish, as though he had entered into a government contract as executor of wholesale decapitation during an insurrection, he dexterously dissevered with great neatness, and no hacking, the breast and wing of the chicken, and placed them on Walter's plate. Then, and not till then, he condescended to deliver his sentiments in words.

"No, Master Walter. When you are served, and while

you are eating *your* dinner, I shall go and get *mine*. The common, the course, and the high road, are free to all, ass, mule, blood, or cart horse—but no one yet ever saw them feed at the same manger, and it's not Bob Bumpus that's going to introduce any such system of crossing, and jostling. When cobwebs hang on the bushes, there is never much scent, as poor Squire Mornington could have told you, were he still living; and, to my notion, there are no cobwebs so detrimental, as gentle and simple, put out of their respective courses, and huddled together cheek by jowl. No, no, like to like, is my motto; bricks, clinkers, flints, and pebbles, are for stables; marble, malachite, and porphyry, for palaces."

And Mr. Bumpus stroked his chin, came to a full stop, and looked up at the ceiling, as much as to say—"*There*, I can't well go beyond that just at present; but you swallow that first, and I'll get something else ready by the second course; and indeed, his oratory had produced upon Walter, what after all perhaps, is the sole aim, and end of oratory, and what it so often produces upon a collective body of auditors; namely, it had bewildered him with a torrent of sounds, and similes, which he did *not* understand, and he was therefore perfectly sure that they *must* be both convincing, and unanswerable.

"Oh!" said Walter, his habit of yielding obedience clenching the matter even more than Bob's eloquence; "but you'll come up as soon as you have dined, won't you?"

"Will a duck swim?" was Mr. Bumpus's interrogatory reply—which Walter, not quite understanding, for indeed his grandmother's solemn society, had not much initiated him into the arcana, of quips and cranks, or sprightly sallies, so his mouth full of chicken, and egg-sauce, he repeated his query of

"But you will, won't you?"

"Why, look here, Master Walter, you are too young to know anything about the turf yet, 'cause it ai'nt exactly in the Ten Commandments. But I, who know all about it from the days of Godolphin Arabian, down to Blink Bonny, (which ai'nt Blinking Sal, that's certain) and know all the extraordinary things that ever were done in the sporting world, long before I was born—but that comes down to one, of course, by hearsay, as part of the 'History of England'—well, some sixty or seventy years ago, there was one Squire Stevens that laid a bet that he'd produce a pair of horses, his *own* property, that should trot in a tandem from Windsor to Hampton Court, a distance of sixteen miles, within the hour. Every one said it couldn't be done, but what was the *fact?* Notwithstanding the cross country road, and the great number of turnings, they *did* it with ease, in fifty-seven minutes and thirteen seconds. Well, you see, my appetite is likewise my own property; and, notwithstanding the frequent turnings I am obliged to make at meals, in order to drink, I don't care whether there are sixteen dishes or one, my feed's always done within the hour. And so, Master Walter, as soon as you have got all you want, while you are having your dinner, I'll go and get mine, that I may be back by the time you have done, so as I may unpack, and put away your things, and make the rooms a little straight, and give them a sort of home twist, as if you were used to them, and they used to you; for there is some comfort after all in having rooms like shoes, that fit one, which strange rooms, like new shoes, never do, till we have given them our own shape; and yet, I don't like leaving you alone the first day neither." And Bob looked about for an *Angelus ex machinâ*, who might supply his place

during his temporary absence, when his eyes fell on Tatters, as did Walter's also, as that incomparable quadruped had patiently laid his chin in rest, on the seat of the opposite chair, which had been placed for, but declined by his master; and, without moving his head, something after the fashion of Mr. Terps Quirker, he was sending his eyes round the corner, occasionally accompanied by a hungry sigh, as he watched every morsel that Walter put into his mouth.

"Oh! poor doggie! do let Tatters stay with me," said the latter, immediately transferring his plate to the opposite side of the table where the chair was, on which the dog's head was resting.

"Up, sir," cried his master, pointing to the table; and no sooner said than done. Tatters obeyed, and vaulted into the chair; but sat with admirable stoicism, eyeing, but only eyeing, the tempting fare before him.

"Say grace, sir," and the dog instantly laid his chin flat on the table, spread out his paws on either side, and remained perfectly motionless, as if in profound meditation, for a few seconds, when his master in a fine clerk-like *basso*, said "AMEN!" whereupon, without more ado, Tatters put his head on one side, and in less time, than it takes to write it, cleared the plate.

"Oh, you darling doggie," said Walter, laughing till he cried, and coming over to hug Tatters, during which *entr'-acte*, Mr. Bumpus took the opportunity of replenishing both their plates; and, while he was so engaged, a knock was heard at the door.

"Shall I say come in, Master Walter?"

"If you like."

"Come in!"

And Moses Bumpus entered, shorn of his academic

honours, and scrupulously well brushed, with a clean white cravat.

"I thought," said he, "I would come and improve my acquaintance with my little pupil, Bob, while you went to your dinner, if you will allow me to sit with you, Master Selden?"

"Oh, yes," said Walter, trying to *appear* pleased, but looking, in reality, as he followed Bob's retreating figure out of the room with his eyes, very much like a young gentleman whom some utilitarian monster had attempted to console for the absence of his first love, by the company of his mother-in-law elect. And, indeed, Moses Bumpus's efforts at conversational blandishments, and sprightly table-talk, being entirely scholastic and classical, interspersed with the educational feats of Clod major, or Hodge minor, were not much calculated to lessen the mother-in-law similitude of his position, on the score of agreeability. For instance, when Walter, in his childish phrase of—

"Oh, sir, I'm afraid there won't be enough for you, for Tatters, and I, were very hungry,"—expressed his fears of there being short commons—"but will you have some of my cake, sir?" The pedagogue replied, with a flourish of his hand, "*Tardat venientibus ossa;*" adding, however, in plain English, "besides, I *have* dined, long ago—at 2 o'clock;" and then, though Moses endeavoured to guage the breadth, and depth, of his new pupil's acquirements in the different branches of the tree of knowledge, by tesselating his discourse with fragmentary queries respecting grammar, orthography, history, *as in presenti*, and even wedging in a fragment of geography, as far as the terribly intersected railway-map, from Paddington to Twaddleton would admit. Notwithstanding and nevertheless, sociability was by no means promoted. It may

be that condiments, whether culinary or intellectual, to give a zest to the feast, should be used, with moderation and discretion. The Irishman's apple-pie was quite spoilt, by being, according to his orders, made *all* of quinces. And, perhaps for the same reason, the most suffocatingly stupid social *réunion* in the whole world, is a congress of European *savants*, at Florence, or Bologna. In a word, the great secret of real wisdom, is to follow the Vicar of Wakefield's plan, and do as he did on the memorable occasion of his giving Olivia, and Sophia, half-a-crown to get their fortunes told;—be *sometimes* tired of "being *always* wise."

Still, nothing is utterly un*profit*able in this world, however "flat," and "stale," it may be; and, at the end of this three quarters of an hour's penance, Moses Bumpus ascertained, not without a chuckle of inward satisfaction, that *he* had everything to teach his new tyro; and Walter, with a sigh, that *he* had everything to learn. So, that, welcome as Bob's return, would have been to Walter, under any circumstances, it was doubly so now; more especially, as the schoolmaster, upon his brother's advent, took out a large silver turnip of a watch; and consulting its white face, announced that he had some matters to arrange down at the Church; for torpid as Boredom is in itself, yet like the snail tribe in general, it possesses a certain sort of electricity, which it never can impart to others, without *itself* feeling a reciprocatory shock; and therefore, he also felt a relief in his brother's return, to end the *tête-à-tête*, and relieve guard.

"But, just as he was leaving the room, having first hoped that "Master Selden would make himself comfortable, and ask for anything he wanted." Robert Bumpus called out after him,—

"Hallo! Moses,—I never told you how our house is honoured, because I did not know it till to-day myself; but Master Walter is a descendant of the writer of that great big book you set such store by; and call the great John Selden, and look here; he has brought two more of his books with him; and as I always hate to see families disunited, I think you ought to bring up the head of the family, and let it stand beside these two; and then Master Walter would feel as if he had some of his relations about him, and moreover, can do as relations generally do by each other,—put them on the shelf,—whenever they are in his way."

"You don't mean it," cried Moses, looking at Walter with a look of almost veneration, "well! I do indeed feel honoured at having a descendant of the great John Selden as a pupil in my humble school! Surely, he shall have the '*Analectum Anglo Britannicum*' up here; who has so good a right to it?"

And so saying, he disappeared, and returned in a few seconds, with the thick, black leather, brass-clasped, volume.

"*There!*" said Bob, placing it on a small book-shelf, beside its two parchment brethren. "There, Master Walter; there's Uncle John; and mind, if ever they don't use you well, you come and whisper the matter to *him;* by just turning down a dog's ear, on one of his leaves, and see if he don't bring them to book; at least, if he don't, Bob Bumpus will."

Walter laughed at the idea of that burly old book being called Uncle John, and made the recipient of his complaints; and then, in order to thank the schoolmaster for having given up his favourite to him, he said for the second time that day, drawing forth the gold Jacobus,—

"Oh! if you please, sir, here is another thing that belonged to my uncle, John Selden."

Moses Bumpus took the sacred relic in his hand, and gazed upon it with that sort of deferential affection, which only bibliomaniacs, and archæologians, are capable of, and the poor Field-Fleury schoolmaster, being both, gave the coin a double share of admiration, and in his secret soul, would (had he dared to have broached such a thing to his family) have gladly compounded, instead of taking the £50 a year, to have given Walter board and tuition, for that single piece of gold; but as he dared not, after gazing on it for some time intently, he returned it with a sigh, and then said—

"Oh! by the bye, Master Selden, my dear, there is a loose sheet of old MS. pasted into the fly-leaf of the 'ANALECTUM ANGLO BRITANNICUM,' just in one corner, at the top,—of which, you will please to be *very* careful, as I would not lose it for a bishopric; I'll show it to you," added he, taking down the precious volume, with no small degree of conscious pride, as he displayed the thin piece of yellow-ribbed-discoloured paper, which had evidently, by the holes in its ragged selvedges, been torn out of a common-place book, and was, indeed, nothing less, than a stray leaf from the Original Diary (truly original! in every way) of Elias Ashmole, the antiquary, and ran as follows:—

1656. "April 20, 5 h. post merid.—I bruised my great toe, with the fall, of a great form. Sept. 22d, I fell ill of the tooth ach, which continued three days."

1670. "July 5.—I fell ill of a surfet; but, thanks be to God, I recovered the next day."

1674. "Dec. 18.—Mr. Lilly (the famous astrologer) fell sick, and was let blood in his left foot, a little above the ancle. New moon the day before, and the sun eclipsed."

1675. "My wife, in getting up on her horse, near Farnham Castle, fell down, and hurt the hinder part of her hand, and left shoulder."

"November 7.—Great pain in my farther tooth. on the left side of my upper jaw, which continued three or four days."

1676. " * * * * * *
* * * * * *
* * * * * *"

1678. " * * * * *
* * * * * *
* * * * * *"

At both of which epochs the learned writer, it would appear, again "fell sick;" but it would be impossible to record, with the same graphic minutiæ that he did, the effects, and progress, of his illness. Suffice it, therefore, to say that Robert Bumpus roared! in the most unfeeling manner, over these details, and then the diary proceeded as follows:—

"September 29th.—I bled with leeches."

1681. "April 11.—I took early in the morning, a good dose of elixir, and hung three spiders about my neck, and they drove the ague away—*Deo gratias.*"

"Well, you *were* a precious old woman, and no mistake," laughed Bob.

"Old woman!" echoed his brother, indignantly, as he reverently smoothed down the precious sibylline leaf, containing these antiquated *bulletins,* of the now antique antiquary's health, and closed the volume. "Old woman! Elias Ashmole an old woman! One of the most learned antiquarians, and amiable men, that ever lived."

"Well—well—Moses, I don't say but nature *may* have *originally,* intended to make a man of him; for poor dear

old mother Nature! she's often thwarted in her designs. But what with the pills and their consequences, the elixirs, the leeches, and the spiders! add them up as I will, I cannot make anything but a very respectable old lady, of Elias Ashmole, Esq. Now, it's quite different with 'the great John.' I give in there," concluded Bob, looking kindly, not to say penitentially, at his brother; on the gouty feet of whose crotchets, even when he could not sympathize with them, he never liked to tread too hardly.

"Well, good evening once more, my dear," said the schoolmaster to his new pupil. "Good evening, Robert," added he, more in sorrow than in anger, nodding to his brother.

"One—two—three, and away! Go in, and win. Birch against the field! But just send Polly Flog, that boy of the lasses, up here to take away the dinner things; for, as I don't *see* any more pudding, I take it for granted that no one will take any more. Polly Flog, that boy of the lasses, is Greek, Master Walter, for Polly the maid of all work. She christened herself, before she was here twenty-four hours, and learnt all this Greek, by only once putting her head into the school-room, where she was sent with a message; and she now speaks the dead languages like a native—that is, she is perfectly silent upon them."

"And will she put me to bed in Greek—and must I always speak to her in Greek?" asked Walter, in considerable alarm.

"No, no," said Bob, with an oracular look. "Any one who really understands the genius, and proper idiom, of the dead languages, knows that they are always *beckoned*, and not spoken; for who ever heard of a talkative ghost?"

"Oh, Bob," said Moses, as he was about to close the door, "I had almost forgotten a message I had for you, from Fred Catnip, up at the White Hart, who has had the offer of a great bargain, and choice of his two double-barrelled guns, from a servant of Cornet Scampington's, of the Cherry Pant Hussars. One is an Egg, and the other a Manton; and he told me to ask you which was considered the best."

"Entirely depends," said Bob, who had already begun making different arrangements about the room, and seemed rather nonplussed as to what to do with, and where to put, Mrs. Mornington's avalanche of tracts, and therefore had spread them out over two chairs, so as to look the difficulty well in the face. "Entirely depends. Eggs—for *poaching*—decidedly, and therefore, they would be the best for Will Catnip; but, for honest Fred, I should recommend a Manton, before any gun yet made."

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed Moses, who was by no means pun-proof, or impervious to a joke, as he knew the ancients, among their other barbarisms, were great punsters. "Very well, then, I'll tell him so;" and, closing the door, the schoolmaster, this time, effectually took his departure.

Bob rattled away, arranging the rooms, and making Walter laugh,—more especially with two waifs that he found in a corner-cupboard, consisting of two old wine measures, formerly called a black jack, and its more feminine looking *lesser*, half a *demi-jean*, the former, not unlike a French postillion's jack boot—only made of japanned pewter—with a lip, and a cover to it.

"Ah!" said Mr. Bumpus, winking his right eye, and placing the forefinger of his right hand perpendicularly by the side of his nose, "those monks were jolly old coves—"

"'They *could* eat! *they* could eat—
And their food was always good;
And as for drink! and as for drink!
Why you know, they wore a hood.'

"For that matter, they say, that one Friar Gus, is troubled with indigestion, even in his grave, and so to get rid of *post mortem* dyspepsia, of fine moonlight May nights, having been a Cornish man, he goes his rounds of the meadow at Furry* time; as he used with "the grey-goose quill, hie to the green wood, to bring home the summer, and the May—o!"

"What! a ghost?" said Walter, looking more surprised, than pleased.

"Ghost! no, pooh! nonsense," rejoined Bob, fearing the spirit, he had evoked, or at least, the effect, it might have on his auditor.

"Ghosts, Master Walter, are souls, without bodies; whereas, monks, ministers, mothers-in-law, and railway directors, are just the very reverse,—bodies, without souls,"

And then, seizing a pillow, for a paunch, and enveloping himself, head and all, in a brown railway-wrapper, which with a cord from one of the trunks, converted him on the spot, into an admirable friar, Bob Bumpus, forthwith entoned a whole mass, through his nose, with very profane words, and altogether performed so many antics, ably

* *Furry-day*, supposed to be Flora's day:—Celebrated with many quaint old customs, and a saturnalia of high and low, on the 8th of May, at Helstone, in Cornwall, with morris-dances, and songs; the chief refrain of the latter being, "A going with the grey-goose quill to the green wood, to bring home the summer, and the May—o."

assisted by Tatters, that Walter was in convulsions of laughter, till Mrs. Bumpus herself, brought up tea, and the lights, and "hoped the young gentleman was comfortable, and would please to ask for whatever he wanted." And, as is generally the case when so invited, we are sure to get what we *don't* want.

A knocking of a cane on the sitting-room door, at that moment, heralded the entrance of Terps Quirker, who, darting his glances into the four corners of the room at once, upon the same crossing, and clashing, principle that the four knitting needles thrust, and parry, in the fabrication of a stocking; he also—

"'Oped Master Selden felt quite 'appy and comfortable?"

"Yes, thank you," said Walter, hanging down his head, "I have been very happy and comfortable all the evening."

This was said in a sort of sighing, *adagio* retrospective voice, which, to an intruder of a sensitive disposition, would have plainly filled up the hiatus left from the "*have been*"—with "*till you came.*"

But Terps Quirker was *not* of a sensitive nature, for, was he not an attorney, and a Twaddletonian? So, shouldering his umbrella *à-la* Paul Pry, he said, "he felt most proud and 'appy to 'ear it."

"May I offer you a cup of tea, sir?" said Bob, who as *largo al factotum*, was also master of the revels.

"Not hany, thank you; I promised to take a 'ot supper with my cousin Larpent at 10; so Master Selden, my dear, I shall wish you good bye; but I'm often down at Twaddleton, and I shall oft take a look up at Field-Fleury, to see 'ow you are getting hon! and Miss Jetson, the lady that travelled down with us, in the rail, as been good enough to hinvite you hup to Hemmet Ill, and at Matchlock 'Ouse, you'll see all Miss Worrybones' young

ladies, and if you ave any military hardour, the back winders of Matchlock Ouse, look hout hon the barrack-yard, so you may get a chance to see the Cherry Pant Hussars doing their hexercise. But hif, on the contrary, your hardour lies in the arts of hoak, or naval line, has you walk along the beach, at Beechcroft, honly three miles from this, you'll see lots of vessels sailing about, and 'The Mermaid,' a small public-house, on the heast cliff, is generally full of jolly tars. So you see, there's lots of fun, one way or the hother, about the place. But I must be hoff, for Larpent has a Wexford barnacle for supper, and he'd never forgive me hif it was hover done, hand," (winking at Bob) "I should be sorry to offend him, for it is not heverywhere, you can get such a bottle of wine, as at Quirker Larpent's."

"Naturally, sir," said Mr. Bumpus, "for I take it, that the wine-merchant is the very reverse of the shoemaker's wife; and that, though nobody is worse shod than the latter, no one is better bottled than the former."

"He! he! he! clearly,—clearly,—and Larpent is rather hinclined to be his own best customer."

"That's what may be called an inclined plain, I should think."

"Ha! ha! ha! well good bye again, Master Selden, my dear; hany message to your granmar?"

"Only my love to her," said Walter, in a tremulous voice

"To writing letter, with love to granmar," said Terps, taking out his pocket-book, and entering it as a memorandum, "hand, I promise you, Master Selden," added he, as he closed the book, and returned it to his pocket, "that you shall receive hevery hatom of love your grandmar may send hin return, without one fraction deduction on my part for commission, hor conveyancing."

With a nod to Bob, and another giggle, Mr. Terps Quirker took his departure for the far more congenial society of his Cousin Larpent, the wine-merchant, and the Wexford Barnacle."

"Ugh!" muttered Bob, as the attorney closed the door. "There goes one of Old Nick's get, with red ink in his veins for blood, parchment for skin, red-tape for sinews, foolscap for his noddle, and Indian-rubber for a conscience!!!" After this scarcely audible soliloquy, he added aloud, walking over to the chairs where he had placed the Tracts, collecting them all in one fell swoop, in his arms, and bringing them over to the table—

"Well, Master Walter,—what *must be, must be;* therefore, there never is any use in shirking it; so, as she *has* thought fit to make a branch post-office of us, we must just take a look at Madam Mornington's letters of credit on Heaven, and consider the best way of forwarding them to their address, and he read out

"'Be Ye Lift Up;'
BEING
The Tenth Issue, of the First Series
OF
The ATAT Ark of Salvation
Tract Society."

"Be ye lift up!" repeated Mr. Bumpus. "Then by George, ye *shall* be lift up. Truly it *is* an ill wind that blows nobody good," and he rubbed his hands, with an air of Eureka! exultation, as he walked over to the bell, which rang outside, like an alarum-bell, so as to be heard across the field in his mother's kitchen, and roused it into a loud peal.

"Polly, my dear," said he, as soon as that ubiquitous

damsel had responded to the summons, "Ask your *missus* to make me a large basin of paste, such as they paste paper on walls with, and send it up immediately, with a pair of scissors and a ball of twine; and you go into the tool-house, where I keep my fishing-tackle, and you'll see a lot of fresh, unpealed osiers, tied together, standing in one corner. They are long, but not heavy; so just bring them up here, with the paste, the twine, and the scissors."

"And please, zur, doe'e want the fishing-things; be I to bring they, too?"

"If it's not an impertinent question,—what part of the country do you come from?"

"I was bred and *born* at Sniven's Farm, jist beyant Twaddleton, plase zur."

"Ah! I thought so; and what made you leave Sniven's Farm?"

"Cause zur, Mrs. Sniven's she died, plase zur."

"It seems she did so, whether I pleased or not; but I never even heard of her being ill. She was quite well three months ago. What did she die of? who attended her,—what doctor?"

"Oh, plase zur, she died easy. She hadn't no doctors; she was tookt bad at nine o'clock on the Monday night,—was dead afure ten, and was crowned* on the Toosday morning; and after that, when she was a cut up by the doctors, they said as it warn't nobody's fault,—that she was obliged to die-like, — and couldn't have done no otherwise,—if so be, as she'd a swallowed all the physic in the potecarie's shop."

* In the western counties of England, whenever a coroner's inquest is held upon a deceased person, the common people invariably call it being "crowned!"

"Poor soul! Well, you may go now, Polly, and make haste back; and you need not bring the fishing-rods; because you see, upon account of there being no water in these rooms, beyond what is in the tea-kettle, and the can in the next room, the fish *won't* rise to the surface. So I should only waste my time, as I might fish here, till you became a duchess, Polly, and catch nothing. Now, off with you; and mind, I'm not proud,—I don't want diamonds, only paste."

"How funny! of her to want to bring the fishing-rods up here! at this time of night, too; it isn't as if you had been going out even," laughed Walter.

"That's the way they are in this part of the world, Master Walter; when they *do* get hold of an idea, it's always the wrong one, and they never can get another to meet it, and put it in the right way. In fact, they are always making knee-buckles for Highlanders, and watch-pockets for sheep; and, if you asked them to build you a house, they would begin with the chimneys, and then complain, that they could not get the bricks to stick together."

"But what do you want the paste for?"

"You'll see when it comes, Master Walter; will you have any more tea?"

"No more thank you."

"Well, then, I'll put all the cups and plates, upon the tray, ready for Polly to take away, for I shall require the whole length and breadth, of the table for my operations."

"Why, what *are* you going to do?" re-urged Walter.

"Only a little cutting-up work, for Madam Morningten's dead matter, as the doctors did by poor Mrs Snivens;" and, suiting the action to the word, Mr. Bum-

pus most irreverently tore one of the "Be ye Lift Up," series in two.

"Oh! but won't she be angry?" said Walter, in great alarm, as he re-called the stern, implacable looks of the donor.

"I tell you what, Master Walter, I know I'm very far from being what I ought to be; but even the worst may know what's right, and say it. You read your Bible, and so Mr. Langston will tell you, too; and avoid Tracts as you would toadstools, for both, wear the semblance of wholesome and palatable food, and both are equally poisonous, only *one's*, the humbug of meadows, and the other, the humbug of men. Tracts, indeed!—What's the use of Tracts, when we have the Bible? With wells, springs, and fountains, people must be fools indeed, to draw muddy water from dykes and ditches. But, as Madam Mornington's orders are, that these little puddles are to be lifted up,—why they *shall* be lifted up."

Here, Polly returned with all the things she had been sent for; and Bob, to save time, put the tray with the tea-things into her hands, and told her to be careful and not fall as she went down those crazy, old winding stairs, adding, "For, Polly, my dear, I should like to see you well married, and happy and comfortable at home with your mother-in-law; only don't be in *too* great a hurry about it, cause, you see, according to the present fashion as wedding rings *is wore*, husbands, for the most part, is like the Yankee's horse, very hard to catch, and worth nothing when caught. There, mind how you *goes*," continued he, holding the light at the head of the stairs, to the giggling Polly, "best leg foremost, is always the rule in respect to gals as well as tables; and, when you're about serious business, as at present, there should never

be no laughing but in your sleeve, cause *there*, it's sure to get well *cuffed*, if it's heard. There, mind the turn; that's it;—now, mind, again, for one good turn deserves another, and it's just the same with bad ones, of which these stairs *is* full. Steady!" for here, the cups and saucers began to rattle, from Polly's increased giggling, "don't let us hear of no more upsets in China, cause, as it aint never nobody's fault, nobody can't mend it. Wogh," cried Mr. Bumpus, finally, when the maid and the tea-things, had arrived safely at the last step, after which he returned, and shut to the door, and having replaced the candle on the table, he drew from his waistcoat-pocket, a couple of small clasp knives, and pushing one over to Walter, and at the same time selecting, and handing him one of the stoutest and most supple of the osiers, he said, "Now, Master Walter, you peel away, while I paste."

Walter, like all boys, delighted at getting a stick and a knife into his hand, set to work, without any further questions, while Bob, taking off his coat, and then bringing a towel out of the bed-room, and tying it round his neck, as if about to be shaved, and rolling up his shirt-sleeves, immediately commenced a *battue* among the Tracts, which, having snapped the slender thread that bound them together, he spread out sheet by sheet, on the table, and reunited the margins, till he had attained a goodly standard, about the size of the united columns of *The Times*, having, also, during his own process of annexation, given Walter another long osier to peel.

"I've peeled this second one," cried he, at last.

"Very well—thank you, Master Walter; now I must just spread this paper out over the backs of two chairs, to let it dry, before I make it ship-shape."

"What, are you going to make a ship?"

"Not exactly, for I don't want to be in the same boat with Madam Mornington, as I consider that Ark of *hers*, a very leaky vessel. But now, just be so good as to give me the two osiers you have peeled and the twine, and you'll see what I'm going to do, Master Walter." And Walter obeyed, all eyes, and never once withdrew his gaze from the movements of Bob's hands, as they first bent each osier, to try its temper as it were, then cut off the thin taper end of one, and next, placing the other twig in Walter's hand. "Now, Master Walter, hold it tight, if you please, and don't let go, on any account," after which Mr. Bumpus made, with the point of his knife, an artistic incision in the thick part of the osier that he held, and then cutting to a flat point, the end of the one that Walter held, he inserted and dove-tailed it so neatly into this orifice, that it would not have been without considerable merit as a surgical operation, had it been performed on a living limb, instead of on an amputated stick, after which, he bound the twain, in a compulsory manner, together with twine, and further rendered the union indissoluble, by pulling a piece of cobbler's wax (a luxury with which he was never unprovided) out of his pocket, and daubing the pieces of twine with it into a coercive unity, further completed the fetter, by keeping them for some time under his thumb. The satisfactory result was, that they had no way of their own left, but were absolutely obliged to bend in whatever direction he pleased. Taking advantage of this amiable pliability of disposition, after bowing them into a beautiful arch, he made two very pointed remarks at each corner, and then brought down the two long ends of the osiers, and, first joining them, and then fastening them together with twine also, this framework immediately assumed the outline of a monster pear, such as, in

reality, only ever could have been grown, in the royal gardens at Brobdignag.

"Oh! cried Walter, clapping his hands in great delight, "I know what you are going to make now—a kite!"

"Just so," responded Mr. Bumpus, laying the huge sheet of pasted Tracts upon the table, placing the framework of the kite upon them. Seizing the scissors in order to cut the paper to the shape of the frame, only leaving margin enough to paste round the rim, and turning up his eyes, in a manner that the Rev. Aminadab Scuttledust might have coveted for one of his most serious discourses at "The Atat." "Just so—a kite! to pounce upon Madam Mornington's lambs! 'Be ye lift up,' my little dears; and so ye shall, by the first jolly good wind that blows."

With a little more cutting, and a little more pasting, the body of the monster kite, was soon completed, and nothing remained to be done to it, but the *obligato* embellishments of the long tail of paper bows.

"I wonder why it is," said Walter, as he helped to cut and fasten, the ornaments in question, "that they always put these useless sort of paper jags to the end of kites?"

"Ah! when you're older, Master Walter, you'll know that nothing rises in the world, however trumpery, and worthless it may be in itself, without having a long train of still greater trumpery following in its train, and my belief is, that if the Evil One had only wings, there's not a man in England, that would object to being tied to his tail, seeing how closely they follow his track as it is."

"They must be very wicked, then, if they did," said Walter.

"They *are* very wicked, and no mistake," rejoined Mr.

Bumpus, cutting the last piece of twine that attached the last paper tag to the kite, with far greater energy, than the fragile and unresisting nature of the materials seemed to require. "There! now I've only to make a longish barrelled-shaped piece of wood, which I'll do in a trice, and wind off the ball of twine upon it; and though I say it, that shouldn't say it, I don't think such a kite has ever been seen in Twaddleton—though they're always flying kites there,—and so ought to be pretty good judges."

"I wish it was not so late, that I might go out, and fly my nice big kite to-night."

"No, that would never do; for it must be thoroughly dry first, Master Walter."

"And will it take long drying?"

"Not so long as if it was made of more sensible paper, for Tracts, and that sort of rubbish, are naturally dry. So to-morrow, by the time you've said your lessons, and had your ride on Solomon, it will be in high condition; and as I'm going over to Beechcroft at four in the afternoon, I'll ask my brother to let you go with me, and there's always a merry breeze along the beach there; and it will be jolly flying it as we go, and much safer, than launching our huge dove so near the 'Ark,' where it was sent out from, to look for something *green*, but did not succeed quite as well as Noah's dove."

"Oh! how good you are, to make me such a famous kite, and how happy I should be, if you could always stay here!"

"Ah! Master Walter—it's only in Heaven, that there's no levanting; that wishes are discounted by realities, and that there's the capital of certainty, to meet every stake, and *that*, brings us to prayers and bed-time—shall we go?"

"Yes," said Walter, faintly,—"but you won't go, shall you?"

"No—not to-night—but to-morrow; there's always a to-morrow! to everything in this world, Master Walter."

"Oh! what a beautiful moon! and what beautiful stars!" cried Walter, as he entered the long, narrow dormitory, and saw the moon, and the star-beams in "lengthened" brightness, "long drawn out" lilting their luminous measures along the oaken floor, and athwart the snowy hangings and coverlid of the bed. "*Do* put out the light," added he.

Bob obeyed.

"But that great, large, beautiful star won't go away, will it, that is shining in, just opposite the window?"

"No, no—Master Walter—*that's* in Heaven,—going away; and every other jockeying, is for *this* dirty molehill of a world." And with great energy, and in humble imitation of Niagara, Mr. Bumpus seized the water-can, and dashed out its contents into the sitz bath; and, after having undressed him in dead silence, as if he had been drinking "The glorious and immortal memory," did he sponge and *douche* Walter; but when it came to rubbing him down, with the nice rough Turkish bath towels, —oh! then, he completely threw himself into the part, and began "hissing" away, as if he had been grooming Sir Peter Teazle, Highflyer, Papillon, Snap, Regulus, GODOLPHIN ARABIAN, Meteor, Pegasus, Gunpowder, Bustler, Rockinghan, Poker, Patrick, Schoolboy, Cardock, and Driver, down to The Flying Dutchman—all foaled in one,—and that Walter had been that ONE great hippodromic quintessence!

"Oh! thank you," said Walter, "you rub me better than Martha used to do; but poor Martha! I wish she was here, for me to say my prayers to: but may I say them to you?"

"No, Master Walter—not to me, or to far better than me,—we only pray to God; but I'll hear you say them, and thank you for letting me do so—for I should like to send a prayer into Heaven with yours, if I might."

Walter knelt down, and leant his hands against Robert's knees, as he had been in the habit of doing against Martha's. But he had scarcely repeated the first sentence of the Lord's Prayer, before the strong man, upon whom he was leaning, sank down and knelt beside him. The sinless child, in his long white robes, pure and unsullied—as was, as yet, his own spirit—repeated the beautiful and all-comprehending prayer, in his low, sweet, but withal mechanical voice. Not so, the erring—prone to right, but warped to wrong,—man beside him, down whose rough cheeks, the unseen tears were streaming, as he raised his eyes to Heaven and prayed—ay, prayed, for her he had so recently made his wife, and for the future fate of the child that knelt beside him; and as his hoarse voice—hoarse with the throes of deep feelings, that seldom rose to the surface, or into sound—joined with the child's silvery unimpassioned tones in the suplication of

"FORGIVE US OUR TRESPASSES, AS WE FORGIVE THEM THAT TRESPASS AGAINST US."

It is to be doubted if, amid all the glowing visions of a coming Heaven, vouchsafed to John in Patmos, (save the ONE, of the all-glorifying, peerless, distinctive, and pre-eminent triune Godhead)! there was any, equal to that, which, for those few seconds, opened to that sin-stained man, as he mingled his soul-prayer, with the lip-worship of that guileless child! For there, for that brief space, it was a literal fact, that "There was no candle, for the Lord God gaveth them light." There was no temple—why? "For the Lord, and the Lamb, were the temple thereof."

They both rose up, and both remained silent for a few seconds. But, when Walter had jumped into bed, and laid his head on the pillow, and Bob had installed himself in the high-backed, broad-winged, tapestried chair by the bed-side, the former said aloud, in continuation of his own thoughts,

"But even with kites and ponies, it's very cold and miserable, isn't it, to be left *all by one self*, without any Marthas, or grandmothers, in the world? I pray every night for God to bless them! but I *never* prayed as I did to night. So *I do* hope God *will* hear me, and that He *will* bless them."

"There it is! That's just the meaning of it, Master Walter. God never *would* take one thing from us after another, as He does; but to bring us to Him, to depend upon, and to ask for *all* we want. As long as our hearts have got a *creature* left to minister to them, we are too apt to forget WHO it is that provides the blessings, of which *they*, are only the bearers; but only let us get to that real winning-post, of feeling that we *are literally alone* in the world, and have *no* being to trust to *but* GOD, why then it's our own fault, if the race is not ours, and if we don't win."

"But I *shall* see Martha and grandmamma again, shan't I?" said Walter, clinging as much wiser, and older, hearts *will* do, to his own immediate grievance.

"Not a doubt of it," responded Mr. Bumpus, sententiously, "for maid-servants are as plentiful as mulberries in silk countries; and though grandmothers are more after the American aloe pattern, and only bloom once in a hundred years, yet when they *do* begin, they last a tremendous time, and are not subject to blight, like more tender blossoms."

Then, with great tact, he changed the conversation, and dwelt on the programme for the morrow, touching as lightly as possible, upon the scholastic portion of it; and dilating upon the dappled graces of Solomon, and the bracing, breezy air, and elastic velvet sands of Beechcroft, till Walter fell asleep, murmuring with the selfishness of all childish affections, his little hand within Bob's,

"But you won't go, will you?"

And Robert Bumpus did *not* go; he merely, as the night wore on, and the shadows fell more coldly along that semi cathedral-aisle-like room, withdrawing from his pocket a splendid pocket-handkerchief, all crimson and gold, like an Eastern sunset, which had so recently formed one of the Circean attractions of "Moses and Son," and twisting it round his head—not so much *à la Turc*, as in the less pretending fashion of a Spanish *Empecinado*,—to defend his ears from those ill winds, that never *do* blow any one any good, from their insidious mode of entering through key-holes, and by other fairy-like *routes*. So that the first thing Walter opened his eyes upon, was the honest face of his faithful guardian.

"Oh! you havn't been there all night, I hope?" said the boy, starting up in bed, with a blush of mingled shame and contrition, as he remembered the selfishness of his last request before falling asleep.

"Why not, Master Walter? don't you think me capable of being an improvement upon the old farthing rushlight, and becoming a child's night-light, eh?"

"No, I don't think you could improve, or ever be better," said Walter, leaning his head affectionately against Bob's arm. "You *are* so good and kind to me: nobody ever was so kind to me as you are."

"Pooh! pooh! Master Walter; that's always the case

with *nobodies*. They never are kind to any one; and the first lord in the land, may be what *I* call a nobody, for I judge men by the nature they are lined with, and not by the fortune they are covered with. But come; we must make haste; it's half-past seven, and the governor won't like it, if you are not always punctually in the school-room to prayers by nine o'clock; and you have to wash, and dress, and breakfast, and I to be off to the Manor, to look after Solomon.

Years came, and went, stealing joys, and bringing sorrows, as has been their wont, from time immemorial; but never, through the hopes and fears, the stir and strife, the loves, or the hates, of the then unborn future, did Walter Selden forget the dense feeling of utter desolation, and painful shyness, which he felt that morning, on finding himself the "cynosure of wondering eyes," in that village-school. The Hodge Minors and Clod Majors, nothing daunted, gazed their fill at the "*yooung gantleman*:" for, upon the same principle that "fools rush in, where angels fear to tread," ignorance knows no bashfulness; and, while poor Walter felt as if he had been almost guilty of some crime, in being so *different* from those around him, *they* only felt their vulgar curiosity, and still more vulgar mirth excited, at seeing one so totally unlike themselves. No wonder, then, that from that day, alone, amid a multitude, and driven back into himself for shelter, as all are, who fail in meeting sympathy from others, Walter Selden became that unhappy, because unnatural, thing,—A DREAMY, THINKING CHILD!

CHAPTER V.

Beechcroft and Maresco.

THE origin of names," says Bruce in his "Travels in Abyssina," "is generally obscure. They were bestowed in consequence of the loosest and wildest analogies. Those we understand, may make us despair of the unknown. If we had been informed that the Ægean Sea derived its name, from an imagined resemblance between the bounding of its waves, and that of goats, what etymologist could ever have traced this strange coincidence of ideas?" Now Beechcroft, on the contrary,—which was formerly spelt Beachcroft,—at the very first glance, convinced the beholder of the justness of its appellation; for, while on the one side, the blue waves, with their white flaky feet, came bounding merrily on, to its smooth, sparkling, yellow, beach; on the other, was to be seen many a croft—or enclosed field—thickly wooded with umbrageous trees, and green undulating knolls, and acclivities alike easy of ascent, and descent. In short,

Beechcroft, by analogy, might have vindicated the apparent incongruities of Homer's geography, where within a few lines we have—

"The great Achilles, stretch'd along the shore,
Where dash'd on rocks, the broken billows roar,
And then
Along the grass, his languid members fall."

and though thus laid to rest, both on the rocks, and the grass, he is awoke—

"Starting from the sands."

A few lines further on, all of which, would have been perfectly feasible at Beechcroft; where, notwithstanding the velvet verdure of the sylvan scenery on one side, nothing could be bolder than the rocks against which the waves in their eternal warfare lashed, more especially, those forming the East Cliff, on which Terps Quirker had mentioned that "The Mermaid" public-house was situated.

In a quiet nook of this paradisëical spot (or, as the late Mr. Robins, and the present Miss "Morning Post" would express it) in a charming cottage *ornée*, enclosed within its own lovely grounds, had Lady Clairville taken refuge, after her accession to the safety, and independence, (for money is both,) that had been bequeathed to her in the £40,000; and built and organized, the really useful school, which we shall describe presently. Everything in this world, from evil to good, and from virtue to vice, is comparative; and poverty more so than any other evil, since legitimate poverty, (that is, the birthright poverty) of the mechanic, the artisan, or the peasant, whose daily toil suffices for his daily wants, can scarcely be called an

evil, and certainly not a curse. But the *illegitimate* poverty of a *false* position, is one of the heaviest curses, because one of the most complex snares, and incubator of trials, that "flesh is heir to;" and truly, when false positions are prolonged beyond a certain point, as the Marquis de Foudras observes, they become *so* entangled, that there is no possibility of extricating oneself from them.

Again too, much depends upon the *individual* nature of the sufferer; to the naturally narrow-minded, close-handed, and mean-dispositioned,—were they born to, or on a throne,—the change to the most abject poverty beyond hurting their pride, would scarcely be an evil, as it would afford them a laudable opportunity of labelling their besetting sin of parsimony, with the virtue of "prudence!" But, with high, noble, and generous natures, it is far otherwise; not only for the fetters, and bars, it places upon them, but from the manner in which it *transposes them*; for to those who like "that poor snipe" Rodrigo's description of Desdemona, are "of so free, so kind, so apt, so blessed a disposition, that they hold it a vice in their goodness, not to do *more* than is requested of them." How galling is it, to be placed in the position of a recipient, *not* because such natures lack the far wider, and higher generosity, which knows *how to receive,* as well as to give; but because so *few* know how to give, or to serve, that fine toned organizations wince, and writhe, under the clumsy and coarse philanthropic chirurgery of their well-meant INTENTIONS! And it could not be otherwise, in a country where, consideration for the feelings of others, is never inculcated, and where MONEY, PUBLIC-LIFE, and IMPERSONALITY, are the real trinity, that people bow down to, and worship.

Truly, we *are* travelling by a paradox of words, farther

and farther from the realities of things. "Nathan said unto David, *thou* art the man!" But in England in the nineteenth century, thanks to diplomacy, conventionality, and the millenium of meanness, which narrows, hardens, and debases every feeling—the most villainous deeds are perpetrated, and the meanest lies uttered,—by a concourse of fortuitous atoms, which never, by any accident, coalesce into an *entity!* For, is not all England duly inoculated with Lord Mansfield's infamous maxim, that "the greater the truth, the greater the libel," till within the length and breadth of the British dominions, all distinction between merit and de-merit, all the power of *virtuous* emulation, all the dread of scorn, and contempt (one of the greatest and most wholesome restraints upon baseness), is torn up by the roots!

"A good name," says Solomon, "is better than riches." It might have been so in Syria, in *his* day; but, if he could only step out of the Bible into our modern Babylon, he'd soon be compelled to read his recantation, and acknowledge that, according to English statistics, riches are *far* better than a good name—since they can purchase the venal praise, that constitutes a Brummagem out-door, or public-life good name, which is all that is required in a country where the climate precludes out-door amusements, and where, therefore, the constitution takes its revenge by making out-door or *public character* the *one thing needful.* And Solomon, with all his wisdom, would further see, that the same riches that can purchase praise, can also repress and punish, the just censures of honest indignation. It is this infamous maxim of Lord Mansfield's which gives to every sect, and to every profession, an *additional* coat of *charlatanrie*, beyond the natural degree of quackery and self-importance, that is more or less, incidental to all

sects, and to all professions; and even to all arts and all sciences; for the propaganda is by no means the *only* emporium of Jesuitism, which attempts to draw all things into its vortex, to control our actions, and to put an imprimatur on our lips.

The privilege of deciding concerning the bearing, and conduct of our fellow-creatures, is deemed too important a right to be common to all; and to lie without the pale of the law. And, as the doctrine of libel is vague and indefinite, it rests in the wigs of judges, and the appetites of juries, to construe words, hints, shrugs, and even silence, into a libel! that is, into an attack, right, or wrong, true, or false, on the reputation of another. But, above all, MEN, having framed for themselves an inverse moral code suited to their *actions*, and only exacting, with far more rigour than its Divine founder, that the actions of women should be in strict accordance with the code of morals, established by the Christian dispensation. No wonder that they have agreed, *nem con.*, that TRUTH SHOULD BE A LIBEL.

As from time immemorial, there have always been more fools than knaves in the world, or else the knaves would not have enough to live upon; for without fools knaves could never get their work done; the same economy goes also to show, that men owe misfortunes less to their want of sense, than to their want of pliant dishonesty, and that real genius, consists in an elastic conscience. No wonder, then, that virtue becomes every-day more and more, at a discount. All foreigners remark that we English *talk* more of Christianity, and practise it *less*, than any nominal Christian people under the sun; and this, again, arises from the great national dry-rot of the OUTWARD, and the PUBLIC, which makes us punctual

Church-goers; but, instead of this *public* worship bearing fruit on, into our lives, we, for the most part, leave our piety with our prayer-books, in our pews, so as not to impede our circulation in the *world*, when we re-issue from the sacred fane.

Christianity is, moreover, a just, a generous, and an ennobling, because a self-sacrificing, and a self-humbling creed. How, therefore, could it possibly have any *vitality*, in an age of such *intense*, pecuniary meanness as the present? This sordid example comes to us from high places, and is carried out with a vengeance! through every pulse and artery, of the national heart. The sordid love of saving, and of scraping it was, which caused an iniquitous monster of a contractor in the Crimean war, to send out shavings and sawdust, instead of forage, for the poor horses; and this same fraudulent grasping of commercial meanness it is, which sent out greased cartridges to India, and floated injustice in blood.

As we ascend in the social scale, the same paltry spirit predominates. It may be placed in a golden sconce, but it is still the same miserable farthing rushlight, rendered yet more contemptible from its elevation. If some heroic youth, in our army, like that glorious young Willoughby, for example, does a deed, beside which, the courage of the two Scipios, and the self-immolation of a Curtius, pales; and which, in ancient Rome, would, with the simultaneous impulse of a grateful country, have exhausted the public treasure, to honour the hero, had he survived; or to immortalize his memory had he fallen. We, wiser in our generation, cavil for months, over acres of red-tape, to know whether his subaltern position would, according to the strict homœopathy of our military rewards (?) entitle him or not, to three farthings-

worth of bronze, in some shop-weight-looking medal, while the same marine-store spirit it is, which causes us to be always raking in this monetary mire, for every rag and bone, that can be scraped from it, which leads us to insult the fabulous valour of a Havelock ! with a butler's wages! and the widow of a Waghorn, with those of a footman ! Shakespeare, who knew not only what human nature was, but what it *ought* to be, makes Falstaff say, abruptly, when he had been disappointed in obtaining a place at court for Shallow, " Master Shallow, I owe you a thousand pounds." For the generous nature of the jovial knight, made his " *wish*, father to the thought," that he owed him a compensation for having raised his hopes, and yet failed in serving him. But, had Shakespeare lived in *these* days of penury, of feeling, and plethora of purse, to be *true to life*, he would have made the knight reverse his assertion, and say

" Master Shallow, *you owe me* a thousand pounds, for all the trouble I have had on your account."

Seeing then, that such is England in the nineteenth century, no wonder that Sir Fulke Clairville, despite all his vices, or rather on account of them, flourished and triumphed ; and that his wife, through her very virtues, became a pariah, and a scape-goat, under this state of things. But as we said before, she, perhaps, from her exceptional organization, suffered even more than others might have done in her cruelly false position. Not content with the beggarly pittance he doled out to her, Sir Fulke's constant, and only too successful aim had been, to reduce her to absolute want, which from the cost of defending herself from his ceaseless persecutions, he had at length done ; and, as year after year, her very modest comforts decreased, and the labours to supply the maid she could

no longer afford to keep, increased; her health, like her hope, began to give way. For while in toiling, in enduring, and in depriving ourselves for others, there is something ennobling, and therefore exhilarating; so in slaving, in struggling, and sparing, merely for *ourselves*, when necessity lashes us to the task, there is something not only wearing, but degenerating to an expansive, and generous nature. It is in fact to gain the martyr's stake, but to lose the martyr's crown, and this was Lady Clairville's case, for to be the *poor* victim, of a rich and powerful enemy, is to be doubly ALONE in the world; as where there is no strong counteracting force, even the maëlstrom of poverty may be stemmed, and a neutral ground reached; but it is the *under currents* in all seas, but more especially in the sea of life! which treacherously cause every wreck.

Then again, she was nobly, not *meanly* proud, and she preferred being neglected to being patronized; for there is no disguising it, we *are* a vulgar-minded people, and seldom, *very* seldom, know *how* to bestow even our barren sympathy, gently or gracefully. To give, in most countries is an act of power, common to the rich or to the great; but to double the value of a gift, or enhance the magnitude of a service, by the *manner* of bestowing the one, or of rendering the other, is so rare a secret, as to be only known to very few of nature's especial favourites, whose hearts she has strung with golden chords, and attuned to her finest harmonies.

"Poverty! thou art a bitter draught—disguise it as we will," says Sterne; and in England, this bitter draught is more nauseously medicated with wormwood, *less* disguised, than in any other country; for in other countries, though the ingredients may be equally bitter, one's fellow-creatures

try to *blend* them as *smoothly* as possible. But, in England, no one has time to stand pottering over a pauper's potion in a clay cup, and so they stir up the dregs, as rudely and roughly, as possible. What does it matter, since they must be swallowed whether or no. Claret, in a golden cup is very different. *There*, the rich balmy spices must be blent into additional blandness, to form one luxurious and equal whole, where nothing is unpleasantly *prononcé*, but all combines, to a uniform perfection.

And of the clay cup, truly, Lady Clairville had drunk to the very dregs. It is true, her fine friends—who would not have given her a pair of gloves to go out in, had she wanted them (as she often did),—thought, (when they condescended to think about it ;) that she shut herself up too much, and played Sir Fulke's game by so doing ; as had she only made herself *agreeable to men*, as other women in her position did, she might have made *friends*, and got on very well without money, at least, without Sir Fulke's money ; and, as long as money is apparent on the *surface*, nobody is either Bore enough, or Bruce enough, to seek to discover its source.

But the darkest hour is before the dawn ; and it was during that land of Egypt darkness, some twelve years before we have brought the reader down to Beechcroft, that she was interrupted in a terrible fit of coughing, (brought on, by having been more than usually dragged through the mire of that most sullying of all desponds, fresh pecuniary embarrassments) by hearing Mr. Thornberry's well known knock at the door of a wretched lodging, she then occupied, in the Kilburn Road. It was about sunset on a September evening, and the rain was beginning to come down, in that liberal manner, exclusively confined to rain in the present century. "How kind of him!" thought she, "no one but

himself would come out all this way in the rain, and yet *this* is the man, that the world calls morose and crabbed, because he has the wit to be satirical, and not the stupidity to be *safely* ill-natured."

But, just as she had prepared to meet his always welcome, because always friendly face, the door opened, and the maid of the house entered, holding gingerly the delicate stem of a large carnation enveloped in a corner of her apron, to protect its regality, against the plebeian contact of her clumsy fingers.

"If you please ma'am, Mr. Thornberry have left this here flower for you, and his compliments, and he'll call again at ten to-morrow morning, if you'll give him some breakfast."

"Oh, to be sure, with pleasure," said poor Lady Clairville, the colour rising to her temples, as she recollected that at that moment, she did not possess even the smallest coin of the realm, let alone as much as could obtain the primitive luxuries of new-laid eggs, cream, and hot rolls; what could she do? Alas! we are sorry, as veritable historians, to have to record the melancholy truth, that like all paupers, she was essentially, not to say quintessentially, "immoral," and instead of doing as rich moralists in their golden austerity of theoretical probity always say, *the poor ought to do, without bread,* she was so unprincipled as to go in debt for it; and, had she really been a professional, and premeditated swindler, ordering a hundred guinea brocade dress, which she never meant to pay for, we doubt whether she could have been more precise and urgent in her orders respecting its make and trimming,—than she was to Grace, the *graceless* maid-of-all-work, to be *sure* that the eggs *were* newly laid, and that the cream *was cream,* and then followed, a less com-

manding, and more entreating request, that Grace would kindly, at that early hour of a common week-day, don certain gauds, in the shape of caps and gowns, generally only visible to the naked eye of a Sunday, and preluded, by equally becoming ablutions.

After revelling in the delicious perfume of this very large clove-carnation, which was like quaffing a draught of Burgundy, Lady Clairville placed her treasure in a glass of water, and it was not till the lights were brought in, that she perceived, in the heart of the flower, a paper, crumpled up. She drew it out, and upon unfolding it, found it to be half a sheet of thin foreign post paper, written over in Mr. Thornberry's small, straight, distinct, well-known writing. She smiled—"Surely," thought she, "dear, good Mr. Thornberry is not, at his time of life, going to turn romantic, and take to writing Turkish love-letters? At all events, if he did, he would never either offer the insult, or the compliment, of addressing them to me. What can this mean—*voyons?*" And opening the paper, she read those charming lines of M Constant Dubós, upon the note once sent to poor Marie Antoinette, (when she was incarcerated *au Temple*) by the same fragrant post—

"Lorsque une reine infortunée,
Dans un cachot abandonnée,
Du sort épuisait la rigueur
Messager discrét, et fidéle,
Un œillet fit encore pour elle,
Briller un rayon de bonheur."

Underneath these lines was written—

"These rays of happiness, are heirlooms in the Carnation family, for this one comes to tell you, that an

honest man, a Mr. Mark Babbington, who once received a week's hospitality from your father, had the gratitude to die unmarried, and the good sense, to leave you £40,000, wholly and solely, at your own control; not to be *husbanded* in any way, but to make ducks and drakes, or hot, penny-cakes of, if you like. Good night, God bless you! don't follow out the simile of poor Marie Antoinette, and lose your head, but cram it as full of hobby-horses, and schemes, as you can, to tell to, your's faithfully,

"SPENCER THORNBERRY."

People talk of sudden good fortune turning the brain, but this can only be the case, where it has not been clogged by a great and chronic misery; and that there is consequently *room* for it *to* turn. But there is no such danger, to those who have been long steeped in, and saturated with affliction; to such, the greatest and most sudden extreme of good fortune, can only bring that calm and blessed feeling of lightness and relief,—such as is caused by the transition from excruciating bodily torture, to a profound and painless sleep. But what it really *does do*, is to open the flood-gates of the human heart, and melt with its divinely genial rays, the ice-bound circle of those long-pent, kindlier feelings, which injustice, and despair, have frozen into one dark, rigid mass. This, Lady Clairville felt, as she knelt down, and poured out her whole soul to God, not only in prayer, but in tears; and vowed a vow, which she ever after religiously kept; that having drunk so deeply of the cup of affliction herself, and drained it to its very bitterest lees of deprivation and humiliation, never should the sorrows of others go unalleviated, or their wants unrelieved, so far as it was in her power to assuage the one, or to minister to the other.

It was astonishing with what electric rapidity the news of her legacy flew, to all quarters of the civilized world, and the miraculous (!) effect it produced, in awakening the long-dormant memory of the fashionable friends, who had ignored her existence, in so plebeian a *terra incognita* as a suburban lodging; but who were now, one, and all, magnanimously disposed to forget her former domiciliary vulgarities, and conjugal enormities, in not having more tamely and silently submitted, to whatever amount of outrage and persecution, Sir Fulke had thought fit to legalize his marriage by inflicting upon her; so thus generously resolving to let by-gones be by-gones, their letters of felicitation began to pour in,—hoping that one so fitted to shine in the highest sphere,—such a perfect star, in fact, as *their dear Lady Clairville*! would once more grace that galaxy, of which she had formerly been the cynosure. But if she *was* a star, she determined to out-do all the other stars, by choosing her own orbit; while the effect Mr. Babington's legacy produced on Sir Fulke, was to make him perfectly rabid with impotent rage, upon finding it so closely tied up upon his victim, as, for once, to enlist his own familiar infernal machine,—THE LAW! against him; which so irritated him, as to throw him into a serious fit of illness,—when, of course, the puff-forge of his own immediate organs of the Press, worked double-tides, to condole with the Public! upon the learned gentleman's professional, and parliamentary labours, having been too much for him!—and the giant glave of mind! having at length worn, the too frail physical scabbard:—with other equally new similes, and the usual quantum of standard humbug, used on such occasions.

Mr. Thornberry and Mr. Langston, both united, in urging Lady Clairville to "choose her place of rest," in that

loveliest of nooks, Beechcroft, which Nature, like a great queen as she is, to honour her favourite, had circled with a rich carcanet, from which flashed the triune gems, of earth, air, and sea. A very pretty cottage *ornée*—the former marine *retiro* of a deceased peer, on one of the fairest sites of Beechcroft,—luckily, at the time of her succeeding to Mr. Babbington's bequest, was for sale; and at the rear of the house, amid the extensive and beautiful grounds by which it was surrounded, there was ample room for building the tenements, requisite to carry out her benevolent scheme.

In less than a year after she had bought MARESCO,—as this most charming retreat was called,—these buildings were completed, and inhabited. It is well, and profoundly observed by Mr. Urquhart, in his "Familiar Words," that "*To be ourselves, we must lay down our age.*" How few *men* have the moral courage to do this? And how few women, have either the moral courage, or what is equally necessary, the pecuniary means? But now, that Beatrice Clairville had both, she determined to suffice to herself, without any reference, or deference, to the opinions of a world she had never defied, though it cannot be denied, she had always despised it. She had long seen and lamented the worse than useless, the positively pernicious effects, of all the smattering, and superficial, systems of education in use, for *all* grades of society; but more especially, for the poorer classes. Her plan was this: she never had less, and never more, at a time than four-and-twenty girls, and six boys, whom she took *from* the age of seven, but never after that of ten; with each of these children, from all the parents who could afford it, she had half-a-crown a week, which half-crown, was put into a money-box, with the child's name on it; and as

these half-crowns increased into pounds, each pound was sent to accumulate interest, and compound interest, for ten years, till the children for whom they had been paid, went into service, when they found, they had not only a little capital for their own outfit, but also something to refund to their parents; while those children, whose parents were too poor to pay anything with them, were made to provide for their future wants, by putting by, two-thirds of their own earnings.

Besides these separate little savings' banks, there was one large padlocked box, hanging up in the school-room, containing a sort of sinking-fund, for the common weal, into which every child, if it only received a penny—whether as a gratuity, or as the wages of its own labour;—was *obliged* to put the half; for even if so disposed, Lady Clairville never allowed them to be *without* money,—as she was well aware, that it is this being unused to money, that makes half the world not know the *use* of it,—either over, or under-rating it. In short, want of money is at once the germ, both of spendthrifts and misers. But, although there was not the slightest control exercised over the manner in which they thought fit to spend their pocket-money, yet they were obliged to keep a correct account of the manner in which it *was* expended; and those too young to do this for themselves, had it done for them, by one of the monitors, or elder girls, and when it was proved in black and white, that they had spent it foolishly, their only punishment, was to have to do without something really useful, that it would have bought, or be deprived of the pleasure of contributing to some case of distress.

Yet, although the *pro bono publico* money-box, was subjected to the same system of interest and compound-

interest, as the individual ones, and every one who came to MARESCO, and wished to leave a gratuity for the children, was requested to drop it into that, and not give to any one in particular, or even to all collectively; yet there was no other species of *communism;* for no child dare, on any account, take a needle, thimble, scissors, reel of cotton, or even a pin, slate-pencil, or bit of blotting paper, belonging to another child; for, where property is not strictly respected, even in the smallest things, there is, or can be, no such thing as—either conscience, or its fruit—morality. But this common fund for illness, or other contingencies, prevented all sordid and hardening feelings on the one hand, and all humiliating ones on the other. The day of course, began and ended with prayer, and Wednesday and Sunday evenings, Mr. Langston expounded the Scriptures to them, with the aid of Josephus, and the best Histories, and books of Oriental Travel, for as he truly told them, if they were not good historians, and good geographers, they could *not* understand the Bible.

All kinds of *useful* needlework they were taught, including *lingerie* embroidery. Those who were too young to earn money by their industry from *without*, were rewarded by Lady Clairville with a daily penny, the half of which, went, of course, to the public fund; from the earliest age they were initiated into every branch of domestic economy, and household work, at *first*, merely as spectators; and it was a *great* day, the first, on which they were *able* to turn their observation into practice, and *do* any thing, either about the house, in the kitchen, the laundry, the dairy, or the bakehouse; for one of the strongest lay-principles inculcated into them was, to think nothing MENIAL that was useful; they were taught that the only cause for shame in a woman of *any* sphere of life; but

more especially in *theirs*, was *not* to know how everything about a house *ought* to be done, or to do it badly, But though compelled to learn how all *should* be done, as they grew older, and their particular bent developed itself, they were allowed to choose their own department.

If one *preferred* being a lady's maid, why then, she was more especially taught dress-making, millinery, hair-dressing, lace washing, &c., &c. Or ironing and clear-starching, or cooking, preserving, and confectionery, as the case might be; for it is an undoubted fact, that putting brains out of the question, all persons have not the same talent in their *fingers* alone; no one with a heavy hand, for instance, will ever dress hair well, or without a correct eye, for the measurement, and the almost imperceptible degrees, in the shades and tints of colours, ever make, fit, or trim a dress properly. And alas! as every day's exeprience proves, how very few have either the brains, palate, or fingers, to become a *good cook!* for to be that great culinary chemist, it requires this *tria juncta in uno*, and the *bath*, besides, cleanliness being indispensable.

Their next training-school, was a sick room, where they were taught to "do their spiriting" *noiselessly*, and *promptly*. There were no dirty spoons, cups, nor glasses left about; but all were immediately washed and put away, ready for the next time. Everything was forestalled, nothing forgotten; (for memory may be disciplined to a state of punctuality, as well as every other faculty) all broths and beverages, *properly* prepared and ready. No torturing the poor invalid with questions of "would you like this? or could you take that?" but quietly, and gently, bringing them either what they had been ordered to have, or would be allowed to take. No sudden flinging back of curtains, and letting in a murderous glare of light upon

their poor languid eyes; no jerking a pillow from under them, in order to "make them comfortable," just as their poor weary heads had at length found a few poppies! and they were falling into a doze, and above all, no coming into the room after a three hours' absence, and saying in a town-crier voice—

"Well, how do you feel now?"

Furthermore, as part of her educational plan, Lady Clairville had at MARESCO, a haberdasher's shop, in which, she sold either to the parents, or the children themselves, every article of clothing at cost price; and to those who could not afford even that, she gave credit, and they paid by instalments; and in this shop, six of the girls served alternately one week in each month, by which, they learnt book-keeping; and to be shopwomen, if their tastes, or talents, did not lead them to choose any other avocation. At Maresco, the only rewards were being promoted to a hi her, and heavier, responsibility in household work; for instance, the first day a girl arrived at dressing the chief part of Lady Clairville's dinner, making a dress for her, spinning some sheeting, or getting up her fine things, was indeed a proud day! for all such aspirants; more especially, as all such days, as well as every other day, that they had accomplished an extra amount of work, either in the school or in the household, was noted in a beautifully bound illuminated vellum book, with a silver-gilt clasp, and their names inscribed in raised gilt letters on the back of it; and the day they left Maresco, to enter into service, or take their first step in life, this volume, containing their ten years' aggregate of good conduct, and usefulness, in their generation, was given to them; and no wonder, if through life, they felt more justly proud of it, than if it had been the Freedom of a City in a gold box. No wonder

either, that the fame of these Maresco girls, spread far and near; for, added to their perfect and universal usefulness, they had the minds of gentlewomen, and the manners too, as far as the absence of the slightest taint of vulgarity went; but their bearing was one of quiet, modest, but candid, not cringing, respect, to their superiors in station.

Lady Clairville's library, a most charming room of red brown arras, studded with brilliant silver specs the size of a pin's head, like that most beautiful of all marvels, the eye of a fly, seen through a microscope, with brown, and silver, low-backed, broad seated Henry the Seventh chairs; and brown velvet curtains, trimmed with silver to match, had only books in the four corners, which bookcases were made in the semi-circular form of round towers, turreted at the top; of good brown, not black oak, and one of these turrets swung back as a door, and opened into the school room, on each of whose four walls was inscribed in large Gothic letters, on a marble slab—

"DO UNTO OTHERS, AS YOU WOULD THEY SHOULD DO UNTO YOU."

While over the mantelpiece, were these lines in large red capitals, from "Fletcher's Purple Island:"—

"Envy came next, envy with squinting eyes,
Sick of a strange disease, his neighbour's health,
Best then he lives, when any better dies,
Is never poor, but in another's wealth;
On best men's harms, and griefs, he feeds his fill,
Else his own maw doth eat with spiteful will;
Ill must the temper be, where diet is so ill."

To say that Lady Clairville was beloved by her *protégées*, would be but to convey a very faint idea, of the positive veneration in which she was held by them, for in

her little empire she seemed to have carried out the advice so well given by Cyrus to his son, Cambyses, so ill followed by that son, and to have remembered that it was not a golden sceptre, that could render her government secure, but that faithful friends, are the sceptre upon which rulers should rely, and *these*, she had in all that came within her sphere, so that few dynasties were based on such a secure foundation, as the little republic of Maresco. The six boys who completed the establishment, were taught trades; there were two weavers, one carpenter, one shoemaker, one tailor, and one hair-dresser, for all of whom she had competent instructors, and commodious workshops, till the age of fourteen, when they were apprenticed to different persons established in the trade they had chosen. But, till then, they reaped the advantages of the same moral, and educational, training as the girls.

As there were no public days, no committees, no newspaper-puffs, no meetings, held at, or about, Maresco; there was by far too little parade, and too much *doing*, in its proceedings, to excite the notice, or the sympathies, of tractarian religionists, or that of talking philanthropists, but it is far easier, and surer, to reach human selfishness, than human sympathy; and, in time, the servants, or the apprentices, that issued from Lady Clairville's school, began to be as celebrated, as the apples of Schiraz, the pearls of Balsora, the diamonds of Golconda, or the blades of Damascus, and they obtained the *sobriquet* of "The Golden Girls of Maresco," and fine ladies seemed to fancy they could not exist, without at least *one* gem in their establishments from that mine, and made pilgrimages at the end of the season down to Beechcroft, to dissipate their *ennui*, which would have been an insupportable nuisance to Lady Clairville, had she not set apart two days

in the week for their invasions, and had they not contributed greatly to increase the capital of their common fund. But, before they entered her gates, they had an opportunity of seeing, and saying, "What a *very* eccentric person poor Lady Clairville was," for though Turks, and Infidels, make it a point of conscience to help in every possible way, poor shipwrecked human beings, and to respect whatever property they may have saved from the wreck as sacred, we, though a *nominally Christian people*, view such matters like all others, in an exclusively personal, and profitable point of view. Consequently, it is a notorious and disgraceful fact, that when wrecks take place along the English coast, under pretext of rescuing the survivors, the fearful plunder of their property that goes on; this may be commercial, but it certainly is *not* Christian, for which reason Lady Clairville had the following anecdote engraved on a granite tablet, inserted in her boundary-wall, facing the sea, so that all who ran, might read.

"In the year 1746, when England was engaged in a very fierce war with Spain, a Captain Edwards, of a brig called 'The Elizabeth, of London,' coming through the gulph, from Jamaica, richly laden, encountered a most violent storm, in which the ship sprang a leak, that obliged the Captain, in order to save the lives of the crew, to run into the Spanish port of Havannah. Captain Edwards went on shore, and directly waited on the Governor, told him the occasion of his putting in, adding, that he surrendered his ship as a prize, as well as himself, and crew, prisoners of war, only requesting good quarter. 'No, sir,' replied the Governor, 'if we had taken you in fair and open sea, or approaching our coast with hostile intentions, your ship would *then*, have been a lawful prize, and your crew equally lawful prisoners; but, when

distrest by the hand of Providence, you are driven into our port for the safety of your lives, we, being men, and Christians, though enemies, are bound equally by our creed, and by the laws of humanity, to afford relief and assistance to those who ask them of us, and cannot, even against our foes, take advantage of an act of God. You have leave, therefore, to unload your ship, if that be necessary to stop the leak; you may re-rig her here, and traffic so far besides, as shall be needful to pay the charges; and, when repaired, you may then depart. I will give you a pass to be in force till you are beyond Bermuda. If, after *that*, you are taken, you will *then* be a lawful prize; whereas, *now*, as you are only a stranger, you have a stranger's right to shelter, and protection.'

"Here was truly generous, because truly Christian, bravery. The brig 'Elizabeth' departed, accordingly, and arrived without further mischance (if this may be called one) in London.

"Reader, whoever thou art, whenever an opportunity occurs; (FOR ALL LIFE'S WRECKS ARE NOT ON THE OCEAN) remember the good Governor of the Spanish main, and 'GO THOU AND DO LIKEWISE!'"

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But, on reaching the house, the conventionalities of May Fair, and Belgravia, were really scandalized! at Lady Clairville's *more* than eccentricity—her perfect impropriety, in not putting her servants into Sir Fulke's livery; and they almost wondered that so *very* respectable a looking man as Horton (her butler) should live with a person who did such extraordinary things, while the subject of these animadversions, little dreaming of them, and caring still less

for the opinions of those who uttered them, was so heterodox, as to think that her nominal husband, having for so many years of the existence he had rendered so utterly wretched and hopeless, deprived her of the means of keeping even a *femme-de-chambre*, she might fairly dispense with his livery, and adopt that of her father, though, like herself, it was "rather peculiar," as it consisted of a cinnamon-coloured coat, silver buttons, stripes of black velvet, and silver lace at the collar; black velvet waistcoat, trimmed with silver lace; black velvet breeches, and black silk stockings, with silver garters; the light-coloured coat, and the powdered hair, rendering it anything but sombre-looking, notwithstanding the predominance of black. Those who knew the manner in which Mr. Thornberry had announced to Lady Clairville her unexpected piece of good fortune, were less surprised, on driving up to the house, to see the profusion of magnificent double carnations that met the eye, and perfumed the air, in all directions, for, in truth, the great Condé never cultivated this, his favourite flower, with more assiduity, and success, at Chantilly, than Beatrice Clairville did hers at Maresco.

CHAPTER VI.

IN WHICH SOLOMON SHOWS HIS WISDOM, AND PAUL "FOOLISHNESS," THOUGH NOT TO THE GREEKS.

IT was a lovely day, warm, with dry, sunny warmth, with yet a light, crisp breeze playing and running, as it were, along the glade, and turning up the varnished sheen of the grass, as it rushed nimbly through it, and dancing on the waves, with the sunbeams for its partner, and kissing the waters into dimples as it went, when, from a turn in the road leading to Beechcroft, at about 4 p.m., might have been seen Walter Selden, mounted on Solomon, and Robert Bumpus leading him by the rein, with Tatters following ; but Solomon, ignobly trapped in a side-saddle, for he was Miss Eva's pony, and there was no other saddle that fitted him ; but, as Mr. Bumpus sententiously observed, as he helped Walter to mount, "when you don't exactly like things, the only way to be revenged on them is, by making the best

use you can of them," and he forthwith, proceeded to tie the monster kite to one tree of the saddle, and to pass the handle of a basket, containing the *débris* of "The Lady Mary's quince manchet," a bottle of milk, and a cup, over the other, observing, as he did so, with a wink at Walter—

"There, Master Walter, whenever I meet with any person, or any thing, that's stuck up, I make a point of taking the conceit out of them; so, though this calls itself a lady's saddle, you see I've turned it into a parcel's delivery."

"Oh, how beautiful!" exclaimed Walter, when they reached the foot of the hill, down which Bob had been leading Solomon, as the sea, for the first time, in all its boundless magnificence, burst upon his view, studded with many a gallant vessel, their white sails spread, and each one majestically

"Walking the waters, like a thing of life."

What enhanced the beauty, and the wonder, of the panorama now before him was, that the hill they had descended was so thickly enclosed with leafy green hedges on either side, that it was impossible to catch a vista of anything beyond them; and this affluence of foliage and landscape on the one side, and the bold outline of coast, and dashing sea, on the other it was, that invested Beechcroft with its peculiar, and matchless, scenic attractions.

"Beautiful, indeed, Master Walter," responded his companion, "old Neptune's sea-horse! against the world, for winning the time stakes."

As he spoke, they perceived coming up from the beach an old man, miserably thin, and much bent, with a bundle of sea-weed, and other rubbish, in his hands. His dress was

peculiar, his coat consisting of an old dark-brown camlet, nearly threadbare, and shining with age, and though made very long, down to his ancles, like a dressing-gown, it scarcely concealed his stockings, which had been originally of thick, grey, ribbed, pepper-and-salt worsted, but were now, so patched with square, round, and oblong pieces of cloth, linen, and coloured-printed cottons, as to form one of the most curious Mosaics ever seen; while his shoes were bound over his feet with pieces of twine; otherwise, he might have left what remained of their soles in the road after him. On his head, instead of hat or cap, he wore what, at a distance, appeared a Greek cap, but what was, in reality, the half of a calabash, which Tom Carew had given him on his return from one of his West Indian voyages, and which the old man had utilized in this unusual manner, for he was, in fact, no other than Paul Windsor, the Field-Fleury miser, old Mrs. Fowkes's next-door neighbour, about whom, Mr. Warren Hastings De Musty, had made such anxious inquiries of Terps Quirker, at the Paddington station. He *had been* a remarkably handsome, and peculiarly aristocratic-looking man, for he *was* a gentleman by birth, but his miserable ruling vice, had eaten, like rust, into all of gentle blood that he had, had, originally in his nature and appearance, and left nothing, but that keen, sharp, cunning look, which is the joint impress, of avarice and famine.

Still, despite his sordid rags, and his premature look of age, (for he was but 62, and looked nearly 80) there *was* a patrician outline about the old man; and in the vague of twilight, or the darkness of a coming storm, when he was so often to be seen on that wild sea-shore, bending down, looking for any waifs the waves might have cast on it,—his thin, long, white, hair, floating like a signal of

distress, in the wind, he might have been mistaken for one of those fabled Athenian kings, hunted from exile, to exile, by the inexorable Fates.

"Oh! poor old man!" cried Walter, as he saw this miserable, self-created Midas, toiling towards them, with his heavy bundle of sea-weed, which was intended, with any stray sticks he could pick up, to be dried for fuel.

"Oh! poor old man! I'll get off, and let him ride home on the pony? may I! and I'll give him one of my half-crowns."

"Heaven bless you! and always keep your heart, and hand, open; but you'll do *neither*, Master Walter; for that's Paul Windsor; he's as rich as a Jew, but the greatest old miser that ever lived."

"Oh! but he's so old, and looks *so* hungry, poor man!" urged Walter, with the half-crown already in his hand.

"Serve him right! he might live like an alderman, if he liked; and have enough left, to feed a whole army of cormorants after."

"Ugh! ugh! ugh!" coughed the subject of this observation, coming up just as it had been made.

"Why, I scarcely knew you, Bob Bumpus! you are so splendid! I heard you had come into a fortune. Ah! every one gets money but me."

"I don't know about coming into a fortune; but I spend what I have," rejoined Bob, with great dignity, and marked severity, as if at all events, *he did* "eat mutton cold," and, as a natural sequence, knew how "to cut blocks with a razor."

"Bad, bad," muttered the old man, "as I am, always telling that extravagant hussy, Dorothy, 'wanton waste, makes woful want!'"

"Ah! no doubt; but how is poor Miss Dorothy?" For

being the penniless sister of such a brother, and therefore dependant upon him for her daily privations, Robert Bumpus pitied the poor old woman, from the very depths of his honest soul, and many a time had he laid his mother's larder under contribution, to save her from actual famine.

"Poor Miss Dorothy, indeed! She ought to be rich Miss Dorothy! to see all the expense she has put me to, this summer. She fancied herself ill! (women are always full of crotchets and vapours) and so must needs consult Dr. Arnold up at the Dispensary, and what does he do? instead of giving her plenty of physic, which is the proper thing for people who are ill, or who fancy themselves so; but order her a generous diet! generous diet, indeed! but where was the generosity to come from, but out of *my* pocket? Ah! it's hard living now-a-days, Robert Bumpus; and everything so dear! and Dr. Arnold and his 'generous diet!' have well nigh ruined me, in sheep's heads, and small beer, for Dorothy; and, like all pampered people, better fed than taught, she grew so dainty, that she actually found fault with the beer at last, and said it was sour!"

"The luxurious jade!" exclaimed Bob, with an irony that was quite lost upon the gold-clogged faculties of Paul Windsor. "The luxurious jade! find fault with sheep's-heads, and small beer! then, if I were you, Mr. Windsor, for the future, I'd *only* let her have stale sprats, and rain-water."

"Ah! my dear friend," said the old man, evidently charmed with, and clutching at the suggestion, as he seized hold of one of Mr. Bumpus's buttons, in an unusual fit of expansion and demonstrativeness, "Ah, my dear friend! the rain-water is all very well; but they make one pay

even for stale sprats; and then, she'd ruin me still more, by getting Scratch into the plot, for you know how insatiable a cat's appetite is for fish. It's all very well for the *rich*, Robert Bumpus, to change, and choose, their food; but it's hard living for poor men like me, even without any food at all."

"Very hard indeed, I should think," said Bob: "for, thank goodness, I never exactly tried that sort of diet."

Walter, who had steadily, and compassionately, kept his eyes fixed upon Paul Windsor's hollow, furrowed cheeks, and keen, dark, sunken eyes, the whole time he was speaking, and who, notwithstanding the account of his wealth, only *saw* famine graven in gaunt characters in every feature, opened the basket, containing the cake and the milk, and handing it to the old man, after cutting off a huge piece, said—

"Do sir, pray take a piece of my cake? I never ate so nice a one, or any cake like it, before."

The temptation was too strong to be resisted; and, before he even could thank the child for his offer, Paul Windsor had transferred the bundle of sea-weed to under his arm; and, darting out his skinny, talon-like hand, snatched the wedge of cake off the point of the knife, as a macaw would seize a cherry, and began devouring it in such large mouthfuls, and swallowing them so eagerly, that Robert Bumpus, really fearing he would choke himself, laid his hand gently, on the old man's wrist, and said—

"So ho! Mr. Windsor, softly! you should never *bolt* your food, particularly when you are in the habit of making all within *fast*, in a very different sort of manner."

Walter also, thinking he would choke, poured him out a cup of milk, which he eagerly seized, and drained at a draught, drawing a long breath of satisfaction after it, as

if he had actually quaffed a cup from the rejuvenating fountain, and at length found his speech to say—

"I thank you, my dear, a right worthy young gentleman, upon my word ; who is he, Robert Bumpus ?"

A new pupil of my brother's, Master Walter Selden."

"Indeed, Selden, Selden, I shall remember the name, Walter Selden, I think you said ? Excellent cake, but how rich, too rich ; must have cost a perfect National Debt, of sweetmeats, and liqueurs, to make. You should not eat such rich things, young gentleman ; they are ruinous alike to property and digestion."

"On the contrary," laughed Bob, "as you have just proved, Mr. Windsor, of all good things, however rich, you may, without detriment, eat any *given* quantity, and that cake was also given to Master Walter by Mrs. Basket, up at the manor ; but we are going on to Maresco, and I was to have been there at four, and it is now five minutes past ; so good day, Mr. Windsor ; commend me to Miss Dorothy, but not a word about the stale sprats and rain-water, if you please ; because, in case of cholera, and a coroner's inquest, I might get implicated you know."

"Sprats !—no, no, not sprats, too dear," muttered the old man. "Anderson, the gardener, up at the manor, often gives me a basket of rooks, much lighter, and better food, if she's ill. Good bye, good bye, young gentleman, I thank you, your cake was excellent ; but too rich—too rich."

And again, taking his bundle of sea-weed in both hands, he toddled on.

"Basket of rooks, indeed," repeated Bob. "You old skin-flint, I don't wonder at poor Dorothy so often having a crow to pluck with you, at that rate."

But, he had scarcely uttered the words, before Old Paul

Windsor came shuffling back, somewhat out of breath; and again putting his bundle of sea-weed under his arm, and laying his skinny hand upon one of Solomon's fat dappled flanks, he said, with an attempt at a bland smile, that looked liked a ghastly grave-light flitting amid the ruins, and wrinkles, of his withered face, as he looked up into Walter's,

"I beg your pardon, young gentleman—Master Selden, I mean, for I won't forget your name; but you seem so kind, and—and—as I said before, such rich things are very bad, very indigestible. But you heard me telling Robert Bumpus that my sister was ill, and all the expense she had been to me; and sick people have fancies, and like dainty things, as I know, to my cost. Since that ignorant quack, Dr. Arnold, stuffed her head with 'generous diet,' and such costly crotchets, full three and sixpence has it cost me for sheeps' heads since Midsummer—three and sixpence! but I thought she might fancy a bit of that fine cake of yours, if you would kindly give me a slice for her?"

"Oh! she shall have it all—at least, all that is left," said Walter, with great alacrity, pulling it out of the basket by the four corners of the paper. But, as it was wrapped up in two sheets of confectioner's large white papers, one of them fell to the ground in taking it out, and blew away, or rather would have done so, had not the old man clutched it, as an additional prize; and then, after thanking Walter, and actually hugging the cake in his delight, he was again taking his departure, when Walter, looking for the first time timidly at Robert Bumpus, as if half afraid he should offend by disobeying him, said to old Windsor, offering him half-a-crown—

"Do, sir, if you please, give this to your sister, too, to get more cakes when that is gone."

But the old man drew back, as if suddenly stung into some long dormant propriety of feeling, and something like the phantom of a blush passed over his parchment-cheeks, as he raised the calabash from his head; and, bowing to the boy with a stately air, said—

"I thank you, Master Selden; but—but—I was born a gentleman, and gentlemen—*can't*—take money."

But this effort of self-conquest—this sacrifice of the ruling passion, to pedigree, was too much for him—especially as the silver snare still shone before him; and he immediately added, in a gasping, tremulous voice, stretching out his hand for it, and almost snatching it out of Walter's, "But, you said it was for my sister! I have no right to refuse for her—and—and—women are different; *they*——are not gentlemen!"

With this piece of indisputable logic, he transferred the half-crown to his pocket; and, without again thanking Walter, made him a solemn and stately bow, and moved on as if he thought, like many greater, and reputably wiser personages, to conceal, by the haughtiness of his bearing, the miry meanness of his conduct.

"You are a scene in a play—you are," said Bob, folding his arms, and looking after him—"but if poor Dorothy Windsor never suffers from indigestion till she eats the smallest crumb of that cake, or never feels the want of money till she gets that half-crown, why she's lucky, as her policy of insurance was paid on both. For I'll bet a sweeps-stake to a sandwich that *she never sees either*. Oh! Master Walter! Master Walter!" added he, shaking his head very gravely—"you should not have done it;" and, in order to emphasize the "*not*," he brought his clenched hand down with such startling energy on the plumpest portion of Solomon's back, that that usually

steady and sedate animal kicked up, and flung out, accompanying the unseemly movements, with a perfect "*Brindisi*" of neighing, such as he never before indulged in, since he had occupied his serious stall in the Manor stables.

"So, ho! steady there!—that's the way with all your saints,—only give them an opportunity, and they are sure to kick up their heels. I wish Madam Mornington could see you,—and I think you'd be set to do penance at wet prayers in a horse-pond for the next week. Very well—very well, indeed, Master Walter; you held on like a trump. There are many things in this world, that nobody can *stand;* but once on horseback, remember always that you *must* sit it, let what will happen. Horse and rider, like man and wife, should be always one; for, when they are not, the *beast,* in both cases, is sure to have the best of it.—He! he!—and no mistake. But I was going to say—that is, to prove to you, Master Walter—how very wrong you were to encourage vice, by giving money to that old miser, when Soloman began his ATAT POLKA. For how should you feel, now, if you were to meet some really poor starving man, woman, or child, who having no thousands hoarded up, could not choose, *but* starve? To poor old Nahemiah Twigg, yesterday, it was all very well—for he is poor; and, if the poor are not actually starving, still, all comforts are beyond the reach of their hard cold hands, poor souls! but, to go and waste money on a mean, miserable, wicked, rich miser,—oh! for shame, Master Walter. I'm sure your ancestor, the great John, would be very angry if he knew it,—and I, for one, could not blame him."

"Oh! but I have two more half-crowns left," replied Walter, thinking, with the financial fallacies of childhood,

that as long as anything was left *in* the exchequer, it was of little import how much had gone *out* of it.

"That don't mend the matter," said Bob, quickly; "crowns, even as daily experience shows us, won't last for ever—much less half-crowns. Now, instead of giving him money forsoooth, I should like to subject Master Paul Windsor to the same discipline, that King John prescribed for Big Ben of Bristol, with this improvement on it:—That old Paul should sit on his own money-bags, to undergo the operation."

"What was that?" asked Walter.

"Why, King John—so the story goes,—wanted seven thousand marks, from one Benjamin, a rich Jew of Bristol; but he said he would rather part with his life, than his money. And so King John, very properly, in my opinion, ordered him to have all his teeth drawn, one after the other, till he paid the money. But the Jew stood out till it came to his seventh tooth, when he gave in, and preferred even parting with his *monish*, to losing all his grinders. Now, I should just like to serve Paul Windsor in the same way, till he consented to spending enough upon himself to keep body and soul together. I would not ask him to spend a farthing on anybody else, because *that*, would be enough to make him sign his death-warrant at once."

"But, poor old man, that would be very cruel," said Walter.

"Not half so cruel as his starving his sister and himself. You have read about Lazarus and Dives, Master Walter, in the Bible. Well, depend upon it, misers are the worst sort of Dives, for they don't even spend their money on *themselves;* if they did, it would do good in spite of them; but, if one half the world were misers, the other

half, would be one great Lazar house. And it is not only with their money that misers are mean; but they are hard, narrow, wicked, and miserable in *every way.* However it is not all I can say, that will change them, that's certain; so now I may as well lead Solomon down upon the sands, till we get opposite Maresco, when we can get up upon the causeway again.

"So this is the sea; how beautiful it is! and how I should like to be in one of those ships sailing on it!" said Walter.

"Well, I'd rather *you,* than me, Master Walter. If I must ship it, I should prefer the back of a camel, as that comes nearer to a horse, and it is called the ship of the desert. But, as for those sort of ships out yonder, I must say, as the old maids do, about children, that I like them in their place, that is, out at sea, while I am safe on shore. But there's an old chum of mine, one Tom Carew, who comes down into this part of the world sometimes, and he's the one to put you afloat in first-rate style! whether in ship or boat, and I'll take care that it's entered in his log, that you *do* have a sail sometimes."

"Oh, thank you, thank you, but I should not like to go, unless you went, too."

"Thank you all the same, Master Walter, but my vocation is getting *over the ground;* and though there's a vast deal of *talk* just now of "*the best way of doing common things,*" that's not *my* way of being half seas over."

"Isn't it?" said Walter, innocently.

"No it isn't, Master Walter; for neither the water, nor the salt, agrees with my complaint. But we must push on, for it's ten minutes past four, and I would not, for the best bit of blood that ever won the Derby, keep Lady Clairville waiting; for she is a *real* lady, and keeps an

appointment as punctually with the poorest person in the land as if it were the queen."

This well-bred punctuality, and consideration for the feelings, and for the *time*, of her poorer fellow-creatures, it was, that made Beatrice Clairville venerated by them, in proportion as her good deeds, and anticipatory benevolence, made her beloved; but *she* knew that to the poor, *Time is bread*, and that even to the rich, it is a convenience—while TO ALL, IT IS MORE OR LESS FATE; for she had studied her book of life in that dearest, and most severe of all schools, (but where only true knowledge of ourselves and of others can be acquired)—THE SCHOOL OF ADVERSITY!—

For therein we have

> "———the detail of blank intervals,
> The patient suffering, where no action is,
> That proves our nature. Many are—who *act*,
> But oh! how few *endure!*"

Because the stagnation of misery is so much more oppressive, than its dashing, bounding torrent! But *she* had gone through both ordeals, and had battled bravely, and endured nobly! The first, is only heroic; the latter, is sublime! for verily, endurance is the eternal adamant, out of which, the ladder for our soul's progression is made, and down which the angels of God descend—to ascend with us back to Heaven.

Yet, oh! adversity it is, that causes us from the innermost depths of our travailing spirits, to utter the supplication of—"Let me fall into the hands of the living God, rather than into those of men." For the scourging of men drags us through the mire, and ruffles, and sullies, our

our spirit's wings, while the chastisements of God,, however severe, are yet tempered with mercy, and lift us out of the slough of earth, nearer to HIM; and we at length *feel* that this very breaking down, one after another, of every stronghold in which we have garnered our hopes and our affections, *is only* to let in that ETERNAL LIGHT, which will *never* set or fail us. "Even in this world," says an eloquent modern divine, "where there is *much* of God, how sweet is the Christian's sense of His presence and love—and we are told, that '*whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth!*'—what then, will it be, in that world where it is *all* of God? if even the foretaste is blessed, what must be the *fruition*? If the rays of the Divine glory are gladdening—what must be the full blaze of that Sun itself!"

"Rejoice, then, ye that mourn, and are heavy laden;" for HE who imposed the burden, notes every gall it makes; and are not the severest wounds, inflicted by His hand, far better, than the earthy exemption from trial and from care, ever accompanied as it is, by the withering sentence of "Ephraim is joined to idols: let him alone."

"Here we are at Maresco," said Bob, leading Solomon up upon the causeway; "and I've no doubt, Master Walter, her ladyship will let you see all her little people, and they are *worth* seeing, I assure you. At all events, I know you may walk about the grounds:—as for you, Tatters, my man, you must remain in the lodge, with Peggy Sykes, because your style of gardening is objected to, not by Lady Clairville, for she has more sense, and knows that dog-roses are pretty innocent things; but Frazer, the gardener, is a Scotchman, and my belief is, that if he could bottle and cork up the air, and keep the manure under lock and key, he would; but as he can't,

his scraping, and his grumbling, centre in one point—the fuss he makes "about her ladyship's *care*-nations."

Having helped Walter to dismount, consigned Tatters (much against his will) to the care of Mrs. Sykes, tied Solomon's bridle to the gate, and told him to "*stay quiet and mannerly there,*" till they returned,—Robert Bumpus, and his little companion, entered the beautiful grounds of Maresco.

CHAPTER VII.

Lady Clairbille at Home.

"WHAT a pretty place!" exclaimed Walter, looking admiringly round at the paradise of flowers, and foliage, he was in; for never having seen more of the *placida campagna*, than the smoke-steeped, *soi-disant* green lanes of Pencridge, he was naturally surprised and delighted, with the more than capability brown, beauties of Maresco.

"Ah! it *is* a pretty place, indeed, Master Walter; and no wonder, for 'handsome is, that handsome does;' and like the owner, I don't believe, whether it's fruit, flower, or leaf, there's a thing about the place, but what does good, or gives pleasure to some one."

"Oh! oh! but *do* look at those beds of pinks!" cried Walter, in a perfect ecstacy, as they approached the house.

"Ay, ay! those are '*her ledyship's care*-nations,' that Fraser makes such a fuss about."

"How I *should* like one; I never saw such large ones! or such beautiful colours before."

"Well, I'm very sorry, Master Walter, but what the apple was in the garden of Eden, the carnations are at Maresco; they are fordidden; so you cannot have one."

"Oh! yes, you may though," said a beautiful little girl of about eight years old, in a white cambric sun-bonnet, and a purple gauze butterfly-net in her hand, running round a turning of the lawn, and quite out of breath from the pantings of the chase; as she suddenly stopped opposite Walter, and, stooping down,—gathered after a most St. Bartholomew fashion,—a handful of the incarnadined flowers, and presented them to him, adding: "For I may gather as many as I like; and so, I'll give them to you."

"Oh! thank you," said Walter, but looking with much more admiration at the donor, than at the flowers; for though one way or another, he had seen plenty of little girls, yet, like the vegetation about Staffordshire, their common clay, had been more or less tarnished by the murky atmosphere of the potteries.

"I'm sure the young lady is very kind, Master Walter," put in Mr. Bumpus; not only taking off his hat to the little girl, but keeping it off, as he rang the door-bell.

"Is your name Walter?" she asked, looking as fixedly into his face as if she had been going to take his likeness.

"Yes."

"Walter what?"

"Selden," replied he, in a low voice, blushing up to his temples, and not having the courage to ask what *her* name was; though he would have given *even* the bunch of much coveted carnations to know it; for it is an indisputable fact, let physiologists explain it as they can, that in early life, all the courage, and all the forwardness, are on the part of the girls; all the fear, diffidence, and *mauvaise hônte*, on that of the boys. For our parts, we are inclined to think, that the solution may be found in masculine vanity, which shrinks from adventuring itself upon any unknown

or debateable ground, where it is not *sure* of precedence, from ignoring how to take the initiative. While innocence, being proverbially without guile, and consequently without its shadow, *fear* may equally account for juvenile feminine forwardness. Be this as it may, and Walter, not daring to ask *her* name in return, looked down at the flowers she had given him, and then furtively over them at her. And in this, at least to *him*, embarrassing interregnum, for *she* was still calmly and intently continuing her scrutiny of his features, Horton answered the door.

"Bless my soul! Robert Bumpus!" said he, evidently taken aback, by the unwonted splendours of Bob's appearance, "I'm *very* glad to see you looking so well." For like Mr. Langston, he was too innately well-bred to say, "I'm glad to see you looking so *respectable*," which was the formula of his thought.

"Thank you, Mr. Horton, I *am*, thank Heaven, *very* well; never was better in my life. Can her Ladyship see me, do you know?"

"Oh, yes; she expects you; and ordered that you were to be shown into the library."

"But *you'll* come with me! won't you, Walter?" said the little girl, securing Walter's hand, and dragging him away from the door with a *douce violence*; the only resistance he made to which, being an uncertain look, half "May I?" and half, "*Do* let me?" at Bob.

"Lady Gemma! young ladies shouldn't make so free," said Horton, with a telegraphic look of remonstrance, and then turning to Robert Bumpus, in as great a state of conventional alarm, as Lady Fitz Doodle herself could have been, had Noodie been about to commit THE great Anglo-Saxon sin, of *speaking to some one he did not know!!!* he said, "whose little boy *is* that?"

"He's a young GENTLEMAN!" responded Mr. Bumpus, with much dignity, and not a little pique.

"Yes, yes, one can see *that,*" resumed Horton, sorry to have hurt Bob's feelings, and really admiring Walter. "I only meant what was his name? for you know, Robert Bumpus, it's *my* trade to ask people's names, or else I should not know how to announce them."

"All right, Mr. Horton, his name is a good one—Master Selden."

"Do the young gentleman's parents live in this part of the world?" re-probed the thoroughly respectable Horton, not liking the responsibility of being accessory to the daughter of "*the Earl and Countess of Portarjis,*" down on a visit to *his* Lady, making promiscuous acquaintances with buttons and blouses.

"No, he is at school, at my brother's; but not as a day-scholar, but as a boarder."

Horton was considerably mystified, not knowing how to reconcile going to school at Moses Bumpus's, with *his* ideas of "*gentility,*" and above all, with the boy's own appearance, which had, in every look and gesture, the unmistakeable impress of the patrician Hall-mark; but Horton had stood behind the chairs of too many Cabinet Ministers in his time, not to have at least sufficient diplomacy to conceal his thoughts, and carry out his own designs, by appearing to be solicitous for the welfare of others; so all he said was,—

"Lady Gemma, my dear; now you won't take the young gentleman *too* far; because your ladyship must remember, that he has come some distance, and has to return, and I'm sure you would not like to tire him."

"Oh! but I want him to come and see my owls—the old owl is so funny, and has such big, golden eyes; and

there are six little owls, and they are so ugly, and so innocent!"

"And though those are virtues that *ought* always to go together, yet, somehow or other, they don't either," said Mr. Bumpus, turning up his eyes with a degree of solemnity that would have been considered extremely edifying at the "ATAT."

While Mr. Bumpus, in what on the theatrical stage is called "an aside," was enunciating this axiom, Lady Gemma De Vere, without committing herself in any way by re-replying to Horton's considerate suggestions, dragged Walter away with her; and he, nothing loth, thought it better not to compromise his obedience, by any more ocular appeals to Bob.

"That's the age!" said Horton, resting his hands on his hips, with the palms turned out, as his fair, florid, intensely good-humoured face, gazed admiringly after the two children racing across the lawn.

"Ah!" responded Mr. Bumpus, "No jockeying! no levanting, *then;* at that age, youth walks over the course, and Nature goes in, and wins; there are no odds, whether it's Molly Maybush, or the White Turk, the race is neck and neck, *then.*"

"The White Turk," repeated Horton, politely adapting his conversation to Bob's ruling passion. "Is he entered to run this year? I don't remember seeing any such name down in 'The Field,' or 'Bell's Life,' and I take them regularly, too; for even if one *is* out of the world, one likes to know what's going on, *in it.*"

"No, poor fellow, *his* race was run long ago; but you may see his picture in the audit-room, at Mornington Manor, (in the old Squire's time it used to be in the dining-room). WHITE TURK was the cleverest horse of *his* day, and belonged to one PLACE, stud-master to Oliver

Cromwell. I've always thought it a redeeming point in old Noll's character, that he didn't carry his hypocrisy *quite* so far as to put down horse-racing, and suppress the stable with the Prebend's stalls. But, then, to be sure, racing brings money, and catch the saints giving *that* the cold shoulder, for let the *name* of the sect be what it will, you mark, if psalm-singing, and purse-filling, don't always go together."

"Or, as I used to say, in *my* line, when I lived with Bishop Basen, the yellow-sealed George the Fourth port, and the double X, for Exeter Hall," laughed Horton.

"Of course," rejoined Mr. Bumpus, with a wink, for which there did not appear to be any absolute necessity, seeing that there was no third person present, either to mystify, or whose animadversions were to be deprecated, "Of course, for beyond strong waters, or at weakest, Seltzer and soda water, well brandied, I fancy the saints consider all water, at least at meals, as 'the waters of Babylon,' by which they have sat down to weep. But time's up, and I was due at Maresco at 4 p.m. precisely, and now it's 4.15., and I am afraid I may be keeping her ladyship waiting, so just be so kind as to let her know I'm here, will you ?"

"That I'll do," said Horton, proceeding with his usual portly pace down a passage that led to the library, which, for its more sacred privacy, was the room wherein Lady Clairville generally saw all persons who came about any business of her own, or connected with the school. We have already described this room, though not in detail, for it was about forty feet long, and not wide in proportion, which gave it the appearance of a gallery, more especially as the ceiling was in thick cross-beamed rafters, covered with a Mosaic of light-coloured leather, purple

vermilion, white, gold, brown, and straw-colour, with armorial bearings in *bas-reliefs*, picked out, in their proper heraldic colours, between the interstices of the crossed beams.

This variegated heraldic ceiling, considerably lightened and softened, the otherwise sombre and somewhat severe tone of the room, as did the binding and arrangement of the books, which were bound alternately in red Russia and gold, like the arras of the walls, and chairs, (which was also of real Russia, and besides preserving the books, diffused a most delicious odour), while the other half of the books, were bound in white vellum and gold ; and as three volumes of the Russia, and three of the white, were placed alternately throughout the semi-circular turretted book-cases, the effect produced was a very harmonious and agreeable one to the eye, and also imparted an air of additional comfort, to this pre-eminently comfortable room.

The carpet, which was a very thick Axminster, was of a brown clay-coloured ground, with small white stars upon it, and a border consisting of a white ground, upon which, in brown, were cavalcades from the "Canterbury Tales," for it had been made after a design of Lady Clairville's own. Besides the large, carved-oak, library-table, and one or two exquisite Davenports, that had "erst of old," been some sleek abbot's stalls, were one, or two, very large round tables, covered with brown velvet, made to fit them tightly, and falling all round, like the housings of a horse, trimmed with deep silver fringe. On these tables lay a profusion of beautifully bound books and portfolios, in all the gorgeous perfection of typographical, and pictorial luxury, that modern art has arrived at ; and in the centre of these tables stood a large bronze lamp, the subject of

one being Don Quixote in his study. Before him was a table, covered with dilapidated-looking *tomes*, and a broken helmet, which served as a real inkstand, while the two sconces on his table, had jets of naphtha, which, when lit, served at once for lamps and to throw a more haggard expression into the Knight's countenance. As a work of art, this lamp was a *chef-d'œuvre*. Its *pendant*, on the other table, was Sancho Panza, equally happily treated, but with a nearly emptied wine-skin on the table before him, that must have given the true *Boracha* flavour to the *vino puro* within, while his head was dropping upon his ample bosom, as if in the very act of invoking his celebrated benediction on the man who first invented sleep.

Two gems, in marble, she also possessed, the one was Gondolfi's group, that exquisite Christian Cupid and Psyche—the meeting of Jacob and Rachael; the other, an equal *chef-d'œuvre* by Greenough—a child playing on a bank of flowers, and looking intently at a butterfly that had lighted on the back of its little dimpled hand. About, in all directions, were to be seen those large hat-shaped alabaster Florentine baskets, filled with flowers, more especially with her favourite carnations, and also silver water-lilies, filled with tufts of violets, which Fraser piqued himself upon producing all the year round. The mantel-pieces were high, and of carved oak, to be in keeping with the rest of the room, as the grates were made for burning wood; but *here* ended, all attempts at antidated furniture, for Lady Clairville had too correct, and critical a taste, to bestow upon a *modern* cottage *ornée* anything beyond the appropriate appendages of chintz, eider-down, and *modern* comfort. But her *own snuggery*, as she called it, she had a right to do what she pleased

with, and she certainly pleased with what she had done with it, as all the rose-water pilgrims from Belgravia, and beyond the Parks exclaimed, on entering it—"Ah! che piccolo Paradiso!"

Lady Clairville was writing, in fact finishing, her daily *bulletin* to Lady Portarjis, of Gemma's improved health, when Horton opened the door, and coming up to the Davenport at which she was seated, said—

"Robert Bumpus, my lady; but of course if it's not convenient to your ladyship to see him now, he'll wait."

"Oh, no, he can come in, unless he'd like to go and have something to eat first?"

"He don't look as if he wanted either food, or clothes, now. I never saw such a change in a man for the better in my life. I'm sure your ladyship will be quite surprised, too, when you see him," smiled Horton.

"Indeed, I'm very glad to hear it; tell him to come in," and Horton withdrew.

"Robert Bumpus, my lady," said Horton, throwing open the door.

"How d'ye do, Bumpus? I'll speak to you in one minute," said Lady Clairville, finishing the direction, and then sealing her letter. Having done which, she added, "Now I'm at your service."

"I'm very glad to see your ladyship looking so well. You never can be better, than everybody wishes you," bowed Bob over his resplendent new hat, which he held with both hands, in, towards his chest.

"Well, I'm sure I may return the compliment, Bumpus, for you are looking most exceedingly well. Mr. Langston told me how improved you were, in every way, and also, that you were married. So that I hope you have permanently turned over a new leaf?"

"Your ladyship is very good. I'll do my best to be like the Norman horses, of which it is said, that there are none very good; only that some are less bad than others; and I'll go in for the comparative degree, your ladyship."

"Well," smiled Lady Clairville, leaning back in her chair, "that is quite as much as any of us can do; for all earthly goodness is merely comparative."

"Except your ladyship's, which is both positive, and superlative," said Bob, performing the work of supererogation of smoothing the crown of his hat with his elbow.

"I'm afraid, Bumpus," rejoined the object of this compliment with a laugh, "that all your good fortune has come at once, that you have been promised a place at Court, and that you have been practising for the part."

"No, no," responded Mr. Bumpus, gravely shaking his head, "for at that rate, I should not have said what I did; as I never heard *that* truth was the fashion at any Court."

"But what about yourself, Bumpus? as you wanted to see me, I suppose it was on business; what can I do for you?"

"A world of good, if your ladyship will."

"Can, and will, are always synonymous with me, if the matter be to serve, or to oblige; provided only the 'can' is feasible."

"Ah! I know your ladyship's goodness, so does every one, who ever heard your name; "but I fear," continued Bob, looking round wistfully towards the door, as if for council or for help, "but I fear there are two impediments, against your granting my request."

"What are they, Bumpus? Luckily, impediments are not always insurmountable; or few of us would ever

advance more than twenty yards, beyond the point at which we entered the world."

"True, very true, your ladyship ; and the best hunter in the world might take to slippers and bootikins, if there were no five-barred gates, or sunk fences. But laws are different, especially if they are of the Mede and Persian kind, which your ladyship's, being all good and just in the first instance, I know are ; and I'm quite aware, that you never have more than four-and-twenty girls at one time, and that they are never entered, I mean that you never take them before seven. Now, at this time, you have no vacancy, and the child I wished to make bold to interest your ladyship about, is only five and-a-half, at least she'll be rising six next grass."

"With regard to having no vacancy, I shall have one in four months ; I shall have six indeed, only five are already refilled with names long down ; but these four months, should not prevent my taking the child ; the age would be a greater obstacle, for such very young children, require more time and individual care, than I could conscientiously give it ; though ONE would be an exception, and not a rule. But whose child is it ?"

"My wife's, your ladyship," said Bob, curtly and huskily.

"Oh ! indeed, so you've married a widow ?"

"No, your ladyship, I haven't, I've shy'd at widows all my life, I—I—." And Robert Bumpus stammered, blushed a deep claret colour, looked down into his hat, and then making a great effort to rally, added abruptly, but pronouncing every word with the distinctness of an irrevocable determination—"But whatever I have done or not done, I certainly did not come here to deceive your ladyship in any way, or conceal anything about Mabel ; for, after all, it's not the poor child's fault, nor for, that matter was it

her poor mother's. Ugh! the villain! if I only knew who and where he was, though he might be a king upon his throne, wouldn't I roll him in his native mire!" Clenching his hand convulsively, he glared fearfully, as he always did, when he discussed even in his own mind, the subject of Mary's wrongs.

"Don't, pray don't, distress yourself," said Lady Clairville, compassionately. "I don't want to pry into any of your secrets. It is enough for me to know that you wish this poor child placed out of harm's way, and trained into a worthy and a useful member of society; and I will willingly take her, and do my best to carry out your wishes."

"Heaven bless your ladyship! But you ought to know, and you shall know, for her poor mother's sake; for you are not one who thinks misfortune, and crime, are one, and the same thing, like Madam Mornington, and others of her kind, whose virtue is all stitched with the whalebones into their stays, and who seem to think the preservation of both, depends upon strait-lacing. But I'm afraid I shall be taking up too much of your ladyship's time, for it's a cold, dark story, of gentlemen's cast-off vices, such as are thrust from the back doors of great houses on stormy nights, a mask, and a mystery, to be enacted in two parts, (as they think) between their Creator, and their victim—for—"

"Pray," said Lady Clairville, interrupting him, not only from a strong impulse of compassion, for the conflicting and painful feelings, the deep and warring passions, this usually jovial, reckless being, was evidently labouring under, but also from a sort of vague fear, that she was perhaps about to be made the confidant of some fresh iniquity of Sir Fulke's; one of those deadly sins, and

colossal enormities, which "moral England," and its peculiarly moral fashionable society have agreed to homœopathize down into the venial appellative globule, of "a little affair," for which reason, whatever mountains of misery they may entail upon whole families, still, (thanks to our highly moral social code) remain "trifles light as air," to the perpetrator; and, so long as the game of verbal public humbug is but well kept up, private virtue and morality, are acknowledged *nem. con.* to be a mere farce; for to use the words of Solomon, "the same thing happeneth to him that sacrificeth, and to him that sacrificeth not."

One Edmund Burke, thought "private vice, paralyzed, and incapacitated man, for public virtue." We, wiser in our generation, seem to think, that private vice, and *utter* want of principle, seasons, and sinews men, for public HUMBUG.

"It's only your ladyship's time I fear encroaching upon," repeated Bob, abstractedly.

"My time is my own, for the next two hours, so it is at your service."

"I needn't tell your ladyship the vagabond life I've led for the last ten years. But everything is of use in this world, even the worst company, and the cruellest circumstances, or no doubt Providence would not suffer the scum to be ever uppermost, as it always is, with the dregs to bear the brunt for it; and *one* good *has* come to me out of much evil; for I may say, who knows the turf, knows the world; for there, as in that other great race-course, the world, of course, noble lords, and honourable gentlemen, are all fair and above board in what comes before the public; and, as for the doctoring and the jockeying, and all that goes on when the stable-doors are closed, *they* of

course know nothing about that, and can't help what their agents and subordinates may do, and we all know, that such is the disinterested zeal of all such agents and subordinates, in every department of life, that it is incalculable not only the ceaseless trouble they will take, but the boundless expense! they will put themselves to (whether they possess a rap in the world or not, to forward their employer's interests, or designs, even to sometimes doing things that will not quite bear daylight; and, when at length dragged into its full glare, the said employers, to prove their own non-complicity in such dirty work, and their high honour, and rigid sense of justice!! allow the said subordinates, or tools, to bear the full brunt of public obloquy, and pay the just penalty of their misdemeanours.

"As a vagabond, it was, that I saw and learnt all this; but seeing it in all its enormity it was, that *prevented* my being a rogue as well as a vagabond; I have often wanted a meal, but never did a fraudulent thing to obtain one—but, I certainly have, (but that was my besetting sin,)—but never unfairly, which I might have easily done, as on every race-course there were plenty of greater fools to be found than myself—and—and—if one was made an unwitting instrument in other people's crimes—why Providence is too just not to separate the wheat of the intention, from the chaff of the act." But here his voice grew so husky, that he was obliged to pause for a few seconds. "But I have no right to trouble your Ladyship with all this; and I come now,—to what it is only right you should know—about the child, that your goodness may not in any way be entrapped, or deceived into befriending her."

"That would be difficult," interrupted Lady Clairville; for misfortune and destitution, even in those who have,

entailed them upon themselves, through their own follies or vices,—are, or ought to be, undeniable claims upon every human heart, pretending to Christianity; but even if its parents had been ever so culpable, a poor child of five years old *could* have no moral right to disfranchise it even from the most narrow, and conventional, sympathy."

"I said it! I knew it!—I told Mary *you'd* think so!—Heaven bless your ladyship;" and Bob pressed his eyes tightly, to prevent the tears falling, which he could not repress, and yet was ashamed to shed. "Well, it is now going on six years, that I was coming up from Field-Fleury on foot, for the St. Leger had, had, my last copper, and I had no money for the rail; when, as I came to the Paddington canal, I heard (for the night was too foggy for me to see) a great splash in the water; the cry of a child—and a woman's voice, saying "Mercy on me!" It sounded to me as if some one had flung themselves in, from the opposite bank—my luggage is never inconvenient, as to quantity— so I threw down my bundle and stick, and jumped in; for, though in a general way I find it difficult to keep my head above water, I'm a pretty good swimmer—I struck out, as boldly as I could, in the direction that the noise of the splash and the cry had come from, and soon I felt one of my feet entangled in a woman's gown. I dived, and seized the body to which it belonged, and found she had an infant tightly pressed to her bosom. There was no cry, no sound, no struggle—my impression was that they were both dead—but I bore them to the bank from which I had jumped in, laid them on it, and scrambled up after them.

"While I was wringing the wet, out of the woman's clothes, a policeman came up. I told him what had

happened, but being a poor man, and a vagabond, of course, I was not to be believed, so we were all three, the woman, the child, and myself, taken to the nearest police-station, and locked up for the night; only they sent for a doctor, who used the proper means for reviving the woman and the child, and succeeded. The next morning, we were taken before the sitting magistrate, when I, for the first time, perceived that the woman I had got out of the canal was a young creature not more than twenty, and very pretty, not with a common beauty, but fair and delicate, as if altogether of a 'better class.' I was first interrogated, and the 'worthy magistrate,' no doubt prejudiced against me, by my not very prepossessing, or respectable appearance, thought fit to disbelieve every syllable of my 'round unvarnished tale', and said, 'Come now, tell the truth; have not you, and this unfortunate young woman, been living together in vice, and did you not seek, by an additional crime, to rid yourself of the incumbrance of her, and her child?'

"'I have told your worship the exact truth, and that truth is, as Heaven is my witness, I never saw that poor young creature's face before.'

"With an incredulous shake of his head, the magistrate then turned to examine the woman, who was sobbing so violently, she could scarcely speak, but she stammered out 'What that man says is quite true, he saved my life, and that of my poor child, but I never saw him before, nor he me.' The magistrate then insisted upon her giving some account of herself, upon which she said, sobbing as if her heart would break, (though indeed I believe it was already broken, poor soul) that she had been lady's maid in a nobleman's family, that her mistress's husband had done everything he could to seduce her, and not succeeding, had

one evening come into the room where she was at work, and where she had just poured out her tea, and told her her mistress had forgotten her opera-glass, and was waiting in the carriage for it. She ran to get it, and take it down to one of the servants to give her; when she returned, her master had left the room, and she drank the tea she had already poured out; but had scarcely done so, before she felt ill and very sleepy, and tottered to the sofa to lie down, and immediately fell into a deep sleep, from which she only awoke, to find that her inhuman villain of a master had accomplished his base designs. The poor, wretched, ruined girl said she could not bear to meet the eyes of her mistress, upon whom she doated; and she was the last person to whom she could disclose the cause of her affliction.

"Being an orphan, she had no parents to return to. Nevertheless, though her kind mistress offered to raise her wages, or do anything if she would remain, she neither would nor could. Having no place to go to, she supported herself by working at Madame Marabouts, the milliner's, in Grosvenor Street, till her hour of trial came, and then, as she said, she gulped all her indignation, all her woman's pride, and wrote to the monster who had effected her ruin, saying that though nothing would induce her to accept a sixpence from him, she hoped he would at least provide for his child better than she could do. To this the villain, who was too crafty to write such an answer, sent one of his infamous tools to her, to say that if she chose to live with him openly and *properly* as his mistress, he would furnish a house for her at Fulham, or any other suburb, she might prefer; and she might live like a princess, if she pleased; but that if not, she and her child might go to the workhouse, but not to presume to trouble him any more.

"This heartless brutality, as your ladyship may suppose, added to all the rest, quite maddened the poor soul, and the first time she was able to leave her bed, it was only to rush into the canal. But though Misery's brand of bitter truth was seared on her every look, and word, 'The Worthy Magistrate' affected not to believe her statement, when she, who is naturally and generally as gentle as a lamb, suddenly glared at him like a tigress springing from its lair, and said, "When you hear the cowardly monster's name, perhaps, you will believe it then. It is Lord ———.'

"'Stop! stop!' cried 'the worthy magistrate.' 'I forbid you to mention any nobleman's or gentleman's name; I cannot allow gentlemen's characters to be aspersed by creatures of your description.'

"This was too much. I could not restrain myself, and echoed this unfeeling fellow's words, saying—

"'Creatures of *her* description! if you mean a broken-hearted maniac, and suicide! Who made her such? But this nobleman! this gentleman! whose name must not be mentioned, whose vices must be screened and protected. Ah! this is the real plague-spot of England, the dry-rot, that is rapidly undermining her, and she'll find it out, when it is too late. I defy all the Pharisees, and Sadducees, whose hypocrisy provoked God when on earth, to find flaw, or blemish, in this poor victim; and, as for the life she would have flung away,—the crime be on *his* head, the nobleman's, the gentleman's; whose character is not to be tampered with by *creatures of her description!*'

"This was insolence! and for it I was sentenced to a month's unmilitary exercise at Brixton: but, before I was carried off,—and Mary, too,—only her sentence was

without hard labour, I begged of her to let me see her again, as soon as our time had expired. She did so; and I asked her where she meant to go? She said to the workhouse, for she had but one half-crown left, and that she offered me for saving her, as she said, from being a murderess and a suicide. I was hurt, as your ladyship may suppose. It was not right of her. I did not deserve it, and told her so; but I must say it's the only wrong thing I ever knew her say or do by me. But perhaps it was all for the best, as most things are, if at their crooked beginnings, we could only see their straight ends; for, if she had not wounded and affronted me in this way, and therefore felt that she owed me some reparation, I doubt if she would have come into my plans so tractably.

"'Workhouse,' said I! 'You shall never go into a workhouse as long as I have work hands, to prevent it; and it's not right for a young creature like you to be thrown upon the world alone, without a soul to stand between you and it. I had better have left you in the canal, than let you do that. I lodge with a very respectable widow woman on Tower Hill, one Mrs. Ray; we were playfellows as children. I know the stuff she's made of, and that the weft's as good as the woof. She'll be a protection to, and take care of you, and as more than half the time, my two rooms are empty, it will be doing me a real service to keep them aired by living in them. As for the rent, it is but two shillings a-week, and if you like to pay half, whenever it is quite convenient to you, you can. I was obliged to bait the trap in this way, your ladyship, or else I feared she would not accept my offer. She was silent for some seconds, then bursting into tears, she held out her hand to me, and said 'Thank you; but will this Mrs. Ray take such as me?'

"'Well,' said I, trying to laugh it off, as I pointed to the rags I then wore, 'it *will*, certainly, be a rise in life to her when she takes such as me. She shook her head, and sighed, 'Ah, you're a man.'

"'I hope I am, for there are not too many, now-a-days;' and with that, we walked on, and scarcely spoke another word till we got to Eastcheap, when I stepped on before, just to give Martha Ray her cue, which did not take long, for when people have hearts, it's astonishing what volumes of misery they can learn and understand in no time. So the little woman bustled about, and lit a fire up in my place, and nearly put it out with her tears as fast as she lit it, and put on the kettle, and set out the tea-things, that the poor soul might have the same sort of dumb things to welcome her, that people do have *at home*, as she said, and she even brought up a cradle, that had had a twenty years' rest, and set it rocking at one side of the fire-place; and I told her to try and find out, by degrees, where Polly's clothes were pawned, and get them out, and I would settle with her for them.

"'Ah,' said this worthy creature, 'I'm glad you mentioned about the clothes, Bob, for that reminds me, the luckiest thing in the world, I kept all my Sammy's little long and short coats; and, they mayn't be the newest fashion, it's true, yet they'll keep the poor child warm as well as the finest.'

"I couldn't help it, your ladyship, but I caught up the old woman in my arms, and hugged her; and it wasn't so difficult as it might have been in a general way, as we had been practising since our childhood. After this, I returned for Mary, whom I met toiling slowly on, and looking ready to drop, just at the entrance of Tower-hill.

"In answering to the eager, anxious look she gave me, I said, 'Mrs. Ray is waiting for you, and says she will do all she can to make you comfortable,' at which her tears again fell, large and fast. But when dear, good, little Martha Ray met her at the threshold of her own door, held out both her hands to her, called her Mrs. Marsham, praised Mabel's beauty, and said she hoped she'd make herself quite at home, and ask for anything she wanted, the poor soul was quite overcome. I'm afraid I'm encroaching on your ladyship's time and patience."

"Not in the least; I am deeply interested in your narration," said Lady Clairville, wiping her streaming eyes.

"I thank your ladyship, but I could not help telling you about Martha Ray, because she's a Field-Fleury woman, and I'm proud of her. Well, for the last five years, my Polly has been safe with Martha; I kept out of the way as much as I could,—first, because I felt I liked Mary better than she ever she would, or could, like such a fellow as me; next, because, if in any unlucky moment I had given way to the temptation of telling her I loved her, she might have thought I was taking advantage of the sorry service I had rendered her, in getting her out of the canal; and besides, which would have been sufficient without any of the other becauses, I had not then wherewithal, to keep a wife, and single beggary is always better than double. I knew, too, how I annoyed her by going about in the rags I did, but I also knew that *if* I wore the things she so carefully made and mended for me, she would have to work harder than she already did. Moreover, like all those who have not a hope on earth, I was thoroughly reckless. But, at length, the neighbours began to *talk;* no doubt your ladyship is

aware that talk is the chief stock-in-trade of both neighbours and friends. Polly got unhappy at this, and wanted, right or wrong, to seek some other place of shelter. This I could not stand, and would not hear of; so I promised her faithfully, and kept my promise for thirteen months, that I never would come near the place.

"At the end of that time, I came into a little bit of money—not much," hesitated Bob, "but enough to depend upon as a certainty. They say," smiled he, "that property brings care; and so I found it, for I'm sure I wasted above a quire of paper before I could hit off a letter to my mind to Mary, and at length I put the upshot of it into six lines, which was, that now I had enough, with what I could earn besides, to keep a wife. Would she be that wife? that I knew it was great presumption in such a fellow as me to ask it; but though I asked it, I did not *hope* it; but that I was not too old to mend; and that if I had her to care for me, my whole care would be to study her wishes; but, for Heaven's sake, whatever she did, not to fancy she owed *me* anything, for she didn't; and I would rather she told me honestly she hated me, than marry me dishonestly, out of what is called 'gratitude.' Well, your ladyship could hardly believe it, if you could see my Mary, for there is as much difference between her and me, in *appearance*, as there is between one of those alabaster baskets and a stable bucket; but she actually wrote back to thank me, and said, if she had the choice of the whole world, she would rather marry me than any one."

"I'm not surprised at that," said Lady Clairville.

"Well, your ladyship, I confess *I was*; but, perhaps, what balanced the surprise was, that I felt as if I could

have won a steeple-chase without crossing a horse, and with only my boots! One bone of contention we had before our marriage, but that must cease now. I never could get her to tell me the villain's name who had caused all her misery; but, anxious about her child, she *did* write, a few weeks before our marriage, to another nobleman, who had the *name* of being an honest man, and very benevolent—entreating his interest to get Mabel into St. Anne's School—but of this letter, with all his goodness, he never took the slightest notice. And as I have bought a partnership in a Circus, I knew it would break Polly's heart if Mabel was brought up in *that* way; and *that* is the reason of my having troubled your ladyship, and I fear, trespassed so unwarrantably on your time."

He ceased—and as Lady Clairville (who seemed buried in thought) did not break the silence, he misinterpreted it.

"Your ladyship knows all about Mabel now—and, though, of course, I neither did, nor could expect (under the circumstances) that you should infringe any of your rules, for her, poor little creature!—still, I thought it my duty to make the application."

Those of the lords of the creation, who think that, under *all* circumstances, and *all* provocations, women ought to preserve the inocuous mildness of tepid milk and water, would have been greatly shocked! had they seen the indignant flash of Beatrice Clairville's eyes and cheek, when Robert Bumpus had finished his romance of real—and of low life—and they would doubtlessly have inveighed amain, at what Dryden calls "the fine porcelain of the human race" being flawed by the *sæva indignatio* of the revengeful Titan; and Lady Clairville actually clenched her hand and ground her teeth, as she uttered the words—

"The monster!" and then added,

"Yes, you were *quite* right, Bumpus, to come to me, and I will take this poor little Mabel with pleasure; but, as I cannot infringe my rule by increasing my number, I will take her as my own especial property. I don't mean to take her in any way from her poor mother, but that she shall neither go into any trade, nor enter any service but mine; for her poor mother's fate will make me dread to let her go out of my sight."

"Heaven bless your ladyship!" said Robert Bumpus, the tears actually coursing each other down his cheeks.

"And," resumed Lady Clairville, "let your wife bring her here; for I should like to consult her as to any particular wishes she may have about little Mabel."

Bob tried to say something, but a choking in his throat prevented him; the tears came, but the words would not."

"Now I am sure, Bumpus, I need not say to *you*, that I hope in after years—as time wears on, and love, perhaps, wears out—you will never reproach your wife with the past."

"*I* reproach her!—*I* lay an additional straw of burden, on Mary!—lawr bless your ladyship, I wouldn't *do it*, if I had been sentenced to the galleys for life, and chained to Madam Mornington! let alone to my Polly! No, no the laws are an unjust handicapper enough; and always put the heaviest load on the weakest side,—no need of adding to it, Heaven knows, and the man who does so, be he peer or prince, is nothing but a cowardly blackguard."

"Well, I am sure *you* would not, Bumpus," said Lady Clairville; "but then, custom! and example! are such subtle infections, that they too often sap the soundest principles, and blunt the edge of the finest conscience."

"They do so, your Ladyship, with people that have no fixed notions of their own, either in their heads or in their hearts, and in lieu of them, take their opinions from every point of the compass, and so turn themselves into human weathercocks to show which way the wind blows; but, when once you get hold of a feeling, and are *sure* it's a right one, my way is to plant it firm in the middle of one's conscience like a winning-post; then all the world may sport what colours they please as they gallop past it, but *it* won't budge."

"And a very good plan, too," smiled Beatrice.

Here Mr. Bumpus drew his purse from his pocket—not our old friend the stocking, nor yet one of those truest signs of the times,—a modern *porte-monnaie*, which for the little they contain, and for the difficulty there is in opening them to get that little out, must have been invented by that great *synonyme* of the nineteenth century, some miserly *millionnaire*. But a good, capacious, old-fashioned-looking green purse, with man's night-cappy sort of decorations in the shape of fuzzy silk tassels at either end —no fine steel falals, all glitter, instead of gold—for in truth, Bob's purse, nearly empty, or quite full, could not have been STEELED against any one. Even the slides were curiously carved out of a cocoa-nut—at once the gift, and the workmanship, of Tom Carew. Then for the purse itself, it was not netted, but woven of a thick double web, calculated effectually to resist, without giving way, any pressure from without, and elastic!—as a lawyer's conscience—while the aperture had evidently been made in those bygone days, when both hearts, and hands, were more open than they are now, even if fortunes were not so large. In fact, this modern antique, had belonged to Squire Mornington, and to the old squire, his father, before him;

and at the late Squire's death, the few worldly relics that were distributed by his faithful follower, Tony Pollexfen, the Huntsman, to his late master's sporting friends and admirers,—that purse had fallen to the share of Robert Bumpus, and was considered at the time, not only in the audit room and offices at Mornington Manor ; but in the tap-room of "The Top Boot and Horns," and beyond the bar of the "White Hart," as an extremely *empty* compliment to one, who like Robert Bumpus, was constitutionally lavish, and chronically destitute of money. But

"Coming events, cast their shadows before."

And the occasional gift, of even an *empty* purse to a poor devil, *may, perhaps,* put fortune in mind of

"What she *ought* to do!"

Into the depths of this capacious receptacle for itinerant coins of the realm, Mr. Bumpus's hand now dived, and withdrawing from them three sovereigns, he advanced very respectfully to the davenport, at which Lady Clairville was seated, and gently laying them down upon it, said,—

"There *is* no way in which I *can* thank your Ladyship for your goodness, so there's no use in trying to do so. But here, your Ladyship, are the £3 for Mabel, as it will be easier for me to pay every six months, than the half-crown weekly."

"No, no," said Lady Clairville, at first pushing them away.

"If you please, your Ladyship, I'd rather," urged Bob.

"Well, yes, perhaps you are right, for I *do* think, Bumpus, that they *will* be safer with me than with you ; but remember, that all money invested at Maresco, bears

interest, and compound interest ; but, with regard to *your little girl*, I'm not taking her exactly on the same footing as the other children, but as my *own*, with the exception of her mother, and yourself, having, of course, perfect control over her."

It was some seconds before Robert Bumpus could speak, and the glowing panorama of a Nineveh sunset, which he had so recently purchased in Spitalfields silk, at Messrs Moses and Sons, was placed before his eyes, and ought to have formed a beautiful rainbow, from the shower that there met it, during which interval, Beatrice Clairville had also recourse to her less gorgeous handkerchief, and opening one of the davenport drawers, took out a small thick red octavo account book, and dipping a pen into the ink, said,—

"What did you say the little girl's name was ?"

"Mabel, your Ladyship, Mabel B——; no, better not either, in this neighbourhood," muttered he, in one of his usual soliloquies. "Mabel Marsham."

"Mabel Marsham ; what a pretty name !" repeated Lady Clairville, writing it down.

"Ay it's a name, like any other, and yet, no name," again soliloquized Bob, and his eyes wandered vacantly to the opposite border of the carpet where the Cavalcade was starting from the Tabard, till particularly struck by Sir Gyon's horse, a smile of mingled admiration and surprise passed over his face, and he seemed to be inwardly repeating, but in plain prose, and Newmarket English, Virgil's Equine Photograph,—

"—— Ardua cervix
Argutumque caput, brevis alvus, obesaque terga
Luxuriatque toris animosum pectus ——."

Summing up the evidence (which Virgil forgot to do,

though evidently a good judge) with an uncommon! clever forehand! to be sure! well done! worsted!

Having entered Mabel's name in her book, Lady Clairville had begun to ask Bob how soon she might expect her little *protégée?* when the door was unceremoniously burst open, and Lady Gemma De Vere, with a quantity of mignionette cruelly torn up by the roots, in one hand, and dragging Walter by main force with the other, while *he* was blushing up to his eyes, and making a desperate effort to remain outside, rushed into the room, her pretty little face, glowing not only with exercise, but with the conflicting emotions of her trying to persuade, and being utterly unable to do so; and, as children are terrible aimers at condensation, and generally without any reference to lucidity, try to cram a whole history into one sentence, she now poured forth, at the very top of her (luckily musical) voice, the following verbal Niagara:—

"I took Walter to see my owls, and he thinks them very ugly, and I've given him one of my guinea-pigs; and oh! Fraser told me to tell you that the Lord Chancellor (a solan goose so called) has laid an egg, and Flapsey (a carrier-pigeon) that took that note to Exeter yesterday, has never come back, and Cupid bit an old woman this morning, and they've tied him up in his kennel, and won't let him out, for I wanted to take him to the pond to hunt the ducks, and then we went into the garden, and I wanted to give Walter a peach, but he said that I must not pluck them, but I *may* now, *mayn't* I, Lady Clairville? and he *shall* have one, *shan't he?* it was I, gave him the carnations, for he said he mustn't gather those either."

Stopping at last, literally for want of breath, Lady Clairville rose, and holding out her hand to the blushing, shrinking Walter, said,

"Walter was *quite* right, and he is a very good little boy; and therefore, is welcome to any fruit in *my* garden."

"Thank you, Ma'am," said Walter (looking frankly and gratefully up at her) and once more showing his dimples, as he smiled in her face.

"But Gemma," resumed Lady Clairville, re-seating herself, and drawing Walter towards her—"you have not told me who this good little Walter is, and where you met with him?"

"Oh! he's Walter Selden—and he came with that man there;" and her little ladyship flung her head back upon Lady Clairville's shoulder, pulled her under lip, and flinging down the mignionette with its miry roots upon the snowy writing-paper on the davenport, pointed at Bob, to identify him; which piece of impertinent accusation, Mr. Bumpus (who, as he himself said, living so much among horses, knew as well as any one what was thorough-bred) endorsed by a profound bow.

"Lady Gemma de Vere, I am ashamed of you!" said Lady Clairville, shaking her off; "and how shocked poor mamma would be if she was to hear of your rudeness, in pointing at any one, and saying 'that man there!' or that woman there!"

"Well, *don't* call me *Lady* Gemma de Vere, for then I *know* you are angry with me; and besides, it's like the servants—and don't tell mamma, or Naomi, nor Felloon! for *she'll* be *sure* to tell them—and I'm very sorry, and indeed, indeed, *darley,* Gemma 'll be *dood,* and never point *aden.*"

And she threw her little arms round Lady Clairville's neck, and put up her little pouting cherry lips, which it was impossible not to kiss.

"Ah! but your being *sorry* is not enough, when we do wrong, especially when we hurt any one's feelings; we should always make *every* reparation to them in our power, as soon, and as amply as possible; and begin by apologizing to them."

"And have I hurt his feelings?" whispered Gemma, opening her beautiful large blue eyes earnestly, and inquiringly; "indeed, darley, I did not *mean* to hurt them."

"Then, you should go and tell him so."

And with great alacrity, the little girl clambered down from Lady Clairville's lap, and taking off her garden sun-bonnet, flung it on the sofa; and this taking off of her bonnet, released a whole forest of bright, burnished, chestnut ringlets, which added not a little to her exquisite childish beauty—and walking over to Bob, somewhat slowly and timidly, as children are wont to do, when they know they have done wrong,—she held out her little dimpled hand to him, and looking up in his honest, grotesque, good-natured face, very seriously, said,

"I don't know your name—but, Mr. Sir—I am very sorry I was so rude to point at you; and I beg your pardon for calling you a man."

With all Bob's respect for Lady Clairville, he was obliged to have recourse to the Nineveh-sunset to prevent his laughter being audible; and, with all *her* wish to make the lesson as solemn, and impressive, as possible to Gemma, she was obliged to hide her face on Walter's head, to conceal *her* laughter.

As soon as Bob could regain a becoming gravity, he said, making his best bow, "To be pointed out by your ladyship, is only too flattering to an humble individual like me; but certainly, to be called a man, as men go, is no

great compliment. So that makes the matter even—and I've nothing to forgive your pretty little ladyship. But if I had, you'd only have to ask my forgiveness to obtain it."

"Now, do you know," said Lady Clairville, in order to relieve Lady Gemma and Bob from the respective embarrassments of their positions, as she put back Walter's hair, and looked into his candid, confiding eyes—"do you know, I heard from a gentleman that Walter Selden was a very good little boy."

"Me," asked Walter, blushing and smiling; "but I don't know any gentleman—Oh! yes—except Mr. Quirker."

"Wogh!—pull up there, Master Walter," put in Bob —"you came to a dead wall, when you said you did not know any gentleman. The exception proved the rule, as my brother Moses would say."

Lady Clairville rose, and, taking Walter by the hand, while she addressed herself to Robert Bumpus, said—

"If you are not in a hurry, Bumpus, I will show you over my school, baths, and work-shops, that you may know all about the routine your little Mabel will have to go through."

"I'm greatly obliged to your ladyship," said Bob, following, as she drew back one of the semi-circular book-cases, which turned on its hinges, and then pushed a green baize door beyond, which opened into the school-room—when up rose, but quietly, and not ungracefully, without any fuss, the four-and-twenty healthy, happy-looking girls, of all ages, dressed in plain dark green merino frocks, and plain, but dazzling white linen cuffs and collars. The costume of the four teachers was precisely the same; but this was their afternoon dress—for, in the morning, while engaged in their domestic avocations, whether household or culinary, their dresses were of plain

brown holland, made like a blouse, only with short sleeves, and ample blue and white common check aprons, with round-eared plain muslin caps, to prevent the dust getting in their hair, which was kept smooth, bright, and clean as a sheet of satin.

They neither stared rudely, nor stood awkwardly abashed at the entrance of Lady Clairville and her companions, but curtseyed quietly and respectfully as she passed up the room, explaining as she went, to Bob, the hours and routine of instruction. At that time, five o'clock, they were all occupied with needlework of various kinds. An hour later, they drank tea; and after that, till nine, one read out to the others, or told stories, as they felt inclined.

Having arrived at the other end of the room, Lady Clairville made a sort of circular bow, which seemed to include each individual; and this courtesy she never omitted, observing it as if she had been a perfect stranger; and then, opening another door at this end of the room, she stepped into a yard, in which was situated a row of longish buildings, but only two stories high. The first of these was the baths and wash-houses. These baths, though simple in their construction, were the *beau idéal* of luxury, because the perfection of cleanliness, being on the old Russian plan that Busbequius describes in his travels some five hundred years ago,—the first being the hot, or vapour-bath, the next, the cooling room, with its divans, or seats, all round it—and beyond that, the cold plunging-bath. But this, instead of being plain water, was a profusion of hay, boiled in coppers, of sufficient strength to be the colour of very strong tea, and left to get quite cold. No soap ever was such a purifier as this! No cosmetic, such a beautifier, from the marble hardness, smoothness, and freshness it imparts to the skin,

and the way in which it cleanses it from every possible secretion; and, let the weariest pilgim only try a foot-bath of cold hay-tea, and he will feel as if he had re-lays of fresh feet, capable of going any distance.

After this plunging hay-bath, came the friction with those delicious rough, yet soft, mossy Turkish towels, the use of which, as they were now hanging round the lines, Lady Clairville was explaining to Robert Bumpus, who was lost in admiration at all the arrangements, which he expressed by saying, "No wonder the children look so healthy, your ladyship, and have such beautiful coats—I mean complexions—when they are so well groomed."

"But there's another of my rules that I must tell you of, Bumpus—which is, that the children put on clean linen every day—and that it is linen, and not long-cloth, or calico; for I bring them up to think that all their economies in clothes, and in washing, are to be made on their outer, and not on their under garments. And now as it is getting late, I won't take you into all the shops—of which, indeed, there are only a shoemaker's, a carpenter's, a weaver's, a tailor's, a hair-dresser's, and a haberdasher's, or linendraper's. So which would you like to see, Walter?"

"Oh! I'm sure he'd like to see the weaver's," cried Gemma, before he had time to answer, "because you know the wool grows first on the sheeps' backs."

"Should you, dear?" asked Lady Clairville, still appealing to him.

"Oh, yes, if you please—if I may?"

"If you may, when I *tell* you you may," said his imperious little companion, dragging him along; and, pressing down the latch of the second door they came to, they entered a room where two boys were at work at a loom;

they paused for a moment, and took off their square, brown-paper, caps.

"Go on, Darrel—go on, Thornton," said Lady Clairville, "I want this young gentleman to see you at work." And, while Walter was, all eyes and wonder, at their operations, which Gemma was explaining to him, more volubly than scientifically, Lady Clairville pointed out to Robert Bumpus an inscription on the wall, saying, "I put something of this sort, applicable to their particular trade, in each of their shops, to give them an emulation to excel in it." The one she now pointed to, ran as follows—

"Formerly, the wool of Great Britain, not only from the superiority of the breed of sheep, but from the skill of the manufacturers, was esteemed more precious even than that of Spain. The Roman emperors, when masters of the world, established a woollen manufacture at Winchester, to make cloth for their own peculiar use; and in Gibson's "Camden's Britannia," page 118, we read that Dionysius Alexandrinus asserts, that the wool of Britain was spun so fine, that it can only be compared with a spider's draught. From Madoc's "History of the Exchequer," it appears that the Guild of weavers paid twice as much to government as any other. In the year 1213, the customs paid for woad, the principal blue dye in those days, amounted to £10,831, of which £2,330 was paid by the port of Southampton alone, which shows that the manufacture still kept its ground at Winchester, where the Romans first established it. Guicciardini, who wrote

in 1470, preferred the English wools to the Spanish, calling the former *lane finissime*, by which it would seem, that *fineness* was the distinguishing perfection of the English wool at that time."

"Very good, very good, your ladyship; I perceive—the pedigree of the trade, in fact," said Bob, stroking his his chin, approvingly.

"Exactly," laughed Lady Clairville, and then turning to one of the weavers, the elder of the two lads, a boy of about thirteen, she said, still smiling, "how gets on the face, Darrel?"

"Oh, hasn't been in Holland since, your ladyship," laughed the boy, taking off his cap, and shaking his head.

"You don't understand what we are talking about, Bumpus, but Darrel shall tell you, though the jest is *rather* at *his* expense, or *was*, for, I'm happy to say, it's an old story now. Come, tell us, Darrel, how Mr. Thornberry shaved you, as he called it."

"Why," said the boy, with a merry smile, especially addressing himself to Bob, but glancing at Walter from time to time, "I always tried to keep the place as tidy as I could, because I know her ladyship can't bear litter; but, somehow or other, when first I began to learn the trade, before I got well into my work, I always had my face smudged with handling the wools, and one thing or another; so one day, when Mr. Thornberry and a large party were staying down here, and came to see us at work, he said I kept my place very nice indeed, but advised me never to go to Holland. Her ladyship asked him why? 'Because,' said he, 'two of a trade can never

agree, and the Dutch, like my friend Darrel there, are very clean in their *houses*, but not equally so in their persons; and a French gentleman, whose affairs took him to Amsterdam, and who, like most Frenchmen and Americans, was in the habit of expectorating, looked about for a quarter in which to indulge his national propensity, but was, for a time, awed and checked by the extreme cleanliness of the house, till at length, being unable to refrain any longer, he took a deliberate and unerring aim at his Dutch landlord's face, and then said, 'Ah, my dear friend, I beg you ten thousand pardons, but I've looked and looked, and really, it was the *only* dirty spot I *could* see.'"

"*Bien, très bien narré*," laughed Lady Clairville, while Bob, who would have roared, had he dared, confined himself to what he called an easy canter of a laugh, merely observing, that *that* must have been the origin of the Flying Dutchman.

"You have improved greatly in your way of telling that nasty story, Darrel," said Lady Clairville.

"Mr. Langston taught me how to tell it, your ladyship; but, if Mr. Thornberry had told it as I now tell it, I shouldn't *then* have understood him."

"Mr. Langston is the gentleman who told me he had met a very good little boy, called Walter Selden," said Lady Clairville, turning to the latter.

"Oh, the gentleman on the railway, that told us about the burning wells in India, that had flames instead of water," said Walter, appealing to Bob.

"The same, Master Walter, and a right good gentleman he is; but it's getting late, and I promised Brown, Solomon should be back before six. So, thank her ladyship, for we must be going, Master Walter."

"Thank you ma'am, I'm very very much obliged to you," said Walter to Lady Clairville, while to Gemma he put out his hand and said "good bye."

"You'll come again soon Walter, won't you?" said she; and then turning to Lady Clairville and asking her to stoop down, as she wanted to tell her something, she added, in rather a stage whisper—"for I like him so much better to play with, than Clanhaven."

"That's because Clanhaven is rude and selfish; so, if you wish Walter to like playing with *you*, Gemma, you must be neither," re-whispered Beatrice, and then turning to Walter, she said aloud—

"I hope my dear, you will come and see us whenever Mr. Bumpus allows you?"

"Oh! yes, I shall be so glad, only I was to go and see another lady that came down in the train with us, Miss—Miss ——," and he looked at Bob, to help him out with the name.

"Pooh!" said the latter, "old maids, like all other edge-tools, are best not meddled with, Master Walter."

"Are they?" asked Walter, not quite understanding the drift, and wisdom, of Mr. Bumpus's council.

"Jetson, out of Matchlock House—taken," responded that gentleman, still more hieroglyphically, with a flourish of his hand; then taking off his hat, and making his best bow to Lady Clairville, he added—

"As I said before, it is quite impossible for me to express my gratitude for all your ladyship's goodness, and now you have added to it by your kindness in asking Master Walter to come over here, for I should like him to hear the *right thing* from your ladyship and Mr. Langston, better than Moses can put it; and I'd rather the boy would bolt at once, than get a twist up at the Manor."

As Lady Clairville was quite of Bob's way of thinking on that point, but did not like to say anything against her neighbours, but not friends, she merely replied—"yes, I shall be very glad to see Walter, whenever he can come; but you have not told me when I am to expect my little Mabel?"

"Bless your ladyship, for that one word, if you never did another Christian act;" and again Bob's eyes overflowed like his heart; and a second elapsed before he could add "next week, if that is not too soon for your ladyship?"

"Not in the least, that will do very well."

And once more the final adieux of Walter and Bob were spoken; as the great red, glorious sun, was bidding his farewell to day, and disappearing like a pearl-diver down beneath the deep sapphire sea. Gemma wanted sadly to accompany Walter to the Lodge, to see him ride away on Solomon; but though Lady Clairville was far from impressing upon her the heinous crime of "speaking to people she did not know," as Lady Fitz Doodle did on Noodie, still, she had forbidden her going down to the lodge-gate, considering the sailors, fishermen, and other stragglers that were about; so she was fain to content herself with another "good bye" at the hall-door, and a "be sure you come again very soon, Walter."

CHAPTER VIII.

Shewing how Sir Hugh De Byons came a wooing.

TWO years had come and gone, since Walter had been domiciled in his two old shadow-haunted, Priory rooms, at Field-Fleury, during which time Moses Bumpus had done his best, to wedge as much Greek and Latin into him as he himself knew, and as a boy of Walter's age, and inches, could possibly contain. Although he had steadily and conscientiously forbidden his pet pupil the mysteries of the ATAT, Mrs. Mornington, nevertheless, (firm in her mundane convictions, that he was A PERSON OF CONSEQUENCE!) invited him constantly to the Manor; and, if *her* sharp, and Luther's solemn voice, as it boomed out Calvanistic homilies in the solemn oak library, with its lugubrious black leather chairs, and heavy black oak Covenanter-looking tables, awed and chilled him; there was the lovely Mrs. Delmar, typifiying in more celestial colours, the transformed black letter Angels, about whom

Luther read; and beauty, even on childhood, exercises its omnipotent, though undefined power, being Nature's chartered aboriginal slave-trade, from which there is neither emancipation, nor appeal.

But, above all, there was the pretty, gentle, affectionate Eva, about his own age, whose nature seemed nourished with the honey of Christianity, and the milk of human kindness, uninflamed by the ardent spirits of Calvinism, and the fanatic alcohol of THE ATAT, which not only consumed her mother and elder brother, but which made them try to consume every one that came within their reach. Eva Mornington, with her dark brown chestnut hair, her smooth, ivory forehead, her low, straight brow, and long-cut, deep blue, darkly-fringed eyes, her small, regular, and perfectly chiselled features, short upper lip, perfectly oval face, and pale, blush-rose complexion, was, if her mother had failed to make her what *she* considered the beauty of holiness, at least, the very incarnation of a holy and nun-like beauty; for the delicately-moulded clay, since it had left the great Maker's hands, looked as if no darker stain than the shadow of an Angel's wing, had ever obscured its perfect purity. She had not the radiant, sunny, gushing beauty of Gemma, but it was only a difference of style, not of degree—the difference, in fact, between a moss, and a blush rose.

For hours in the long summer's daylight and twilight, would Eva and Walter, wander through the umbrageous *charmilles* of the old Manor gardens, or bask on the violet-studded greensward of its sunny plaisaunces, and only, perhaps, because Gemma was not always at Maresco, did Walter yearn after her, and also, perhaps, because Gemma commanded him like a Queen, with the perversity incipient to the "manly heart" even in its embyro

state, he felt inclined to obey her like a slave, while, because the gentle, tender, self-abnegating Eva sacrificed *all* her own wishes to him, and anticipated all his, he, *of course*, took it all *as* a matter of course. Still he loved her truly, dearly, and when by her side, never wished for Gemma. Not so, when overpowered by the brilliant, buoyant little beauty, he often turned away his eyes with a sigh, in the direction of the old Manor House, and wondered what Eva was doing; and whether she was wandering through the maze with Phyllis (a thoroughly spoilt Blenheim, now more fat than frolicsome), or sitting in "the Bower" alone, acquiring a literary indigestion of Dr. Watts's Hymns, or a gastric fever, in trying to master the crabbed sentences (so as to repeat them without missing a word, to her mother) of one of the Rev. Aminadab Scuttledust's interminable "DISCOURSES."

During these two years, Walter had never been home, nor at least back to Pencridge; neither had he heard from his grandmother; but during these two years, in his rambles along the cliffs at Beechcroft, and more especially along the interdicted east cliff, where he would loiter round the open windows of "The Mermaid," listening breathlessly to the tales of the rough seafaring men and smugglers drinking there, about their "hair-breadth scapes" and shipwrecks, and feel a strange adventurous spirit-stirring in him to brave the dangers of the deep—not for its treasures, but merely for its dangers sake—to see what an unbound storm, let loose to battle with the waves, was like.

Three different times, on his return from these listenings and longings, as he walked along, meeting perhaps with old Paul Windsor, looking for lava and cockles among the rocks, and from whom, *Moyenant*, a few biscuits, a

crust of bread, or even a sixpence for *Dorothy!* as he was extracting from the old miser all his legendary lore, touching the storms and wrecks that had taken place along that coast for the last fifty years; three different times, we say, had his grandmother started suddenly from behind some projecting piece of rock, while Paul Windsor would shrink back affrighted at the apparition, on the two occasions he happened to witness it, and truly it was, when coupled with the wild scenery around, very like the meeting of a Witch and a Warlock. For, had Mrs. Selden been put into a glass-case, from the day we left her at the Paddington terminus, she could not have remained more precisely in *statu quo* than she had done. Still, the rusty black dress, and the thin flowing scarf drapery, the black paper fan, the old black velvet bag, the same intense dignity of demeanour, and the same measured, and tragic style of elocution.

Paul Windsor, who as we before stated, having been born a gentleman (to say nothing of a certain panic that seized him) immediately wished Walter good bye, and retraced his steps. Thus left alone, the old lady embraced her grandson, and he, really glad to see her, returned the embrace more cordially than he had ever done before, and again, for the second time in his life, that he had seen her guilty of such a weakness, she wept! and sobbed out,—

"Walter! my poor Walter!"

He was well; oh! yes, thank Heaven for *that*; she saw that he was well. Then he asked her to come back to the Priory Close with him, to see how comfortable he was. But she put her skinny finger to her lips, and said, "Hush!" in a voice so hollow and shrill, that it sounded like a message from the east wind; and then, after looking round to see that no one saw, or overheard

them, she told him he must give her his solemn word of honour, never to tell *any one* when he had seen her; as there was no knowing what terrible things might happen to them both, if he did. Pale and frightened, the boy promised; and then Mrs. Selden, gathering her scarf about her, preparatory to a departure as sudden and mysterious as her advent, she asked to see the precious Jacobus; and, finding it quite safe, she gave him a sovereign, that he might not, as she said, be tempted to part with it.

"Ha!" cried she, pointing upwards—"on the last of these meetings, to the high road that over-hung the cliffs—I hear the panting of the iron monster. I shall lose the train. Good bye, Walter; God bless you!"

"But grandmamma—am I *never* to go home?"

"Home! my poor Walter! the sooner you learn it the better: children, who have no parents, have NO HOME!"

"No home!" repeated the boy; but he spoke to the winds, for she was gone; and, sleeping or waking, those cold, hard words, seemed to freeze into the core of his heart, and blight and wither all around it, as they have done in so many hearts before. But it is not with Walter and his sorrows, his hopes, or his fears, that we have to do just now.

A very uncivil, civil war, had been for some time raging between Twaddleton, Field-Fleury, and Beechcroft—about tithes, church-rates, and other matters, more clerical than Christian. Twaddleton and Field-Fleury were the *pros*, and "THE ATAT," other dissenters, and Mr. Langston, were the *cons*. At length, a great public-meeting was to be held on the evening of the 25th of May, 18—, at the Assembly Rooms of "The White Hart," Twaddleton; where the belligerents were to discuss their respective

notions, and, as is usual on such occasions, to "be convinced against their will," and remain "of the same opinion still."

But, preceding this *Folkmote,* Mrs. Mornington's annual ague-hunt, to the "ATAT" school-children, was to take place; when they marched from "*The Atat*" to the Wilderness, with sticks, to the top of which was appended a triangular strip of blue calico, with a text incribed upon it, by which the bearer was called for the day, instead of by his, or her name; and marched back to the schoolroom at five, p.m. — to conclude upon crumpets, and canticles, muffins, and milk and water; or texts and tea—as their different temperaments might prefer. These gatherings, Mrs. Mornington would not have called "pic-nics" for the world, though each wretched little urchin brought its own quota of bread and blackberry jam, as the manorial hospitalities did not commence till the *festa* in the school-room; by which time "the lambs'" shoes and appetites had been pretty well damped. But she called these annual parties her "MANNAS IN THE WILDERNESS;" and it is but justice to say, that they were considered, by the local Board of Health, and the parish authorities, to set more effectual bounds to population, than any Malthus, or Martineau theories, had yet done.

Previously, however, to the children being led away by the excitement of singing hymns all day—accompanied by an orchestra of native talent, issuing from a pond of frogs, for which "the wilderness" was famous—they were "*sustained*" by an exhortation from the Rev. Aminadab Scuttledust, at THE ATAT: and he was expected to be particularly "*impressive*" upon *this* particular 25th of May, seeing that Lord Inishowen, the turbulent and

heretical landlord, from whom Mrs. Mornington rented the *çi-devant* barn (which was now THE ATAT)—had made himself doubly obnoxious, by having been among the most clamorous for tithes, and church-rates—which Mrs. Mornington, on the strength of her having seceded from the Church, steadily refused to pay.

THE ATAT, it must be confessed, was neither in a picturesque situation, nor was it a picturesque structure, being perfectly square, and flat-roofed, with one, not very high, round chimney, the stove being placed in the very centre of the interior of the building, and this arrangement it was which gave to the exterior of "THE ATAT ARK OF SALVATION" the exact resemblance of a colossal tea-canister, such as those which are used in grocers' shops. The front entrance to the Ark was by a lane, not very wide, and not very clean, and immediately opposite to it was what might be called a genius shop, if versatility be a proof of genius; for the front, which was open as day, though not exactly to "melting charity," contained potatoes, cabbages, rags, old bottles, red herrings, tallow candles, oysters, and pickled salmon, when in season, while there was a fine, dark, Rembrandt background of coals. It is true, that the effluvia issuing from this emporium was not quite so fragrant as the perfumes of Araby the Blest, but the persons in the habit of supplying themselves from this cornucopia did not perceive it, while the customers of THE ATAT, if they thought about it, concluded it was the odour of sanctity which they were in. This lane Mrs. Mornington had re-christened from Pill Lane that it had been, Noah Lane. So that it became a profane jest among the lower orders of Anti-Atatites to say,—

"Noah smells uncommon bad to-day."

And Will Catnip had once had three hours in the stocks for suggesting,—

"Perhaps it's the beasteses in the Ark."

The back of THE ATAT opened into a field leading down to "The Wilderness," but as this field still formed part of the farm belonging to Lord Inishowen, it was bounded by a pigstye on the right, and by a dunghill on the left, and many were the complaints that Mrs. Mornington made to her unaccommodating landlord, that the devotions of the elect were cruelly disturbed by the gruntings of the pigs, and the crowings of the cocks. But she never got any other answer from the Irish peer than—

"Upon my word, madam, I am very sorry, but as a landlord, in a moot point between *my tenants,* I am obliged to hear both sides. And that's exactly what the pigs and poultry say of your congregation. The pigs protest that they can't hear themselves grunt for the groaning that goes on at THE ATAT; and the cocks and hens, that they can't see daylight for the constant eclipse of black crape and broad cloth. So it's hard to please every one, sweet lady."

A kind of mock-chivalric epithet by which his lordship always addressed his sanctimonious tenant, when he had done everything he possibly could, to thwart and annoy her.

Upon *this* memorable 25th of May, the morning broke slowly and fairly. It was about half-past four. The London night or mail train had just come in,—a gentleman's gentleman had been sent on, to accompany a truck of luggage to the White Hart—while the gentleman to whom both servant and luggage belonged, jumped out of the carriage, and, after a sonorous yawn, and stretching his arms above his head, to finish the awakening process, turned to a groom, who stood respectfully awaiting his orders, and said,—

"Ah,—eh,—ah,—by Jove, it's chilly! but we had better

go to this place first, that I may know the whereabout, and all that sort of thing."

"Jist as *you* please, sir, about *that;* but I should hadwise a glass of brandy and water hand a cigar, afore you venters."

"Eh,—ah,—really. Well, perhaps you're right.

And the gentleman, wrapping a shepherd's plaid more closely about him, walked into the refreshment-room, and followed the groom's prescription. But why should we have any secrets from the reader, more especially when he must so soon find out all we have to tell. The gentleman was Sir Hugh De Byons. For two years, grouse, partridges, and pheasants, had flown and fallen, and he had made ineffectual attempts to get down to Mornington Manor under their wing. But Bowes Mornington was at length obliged to tell him that he dared not ask anything so ungodly into that pious house. Sir Hugh then proposed Mrs. Delmar's being invited to Brighton, Torquay, or St. Leonard's, by her brother. Any where, to get her away from what he so irreverently called,—

"That confounded conventicle."

But Bowes shook his head, and said that Amy dare not accept any such Babylonish invitation, for being dependent on her mother, though a widow, she was, if possible, more in leading-strings than she had been as a girl. Baffled at every point, Sir Hugh grew desperate, and vowed he'd go down and commit a burglary at the Manor, but he'd get into the house.

"Not so bad," cried Bowes one day, tapping his forehead with his forefinger, as if he had suddenly hit upon an excellent plan, "I'll tell you, my dear fellow, what I'll do for you; they are to have a flare-up about tithes, and church-rates, and what not; Luther, I know, has been

beating up Exeter Hall, and all the highways, and byeways, to get people to attend this meeting; so why the *dooce* should'nt *you* go down? but of course as a volunteer, to join the ATAT faction; and I'll lend you Spriggs; *he* knows the *carte du pays*, or rather the *carte du prêche*, and being a clever, sharp fellow, will put you up to a thing or two."

"Bowes, you are the best fellow in the world," cried Sir Hugh, taking him by both arms, and shaking him till he cried out for quarter; "but, hang it," added he, "on the stage all that sort of thing is very well, but off it, Captain, off it, one don't exactly like making confidants of one's servants in matters of this sort, at least, for anything but a *coryphée*, or a *lorette*."

"Ah! well, one don't exactly like having one's teeth out, or one's leg amputated, but needs must when the devil drives," said Bowes, nonchalantly flinging himself into a chair in the bay window at Boodle's, where this conversation had taken place (they having the room to themselves) and putting his feet on another, he slouched his hat over his eyes, and opened out "The Times."

"Gad, you are right Bowes, and though no one would ever suspect it, you are a deuced clever fellow, but don't let us lose time here; I'll see Spriggs at once," and, linking his arm in Mornington's, he dragged him out of his chair. Leaving the club, they soon reached Bowes's lodgings in Pall Mall, where Spriggs was duly summoned to the council.

"Ah! Spriggs! ah! hum! that a chestnut you ride? Ah! is—ah—a very clever horse, and admirably groomed!"

"Much *obleeged* to you, Sir Hugh."

"And—ah,—and—ah,—in short, ah,—Spriggs—you —understand that sort of thing."

"Vell, Sir Hugh, I always had the char*acte*r for it."

"Ah—just so,—clearly,—clearly—and ah—the fact is ah,—Spriggs,—I, ah, am going to marry—ah your master's sister, Mrs. Delmar—ah, that is ah, if—ah she will, ah, have me, ah Spriggs."

"Hin course, Sir Hugh, that goes to the bargain, 'cause many a filly, as the sayin is, likes to canter round a ring-fence, but ven it comes to the cerimony, they can't take the leap."

"Clearly,—clearly,—now—ah, as you know all the ah—ways of Mornington Manor, Captain Mornington—has—ah, been good enough to lend you—ah—to me Spriggs, to go down there,—and ah, I think of going down there *now*, to make friends with the keeper, and say I shall take out a license, and come down and shoot there next September. What do you think of that, eh? for a beginning?"

"You'll *hex*cuse *me*, sir, but it haint of no manner of use, for you'll never do it by the Partridges; it his quite tother vay, and must be done through the Parsons, the Black-birds;" and Spriggs drew himself up with great dignity, and put his arms a-kimbo, with the palms of his hands turned outwards.

"Well, I've no doubt you are right; I'll leave all the arrangements entirely to you."

"Then, Sir Hugh, I hope as you'll *hex*cuse me, but if I'm to ave the *sponsibility* like of the consarn, I must do by *you*, as you do by my osses, ven hever I takes a new sitivation."

"Gad, not give me arsenic, I hope?"

"No, no, Sir Hugh, hain't no occasion for that, but give you an entirely *new coat*; for dressed as you are now, I could no more get you into Mornington Manor, than I could get Merrythought into a pint decanter."

"Well, I leave it all to you. I'll give you a note to Sartorhausen, my tailor, and order what you like."

"Wery good, Sir Hugh, and I'll take care as you're turned out fust-rate!"

And that day week, Sir Hugh De Byons, Musprat, his valet, and Spriggs, his *largo al factotum*, arrived at Twaddleton by the mail train. Having drunk the brandy and water, and lighted his cigar, still feeling chilly in the early morning air, he tried to draw his Glengarry cap more over his ears, as he followed Spriggs's lead to Noah Lane, to reconnoitre the ATAT, previously to going to the inn. But, although the before-mentioned emporium of fish, vegetables, coals and candles, was not yet open, reminiscences of it still hung stalely and strongly about the common air.

"Good Heavens!" exclaimed Sir Hugh, taking the cigar out of his mouth, and burying his face in his handkerchief.

"I told you sir, has the smells was hawful! enough to make a polecat shy at them," Job's comforted Spriggs.

"Is this infernal ark, or whatever they call it, far?" asked the baronet, his face still muffled in his handkerchief.

"Far! lawr bless yer no, sir, hevery think in the methody line is *near*, and precious near too, that's it, right afore you, and I think you can safely say, Sir Hugh, as you never seed for hugliness hand redicklessness, hany think like it afore?"

"Good Gad!" ejaculated Sir Hugh De Byons, "what a place to —— make love in," was the conclusion of his unuttered thought.

"Ah! sir," said Spriggs, "catching the idea," and shaking his head with a degree of portentous wisdom that gave him the air of a Burleigh in top-boots. "Ah! sir, hi've seen a deal of courting one vay or another, and hit's halways so."

"Always in a canister!" exclaimed the astounded baronet, still eyeing through the by no means beautifying focus of his glass, the stolid stubbornness of the unclassic building.

"No, no, sir, not zactly that, but always a false start, a shy, a jib, a wall as can't be cleared, or summut wrong at starting; and here I'm afeard as you'll find the whole consarn particklar restive and hard-mouthed; but you hold on sir, that's all; Room warn't built in a day, and I hexpect has ve shant be hable to do much this fust go hoff like; but hit 'll be summut if so be has ve can honly hease the bearing-rein; hand my hadwice would be, Sir Hugh, hif ve can git things hin training this here time, to come down agin and bolt."

"Bolt?" repeated Sir Hugh.

"Yes sir, loop hoff."

"Oh! ah! elope, run away?"

"But—but—the lady might not consent."

"Haint no need of consent hin loopments sir, that's vot they's for ven consent his hout hof season; hand they's particklar calkilated for vidders, hand saves a deal hof time, trouble, hand hexpense, hin the vay of presents, wisits, hand sich like."

"Ah!" said Sir Hugh, consulting his right whisker, which, by its silence, seemed to assent to Spriggs's proposition.

"Now sir, you'll hexcuse me, but you know fust himpressions his hevery think; hand hit vont do for you to look hout of condition; hand this here hinfernal place his enough to put a potimus hoff hits feed; so hif I may make so bold has to hadwise, you'll come hon to the Vite Art sir, hand go to bed; Musprat shall call you in time, hand I'll come down hand dress you hin character for the

methody meeting this evening; for you see sir," added he, jerking his right thumb over his right shoulder contemptuously at "THE ATAT," hit would be a hinpossibility for hany one but an hourangoutang, to think hof keeping company, hin sich a cant trap as that."

As Sir Hugh appeared to feel the cogency of this arrangement, he evinced his concurrence by silently following Spriggs, and it was not until they had reached the High Street, (in which the White Hart was situated) where the morning air circulated freely, that he was sufficiently revived to respond in words.

"Quite impossible, as you say, Spriggs. So I'll wait till the evening."

"Here we hare, sir," said Spriggs, touching his hat, as they reached the portico of the White Hart, "and I'll go hon to the Manor, hand lay hall the *combusterballs* has fur has I can hin the hoffices hand lower department, has Guy Fawkes did hunder the Parliament Ouses."

"But with a more successful result, I hope," smiled Sir Hugh.

"Hall right, sir," said Spriggs, again touching his hat, but this time accompanying the proceeding with a wink. "Servants his more used to blowing hup, so there hain't no fear of mistakes, sir."

As the baronet turned into the White Hart, received at that early hour by the only inmates stirring, to wit, the boots, and a pair of half-boots, as Spriggs denominated the two boys who were the boot's *aides-de-camp* for errands, and bearing the blame of all his sins of omission, and commission.

The groom stepped out down the street, the hitherto silent pavement of which, re-echoed to his sonorous footsteps, while, by way of accompaniment, he whistled the

ironically appropriate air of "Nobody's coming to marry me; nobody's coming to woo!" To which he added the spoken refrain of "Oh! dear no! in course not!"

No one yet being astir at the Manor, his first visit was to the stable, the ostensible pretext for his advent being for some bridles and horse-cloths, of his master's to take back to town. But, in his way to the stables, he cast a wistful look up at Miss Patty Carew's window, saying, as he did so, "Well, hif so be has I can honly manage the loopment for Sir Hugh, she can't go hoff without her *maid*, that's *sartin sure*. Hand in course, while the love-making is a going hon hinside, the rumble must be hattended to. So, Spriggs, my boy, look out." And so saying, he lifted up the latch of the stable-door and entered, nodding to all the horses with a general "How d'ye do." And then, patting each individually, and calling him by his name, he ascended the hay-loft, for the double purpose of taking a short nap, and watching the precise time of Miss Carew's rising, as the said loft, was immediately opposite her bed-room window.

Flinging himself at full length on his fragrant, though extempore couch, he kept his eyes fixed on that young lady's window, till sleep fairly weighed them down, and it was not till the clock over the stable had struck seven, and the opposite lattice had been opened wide, that his eyes followed the example. Springing to his feet, he hastily descended, and made straight for the housekeeper's room, in the hope of meeting with the pretty Patty, accidentally on purpose, before Basket, or Dorcas, Mrs. Mornington's maid, came down. Patty, while waiting till the others came, to fill up the interval of time till breakfast, had just seated herself at a table, and taken a plain tulle, quaker-like looking cap, trimmed with black love ribbon,

of her young mistress's out of a work-basket, uttering the following soliloquy over it, as she took a pair of scissors, and commenced untrimming it:—

"Oh, dear! How tired I am of doing and undoing these dingy, dowdy, skull-caps, and what a shame it is that such beautiful hair as Mrs. Delmar's should be hidden under caps at all!"

"Hit is, indeed," said Spriggs, coming behind her, as he entered from the kitchen, and twitching one of Patty's own dark silken braids from under her round-eared cap.

"La, Spriggs! how you frightened me!" screamed she, re-adjusting her truant hair. "Wherever did *you* spring from?"

"Of a noble race was Shenkin," sang Spriggs, gliding forward in a *pas seul*, and accompanying the movement with an imitation of the violin on his left arm, his right hand simulating the bow, after which he added—

"Vy, Patty, you are spring and summer hall in vun, and blooming as the flowers in May."

"Stuff—now don't begin with your nonsense, Spriggs."

"Vell, I vont; so, to talk seriously," and here he pulled a long face, "for you know hevry think is serious in *this* ouse; *ows* the hold duchess, the lady of the manor? Avent she atched herself a Cherrybum yet?

"For shame, Spriggs—I never."

"No, you never did—but you can't say that *now;* and better late than never," added he, seizing and kissing her, despite her struggles.

"Be quiet, *do,* you impertinent fellow, said the irate nymph, slapping his face.

"Vell, oo'd have thought," rejoined he, rubbing his

smarting cheek, "that so clever a little filly vos so ard in the mouth; but still," added he, stepping back, and looking admiringly at her, "with the carriage of a countess, no vonder she should kick at being forced into a *buss*. Oh, dear! they talks of their himprovements, hand their hinwentions, hand their confusion hof useful knowledge, hand hall the rest hon it; but, for my part, I don't see no good hin their hinwentions, has long has they don't hinwent a veathercock for sighs."

"Law, Spriggs, what an idea—what on earth use would that be?

"Use—the wery *greatest* benefit hever yet conferred hon the human race, has Professor Gulltheflats says, ven he comes to smoke with master *(he* meaning backey, I spose). But a sigh veathercock *vould* really be the wery greatest use, hat least to *man*kind, for then ve should be hable to know in vot direction a gal's sighs blew; vether *one* sigh vos for claret hand corks, that is to say, the pantry, of vich, in course, the butler his the natrel consequence. Then a sigh and a arf for behind the carriage, hof vich gold-stick hin vaiting, hand plushes, his the result. Hand—hand, 'heigh-ho!' *praps* for the stables," and here, sticking a straw in the corner of his mouth, standing on his heels, while the tips of his boots turned upwards, as he glanced askance at Patty. "Then, who knows but Groom, hout of Rack, might chance to be the favourite?"

"Plague take this cap!" cried Patty, not paying the least attention to Spriggs's metaphorical broad hints, "I never saw such a stupid thing—I can't make it set, no way."

"Nor never will, Patty, till you set it at me," said Spriggs, making another attempt to snatch a kiss from

her, in the very midst of which daring enterprise, Basket appeared at the door, and, in her surprise and indignation, let her namesake, with all the keys in it, drop out of her hand, as she exclaimed—

"Drat the place, this is more of it; another kiss of peace, I suppose, as if it was not enough to have them buzzing about one, like bluebottles, at that ere fool of an ATAT; but now we must have the nuisance in the kitchen. But, if I see any more such doings, hang me, if I don't paste up all the maids' mouths with fly-paper."

"And quite right, too, Mrs. Basket," said Spriggs, with provoking *sang froid*, "for in course, *as* a ouse-keeper, hit's your dooty to make the maids *stick* to their business."

"Oh, so there *you* are, like a bad penny, back again, Spriggs. Well, it's a true saying, 'a rolling stone gathers no moss,' and you look precious seedy, I can tell you."

"There you go, with your proverbs, as usual, Mrs. Basket," said Spriggs, somewhat piqued at this bad compliment before Patty.

"Well, I can't go with nothing better," retorted Basket, rattling about the cups and saucers, as she arranged them on the breakfast-table, "for proverbs is the wisdom of all times, made into the portable soup of prudence, for everybody's long journey through the world."

"I prefers *sarsage* rolls," said Spriggs.

"Ah! no doubt, afore you got to be a stud-groom, you was used to rolls. Is the Captain come?"

"No, he knows better. I only comed down for some of Merrythought's tackle, and travelled vith a *serious* gent as is come down for the tithe-fight."

"Drat 'em, one and all, say I; they're nothing but a

pack of wolves in sheeps' clothing; and they've the appetites of wolves, for they're enough to breed a famine in the land," said Basket.

"Vell, for the most part, the Methody's *does* eat tremenjus, and that's a fact," assented Spriggs; "but the one as I come down vith is quite on a new plan, self-supporting, without *spunge*, or psalm-singing."

"What on earth do you mean by that? Then he can't be a Methody!" said Basket, pausing in her operations, and leisurely rubbing a tea-spoon, with a napkin she held.

"Shut all the doors," said Spriggs, rubbing his hands; "come close to me, and take your Bible oaths as you von't breathe a syllable hon it to mortal, and I'll tell you!"

Law, Spriggs! what *ever* is it?" cried Patty, dropping her work, and starting to her feet.

"Eh! what have you got to tell, Spriggs?" said Basket, depositing the spoon on the table, and though with less haste in her movements than Patty, with quite as much curiosity in her mind.

"Nearer, nearer still!" This was addressed to Patty, and in order to give her every assistance towards acceding to his request, Spriggs passed his arm round her waist, and drew her towards him. After about ten minutes of the strongest *consommé* of whispering, he had put his two eager and delighted auditors in full possession of as much of Sir Hugh De Byon's feelings, fortunes, and intentions, as he himself was acquainted with. Basket cross-questioned him as follows:—

"A *real* Barrowknight, and ten thousand a year, you're *sure*, Spriggs?"

"Has sure has that hoats his hoats."

"And fell in love at first sight! and you're *sure* he means to elope?" said Patty.

"Such *his* hour hunhalterable hintention," responded Spriggs, with all that awe-inspiring, mysterious dignity which the plural pronoun never fails to inspire, or at least to effect, whether used by kings or critics.

"But lawr! however will he get into the house?" said the more practical, and less romantic, Basket.

"Ere are hour crowbars and centre-bits," and Spriggs took from his pocket a bundle of Tracts, which he had had the precaution to provide."

"THE SINNER'S LAST SNORE."

"A FIRST-CLASS TICKET TO CANAAN."

"POCKET HANDKERCHIEFS FOR THOSE WHO WEEP BY THE WATERS OF BABYLON."

"A THISTLE FOR BALAAM'S ASS."

"PUMPKINS THAT NEVER PERISH."

"HOOKS AND EYES FOR THE GARMENTS OF TRUE BELIEVERS."

"That's about the rubbish, sure enough," said Basket.

"Now, Patty, if the *vorthy man* succeeds in getting a footing in the house, and gives a lot of this here rubbish to Mrs. Delmar, don't *you* go and shoot it away *has* rubbish, for who knows but there may be some veat among the chaff?" winked Spriggs.

"Ay! Ay! I understand," said Patty, with a knowing little nod of her head.

"Who'd doubt you? My belief is, that there isn't one of you as hever was born, heven hif you vos put hinto champagne-bottles, hand leaded hand wired down till you was hof age, has couldn't buy hand sell hall Tattersall's the moment has you vos let loose; for, like the champagne, you're up to hevry think, hat the fust pop."

" After all," said Basket thoughtfully, not heeding this compliment, to the astuteness of the sex in general, and that of Patty in particular, " after all, I'm not sure, as far as a woman's happiness is concerned, that it would not be better to marry even one of them Methodys, if they'd only use a little more soap and water, than a fine gentleman ; for the quality thinks vice is as much one of *their* privileges as their lands and titles. Silly mothers begin by not only screening, but indulging and encouraging their sons in every vice, and then, opera-dancers, the turf, and the gaming-table, does the rest ; and, so many and many, a poor young lady's happiness is wrecked, and their childrens after them."

" There's no gainsaying hon it ; hit's true has gospel, vot you says there, Mrs. Basket, hand hi'm free to confess (has they says hin the Parliament Ouse, ven they're compelled to say something) that them there sort of Misis puts their foot in many a appy famly ; but still, it's not them, nor heven the Clubs has does *hall* the harm. Nor his the mischief hentirely hin the dice; hit's hin the MOTHERS-IN-LAW ! hand no mistake, Mrs. Basket ; hand not a *dumb* devil I promise you, sich has Mr. Scuttledust his always a dumb-founding hon us vith."

Here, a bell, or rather an alarum, rang long and loud enough to waken the dead. This was to summon the household, to what Mrs. Mornington called *prelude-prayers*, viz.: the prayers *before* breakfast ; those after that meal, lasting at least, an hour and a half.

" There you go !" cried Spriggs, flipping his knees and boots with his pocket-handkerchief. " If master vos to live here *reglar*, hi'm blessed if he shouldn't double my vages, for flesh and blood couldn't stand it ! Nor buckskins neither ! Hi've been always used to find my hown

prayers, but hin a serious family vere they are found for one four times a day (not hincluding hextras) none but a Highlander, hor a Cherokee Hinjen, could stand the vear and tear, hand heven then, bones vould ave to give hin at last!"

"Hush! make haste!" said Basket, hurrying along the passage that led to the library, where all the other servants had by this time assembled. But Spriggs came to a dead stop, in the most umbrageous part of the corridor, and proposed to Miss Carew that, instead of the kiss of peace at the end of the prayers, they should have a kiss a-piece *then*, for which he received another slap on the face.

Now, with regard to this kiss of peace, it was Mrs. Mornington's theory, that there should be no distinction of persons in this symbol of brotherly love, as she called it, but somehow or other, she took care practically so to arrange matters, that the servants' caresses should only be exchanged between themselves.

Slowly and solemnly, Mrs. Mornington's stern cold eye glanced at Spriggs's unregenerated tops and buckskins, as kneeling among the serious household they formed a worldly and wicked *point de mire*. And no sooner was the groaning concluded, in which Spriggs had most successfully endeavoured to emulate the fine stentorian basso of Lablache—"The Sinner's Last Snore," being the *libretto* he used on the occasion, than upon rising from her genuflections, Mrs. Mornington said to him in her usual, curt, guillotine tone,

"Your master come?"

"No, 'em—I only cum down for some horse-cloths, and respecting hon a brown cob, as I heerd on, to be sold at Beechcroft, as I thought might suit the Cappen."

"What have you got there?" asked the lady, holding out

her hand for 'THE SINNER'S LAST SNORE'—no good, I fear."

"Oh, yes, 'em—a deal of good, and *wery comforting*," said the top-booted hypocrite, turning up his eyes—it vos give me by a gent as I travelled down vith. Jist as I vos agoing to hendulge in a carnal nap, he hit me sich a thump on the hoff shoulder has I shall never forget—and putting this here track hinto my and, he says, says he, "'Sleeper! awake! how do you know but yours may be 'The Sinner's Last Snore.'"

"Did this holy man go on, or remain, at Twaddleton?" inquired Mrs. Mornington, casting an approving eye over "The Sinner's Last Snore."

"No, he didn't go no further; he stayed at the Vhite Art, 'cause he comed down a-purpose for the Tithe-meeting, and said as he'd heered a deal about THE ATAT, and vot an hadwanced Christian you vos, and ow he longed to know more of you in faith."

"Do you know his name?"

"Vell, 'em—as vell as I rickelict, the name as I seed on the luggidge—least vays hon the carpet-bag, 'cause has he said, them has his journeying to the promised land don't need to be cumbered vith vorldly luggidge; but, the name hon the carpet-bag—Bunyans—Hugh Bunyans, or vos some sich name."

"Excellent, worthy man!" exclaimed Mrs. Mornington; "no doubt a descendant of John Bunyan — all the spiritual consolation of THE ARK, and all the creature-comforts of this house, he is welcome to. Let him not tarry at the inn, but go to him, Spriggs, and tell him there is a place in the fold appointed for him."

"Ad'ent you best see him fust, 'em, to be sure as he is one hof the right sort, and not a wolf in sheep's clothing,

as there is so many a going about seeking hon whom they may dewour."

Here the diplomatic and Jesuitical Spriggs leisurely twirled his thumbs and turned up his eyes, as if he had been sitting under the Rev. Aminadab Scuttledust at THE ATAT, or as Spriggs himself irreverently called The Ark, *The Hell-fire Club.*

"No, no—this"—said Mrs. Mornington, tapping—"The Sinner's Last Snore" with her right hand—"this is quite sufficient to show his is an awakened spirit."

"Silly woman!" exclaims the reader.

By your leave, reader, not one whit more silly than you I, and the rest of the world, who will go on, judging whole cases from abstract facts, more especially, if the said abstract fact, or sentence, happens to strike the chord, *pro*, or *con*, of any one of our own peculiar crotchets, or spurs the flanks of our individual hobby, till it sets off, over hill and over dale, clearing all before it, and only drawing bridle, to find that it has arrived at the *wrong terminus*. Here are a few *abstract facts*, with their erroneous judgments appended to them.

Mrs. Simpson gave Johnny Jessup, a new suit of clothes, and a loaf of bread, yesterday.

"Most kind and benevolent of Mrs. Simpson, I'm sure," says Snivel; "and most abominable of Johnny Jessup and his grandmother, not to express more gratitude to Mrs Simpson, whose kindness I happened to be witness to, when I arrived in the village yesterday."

"Ay," says Testall,—"and had you chanced to be in the village three years ago, you'd have known that Mrs. Simpson took upon herself to adopt Johnny Jessup, and her whim changing, she returned him upon his pauper grandmother's hands. But still, the new suit and the loaf

of bread remain great facts in public benevolence, to set up against the Jackeyite, and grandmotherly, ingratitude.

"Dear me!" cries Mrs. Snivel, the Snivel aforesaid's blinder half, "what an ill-tempered, unamiable, unpleasable woman Mrs. Serveall seems! Mrs. Talkington always *speaks* so *highly* of *her*, and says there is nothing she would not do to help her, or alleviate her present affliction, and yet Mrs. Serveall always seems discontented with all her efforts."

"Very likely," responds Testall, "for Mrs. Serveall never *talks*, or professes. She *acts*, and she had most materially served Mrs. Talkington, who is one of those indolent, obstinate, apathetic people, who, if they lived with another a thousand years, would never *know* them; and, who, being very obtuse in their own feelings, are eternally treading on the gouty feet of other people's, and wondering that such trifles *should* annoy them, and arguing that they *ought not to do so*. Such persons are necessarily incarnate blunderers, never speaking but when they should be silent, and always silent, when they should speak; saddling their friends under *nominal*, that is *verbal*, obligations; while, in reality, they crush them under irremediable injuries. In short, as Mrs. Mathews says, in that very charming book of hers, "Tea-Table Talk,', speaking of well-meaning, but ill-judging, persons, 'they are like ill-regulated clocks, whose hands always point right' but whose *strike* is invariably *wrong*.' "

No; human nature is very bad, very selfish, miry in the extreme, and "of the earth, earthy," but still, depend upon it, ingratitude, that "rank fat weed on Lethe's bank,' is *not so* indigenous to it as people suppose. It is not for services rendered—nor even when they are sincerely, and above all kindly intended—that persons are ungrateful.

It is the services lavishly promised, and never rendered, and the deep wound inflicted, while professing to heal a small scratch, that engenders what is conventionally called ingratitude. Pugilism is termed "the noble art of self-defence." The art of knowing how to defend, and serve others, is a far nobler one, in which there are few, very few, proficients, and therefore it is, that one's *soi disant* champions (?)—to borrow another *simile* from "the noble art"—generally "punish" one so severely.

And whence comes the "vain reasoning, and false philosophy," in most things, if not in all, but from this eternal arguing from false premises? We have nearly all, without exception, some KANIFERSTAN of our own, engendering, from whom we deduce, and to whom we refer everything.

"M. Kaniferstan?"

"Oh! I forgot. You were not acquainted with him. Allow me, reader, to detain you five minutes longer by, introducing him to you."

A young Parisian gentleman, travelling to Amsterdam, and keeping a journal, as all intelligent travellers do, to enrich the world with *facts*, was attracted by the remarkable beauty of a house near the canal. He addressed a Dutchman in French, who stood near him in the vessel, with a "Pray, sir, may I ask who that house belongs to?"

The Hollander answered him, in his own language, "*Ik kan nict verstaan*," *i.e.*, "I do not understand."

While the Frenchman, not doubting but he was understood, took the Dutchman's answer for the name of the proprietor of the house.

"Oh, oh!" said he, "it belongs to Mr. Kaniferstan. Well, I'm sure he must be very agreeably situated. The house is most charming, and the gardens appear delicious. A friend

of mine has a château on the banks of the Loire something like it, but I confess I should prefer this."

He made many more laudatory remarks, to which the Dutchman, who continued to smoke, made no reply.

When they arrived at Amsterdam, they saw a most beautiful woman on the quay, walking arm-in-arm with a gentleman. The Parisian, in the blandest accents of his native tongue, asked a person who passed him, "Who that charming lady was?"

But the man, not understanding a word of French, replied—

"*Ik kan nict verstaan.*"

"What! sir!" exclaimed our tourist, "is that Mr. Kaniferstan's wife, whose house is near the canal? Indeed this gentleman's lot is enviable! to possess so lovely a wife! and so noble a house."

The next day, when he was walking out—fact-hunting for his journal—he saw some trumpeters playing at the door of a gentleman, who had got the largest prize in the Dutch lottery. The Frenchman, still thirsting for information, inquired the name of the fortunate prize-holder? when he received the eternal answer,

"*Ik kan nict verstaan.*"

"Diantre!" cried the Parisian, "this is too much! Fortune is indeed blind! Mr. Kaniferstan, proprietor of such a fine house; husband to such a beautiful woman; and now, to get the largest prize in the lottery!—it must be confessed that this man has robbed many."

About a week after this, our traveller, in his walks through the city, met a superb funeral. He inquired whose it was?

"*Ik kan nict verstaan,*" replied the person accosted.

"Ah! ciel!" exclaimed the Frenchman—slapping his

forehead, and perspiring at every pore—into a fine strain of philosophical moralizing, upon the vanity of human life, and the emptiness of human happiness. "Ah! ciel! poor Mr. Kaniferstan! who had such an angelic wife! such a splendid house! and such a tremendous prize in the lottery! he must have quitted this world with great regret, for fear that, in going further, he should fare worse—but God is just, and I always thought HIS HAPPINESS WAS TOO GREAT TO LAST!"

And thus it is, more or less, with us all; that given a KANIFERSTAN! the Q. E. D. should be

BOSH!

CHAPTER IX.

IN WHICH LORD INISHOWEN BANISHES THE DOVE FROM THE ARK, AND THE FACE OF THE WATERS ARE TROUBLED.

SPRIGGS had resolved to avoid "The Manna in the Wilderness" part of the gala. But, finding that Patty was to walk in the procession, as shawl-bearer to her mistress (who always shivered, physically, as well as morally, at these rheumatic revels in the long dank grass,)—and also hearing that Lord Inishowen, and the Churchwardens, intended getting up a strike, about Mrs. Mornington's own pew, at THE ATAT; respecting which, there had been a sort of verbal agreement between her and his lordship—that he, upon his rare visits to Twaddleton, should have the use of it; unless she chose to buy off this privilege, by paying the same tithes to the Rector of Twaddleton, as if she still continued to frequent her own parish church. But this, setting her face as she did against tithes, and calculating upon Lord

Inishowen's never at least claiming *this* privilege, she had never paid a fraction towards her right of excluding him; consequently, independently of his being a desperate Orangeman, the Irish peer thought it a capital opportunity of at once supporting the Church; annoying his Methodistical tenant, and having a little fun—so selected this occasion, of all days in the year, to exact his privilege.

Therefore, when Spriggs arrived at the ark, which he did full early, so as to fall into the line, with the servants from the Manor; that is, so as to take his seat at THE ATAT immediately opposite to Miss Carew, in order, as a matter of course, to pair off with her, when they came out and proceeded to the wilderness—he was surprised to see marching up, and down, before the ark, as a sentry, a brawny Hibernian, shouldering a stout shillalah, instead of a musket, his hat very much on one side, and altogether with an air of defiance, intended to have daunted a legion, had a legion assailed him.

"De top of de morning to you, sur," said he to Spriggs very civilly, touching his hat *à la militaire.*

"Hollo! my man, I know your face, vere have I seen you?"

"Mike Finerty, sur."

"Mike Finerty?"

"De boy dat had a bit of a shindy wid a black thafe of a nigger, Tibarius Casar Coofey sur, in Astechape, a matter of two year ago and more."

"Oh! lawr. ah, to be sure, I remember perfectly, and you was a going to git married; vell, did you?"

"I did, sur—oh! but de Lord has been very good to me; I tuck it mildly sur, and have got on very well since, and the childer, Patsey and Nora, perwided for, gone on the stage a horseback sur."

"And your vife, vere is she?"

"Is it Judy, sur? Och! perwided for too, sur, wid de pratees at home, an encoombered eshtate dat me Uncle Jerry Dooloughan left me in Tipperary, all ridy encoombered wid an iligant cabin, bog, poultry, pictures, and a pig."

"Ah! indeed, and how long is it since you came into this property?"

"How long has Jerry been dead, is it?"

"Vell, yes."

"Oh! indade, itsh going on five wakes sur."

"Only five weeks; then I vonder you are not in mourning for him."

"Mourning! whisht now, listen to dat; why wud I be afther blackening meself for me relations, whin divil a wan of dem, ever put on a rag of mourning for me; whin dey do, itsh time enough to return de compliment."

"Ha! ha! ha! vell, that's not a bad hidear, but how vos you hable to leave your vife?"

"Och! thin, indade, sur, whin you've been two yare marred, you'll find de able, and de willing, go together, like a pair of brogues dat are fellows."

"But vot are you doing ere?"

"What am I doing here? shure ishn't it meself dat hash got de iligant plache of it, ash own man to Lord Inishowen, notting to do, and a gossoon to help me."

Here their colloquy was interrupted by the arrival of his lordship himself, with a battalion of boys and girls that he had collected out of the highways and byeways, for the amiable purpose of peopling Mrs. Mornington out of her own pew at THE ATAT. At sight of this reinforcement, Mr. Finerty shouldered arms, and then stood on one side, to allow his master, and his ragged staff, to enter.

"No one has attempted to drive you away, have they, Finerty?" inquired his lordship.

"Och, they did, me lard; wan or two of dim Methodies came *airley* in de morning, and toult me to dishperse; but I stud me ground, 'I won't, so I will,' says I, and wid dat, I ups wid me sthick, and made mashed pratees of dim; so thin de spalpeens knew, me lard, dat Mike Finerty wash all right, accarding to de articles of war; and beshide, twinty of dim English, wud have no chance agin wan of *uz*."

Here, Mr. Finerty winked, and wagged his head, in a way that left no doubt of the fact, while Lord Inishowen walked majestically into THE ATAT, followed by his itinerant brigade, which, with himself, he forthwith installed in Mrs. Mornington's pew; soon after, the lugubrious sounds of—

"As dying saints, let us rejoice,"

shrilly entoned through every possible key of the nasal organ, proclaimed the manna-in-the-wilderness procession near at hand; and presently, "banners" did not exactly "catch the breeze," but the little, triangular strips of blue calico, with different texts inscribed upon them, fluttering from the top of peeled osiers, caught the eye, entering from the Noah Lane side of THE ATAT, headed by Mrs Mornington, Mrs. Delmar, Luther, and the Rev. Aminadab Scuttledust, walking four abreast. As the rev. gentleman turned down the aisle, leading to the pulpit, and the children defiled, to ascend the gallery-stairs, the commingling, not to say entangling, of their respective flags, and conflicting texts, seemed almost like a jocular *charade en action*, of the confusion of tongues in the Tower of

Babel, if anything so profane as jocularity could ever have had the temerity to penetrate into THE ATAT. The lady of the manor, with quite as much dignity as devotion, walked straight to her besieged pew, followed by her son and daughters ; and, as soon as the dying saints had ceased to rejoice, and the last snuffle had subsided, Mrs. Mornington's shrill, crowing, chanticleer voice was heard, booming through the Ark, in parley with the enemy,

"How is this, my lord, that I find every seat in my own pew occupied?"

"How is it? the easiest thing in life, sweet lady, six of one, and half a dozen of the other, that is, six boys, and six girls, which, with the humble individual who has the honour of addressing you, makes a baker's dozen, and just fills the seat."

"But—but, my lord, I want to know where I am to sit?"

"Sit in the aisle, sweet lady, sit in the aisle, and then you'll be the Lady of the Aisles, and may be put on the same shelf, with "the Lord of the Isles."

"My lord, this is unbearable."

'"Women were made to bear.'—SHAKSPEARE.

Ahem!

"Can you reconcile such conduct to yourself, as a *gentleman?*"

"Gentleman! oh, then, indeed, sweet lady, you'd have to travel the wide world over, before you'd find a gentleman, or anything like one, in such a place as *this!*"

"But your *promise*, my lord, that you would never exact your right of occupying my pew, in my own Tabernacle."

"Promises, like pie-crusts, or egg-shells, if you prefer them, sweet lady, were made to be broken."

"Then your *honour*, my lord."

"My honour! pooh, *that's* gone long ago—bought in, (far under its value) with Mount Blarney, when it got into the Encumbered Estates Court. But, if you have any thought of competing for the prize to be awarded to the discoverer of perpetual motion, and like to look for my honour, and should chance to find it, you are welcome, sweet lady, to pledge it, to any amount it will bring."

At this, Spriggs, with his handkerchief crammed into his mouth, made a precipitate retreat from THE ATAT, declaring, as he himself expressed it, that he was so weak in the haunches, from suppressed laughter, that, if he waited to hear another word, he should not be able to turn out Sir Hugh De Byons in proper style for the meeting at the White Hart in the evening; also to see what had become of Miss Patty Carew, who was not at THE ATAT.

"Hello! Sam Sejeter, where the deuce—ahem!—I mean where the delft did you come from? And, as you hare come, how the crockery does it appen that you hare not hup at the Hark a closing your ooks, and heyes, like the rest on 'em?" said Spriggs, nearly knocking down Mrs. Ray's sanctified foreman, as he turned out of one of the innumerable narrow passages of Twaddleton into the High Street.

"Alas! Thomas Spriggs," responded that hypocritical individual, turning up his eyes, and twirling his thumbs, though he was in the street. "Alas, the spirit is willing, though the flesh is weak, and much as the spirit yearns to be in any house of prayer, if even, peradventure, it is not the right one, still the flesh, while in bondage, must do the behests of the world; and Martha Ray thinks the old

child, Ruby, is looking ill and dull, and wants change of air. So she sent me down to try and get Dorothy Windsor to take her to board and lodge with them for a few weeks, as she said it would be a charity to give poor Dorothy an excuse for getting a little food into the house, and I was to offer them a guinea a-week. At first, old Paul would not hear of it, 'cause *his* thorn in the flesh, is pride. But the Mammon of unrighteousness, and the flesh-pots of Egypt, were too much for him; so, at length he consented, as a favour, and to oblige Martha Ray, whom he knew as Martha Palfreyman, he said, a tidy, thrifty girl, that used to bring him grist cakes, and new-laid eggs. So that is settled, and I shall return to Tower Hill to-morrow, for I intend to stay, and hear the Gideons that are to gird on their armour to fight the good fight against tithes, at the White Hart to-night."

"And you, hare in luck, I can tell you, for the celebrated Benjamin Makesure Bunyan is down ere; neither more nor less!"

"The celebrated Benjamin Makesure Bunyan? Who on airth is he?" repeated and inquired Mr. Samuel Sejeter, in his most deliberate and nasal tone.

"Not know the celebrated Benjamin Makesure Bunyan? Hand you, as does so much hin the tub hand hopen hair, line yourself, Sejeter. Vell, you *do* amaze me, hand that's a fact. Oh, dear! if hit comes to that, I should jist like to know vots the good of cerlebrity; ven you never heerd tell hon the most celerbratedest Methody, has hever shut hup the heyes, and hopened the pusses of his earers. Vell, that *is* a go!"

"Benjamin Makesure Bunyan? No, really, I never did. But then, to be sure, there are so many Benjamins."

"Ay, hand so many messes, too; but you are in luck! has Madame Mornington didn't ear you a hexposing hon

your hignorance, I can tell yer, hor you might ave said good-bye to hall the beef hand hale hup at the Manor, hand hif you'll take a fool's hadwice, hand be said by me, you'll never let hon among the Methodies,—vothever sex they may appen to be hof—and ve know has there's pretty near a undred and fifty different sexes among them, von vay hor another. But you'll never, has long has your name his Sam Sejeter, let hon, among hany hon 'em, vot hever sex they may be hof, has you vos hignorant concerning hof the great Benjamin Makesure Bunyan! hunless you vonts to be thort no more hon, nor a midge's hegg."

"But of what persuasion is he? Had he belonged to the Brethren; I must have heard of him."

"Oh! you means vot sex his he hof? Vell, it haint heasy to tell the sex hof them Methodies, for, as I said afore, they'se so many different sexes; but I heerd him saying has he'd bin hover ead hand hears like, so I spose has he's a Baptist."

And, at this veracious account, Spriggs pulled one of his own ears, and looked up askance under his eyes into Mr. Sejeter's pale, pitted, Gruyère-cheese-looking face, to see what effect this intelligence might have on him. But that pious individual, who was walking with his right hand in his bosom, and his left behind his back, was evidently plunged far deeper in a reverie, than the great Benjamin, Makesure Bunyan had ever been in a river, and to Spriggs's ineffable surprise! replied by the hugely *à propos de botte* inquiry of—

"Old Windsor has a sight of money, hasn't he?"

"No, that's jest vot he has not, as nobody hever yet seed a sight of it; but he's a deal of money, so they say, at least. And Stump, Mother Fowkes's old crow, vich, by courtesy (as they say of lords as isn't lords) they calls magpye, his always a stumping about vith that ere vooden

leg of his, and pounding upon a particlar part of the brick floor both at her place, and old Windsor',s flapping hits wings like mad, hand a-screaming hout—"I know vere there's more! I know vere there's more."

"Ha! indeed," said Mr. Sejeter, coming to a stand-still, as if he had been suddenly seized with an idea which, to persons not used to them, are almost as overpowering as a paralytic, apoplectic, or any other sort of seizure. But, speedily recovering, he said—"Well, Thomas Spriggs, I think I shall say farewell, here."

"Pooh! nonsense, vots that for, man? I vont to ask hafter Mrs. Ray, and my sweetheart, Ruby, and that hold Turk of a tower. Hand it's no reason because you couldn't mouth it at THE ATAT, that you should not do better, and come and munch it at the Manor; hand I assure you the tap is much better this month than I have known it for some years, more like one of the old brews, sich as had used to be, in the Squire's time."

This last argument appeared so cogent, that Mr. Sejeter yielded to it, and said, with less of euphony, and more of nasality than ever, "Well Thomas Spriggs, I don't care if I do recruit my inward man at the Manor, for Madam Mornington is a godly woman, though, alas! not yet one of the brethren, but I don't despair of seeing her conversion."

"Vell!" laughed Spriggs, "no doubt hit vould be heasier to turn her hinto a brother, than it vould be most females, 'cause you see she always vore the not-to-be-inted-at's, in the hold Squire's time, hand there haint been no symptoms of her leaving hon em hoff, since."

"I will jine you at the Manor, Thomas Spriggs."

"Jine me at the Manor! ven things haint broke hoff; there haint no casion for jining, hand vy should you

hand I break hoff, ven hour road to the Manor is the same ; hat hall ewents, vot hever houtlandish ways you may chuse to git to Eaven by."

"The way is straight, the path is narrow," said Mr. Sejeter, turning up his eyes, as if the way had been through the air.

"Vell, for coaches hand six, I don't doubt but it may be a trifle narrow or so ; but you'll never git me to believe that for them as valks straight hand hupright, hit haint vide enough for two a breast, hand heven hif it warnt, vy sure-ly they could foller ? vone go fust, hand tother come arter."

Waving the theological tone, the conversation had assumed, Mr. Sejeter merely replied most prosaically, and to the point,

"I wanted to go through Well-Close."

"Vell, I'm agreeable ; vot's to inder us going to the Manor that vay ? In fact, it's rather nearer than any hother."

To which Mr. Samuel Sejeter returned a locomotive "amen," by recommencing his onward progress by the side of his companion. But, in order to reach Well-Close, they had to go through the Market, then one of the handsomest public buildings in Twaddleton. Spriggs looked out to the right, and to the left, for his familiar friends, among *les dames de la Halle*, and the Floras, and Pomonas of the vegetable market. Not so, Mr. Sejeter, who walked through, silent and stately, as befitted a man of his serious proclamations ; till, on passing out, at the other side, he stopped at the last butcher's stall, and bargained for some pieces of particularly blue, and fly-blown looking scraps of meat and liver, with which he had a passage of arms—*viâ* divers wooden skewers, before he succeeded in running

them through. Having at length accomplished this feat, he carefully placed a sixpence in the purveyor's hand, and as carefully received and counted fourpence halfpenny change. After which, he walked on, holding his purchase out at arm's length before him, without any affectation of elegance, or refinement ; but with the noble simplicity of a man, who, having provided for cats and crows, seemed to walk with his head erect, as if bidding defiance to donkeys, and Dick Martin.

"Vell I'm blow'd ! hat hall ewents, hif I hain't, that ere meat is, but I'm blow'd hif I knows what *that's* for ; honless the Methodies have got hinto a new vay, hand, instead of mortifying the flesh, they takes and buys it ready mortified," said Spriggs.

"The merciful man is merciful to his beast," responded Mr. Sejeter, looking down upon himself with great complacency.

"Hat hall ewents, the beast haint merciful to his man, to keep sich carrion as *that* hunder is nose of a summer's day. So my politics his haltered, and I'll jist change sides, if *you* please."

As Spriggs did so, a handsome, bad countenanced, young vagabond passed them, his fustian-jacket tied round his neck by the two sleeves, his arms folded, and a great deal of red Marls about his corduroy trousers. Quickly darting his sinister glance from Sejeter to Spriggs, (who instantly recognised him as the thimble-rig hero, of Newmarket, and the young pickpocket they had seen taken up on Tower-hill the morning of Robert Bumpus's marriage) and then looking back to Sejeter, the vagabond familiarly nodded his head to him, and said in a loud voice as he passed him, but without stopping,—

"That's your sort, old chap !"

"I ope you don't mean to call *that* feller von of the Brethren?" said Spriggs. "Vhy man alive! he is vone of the wery wust ker*ac*ters hon the course hat Newmarket, hand I seed him vith my hown eyes, hand so did a lot more hon hus, tookt hup for picking a gemlin's pocket hon Tower-hill the wery morning hof Bob Bumpus's wedding."

"I know it; he *was* indeed a vessel of wrath, but I hope soon to see him a vessel of grace. It was on board the Hulk, at Deptford, I first fell in with that lost sheep, and endeavoured to pour into him the consolations of the spirit."

"Har! vell, honless you poured the spirit hout of a gin-bottle, I don't think such a cove as *that* vould find much consolation in *your* style of talk. Take my hadvice, Sammy Sejeter, and leave they sort of cattle to Jail-Chaplains; they is the fittest for clipping the vings hof jail-birds. But, depend hon it, *you* von't do *them* no good, and to be seen within a mile of such fellers, may do you a precious sight of arm."

"Not so, Thomas Spriggs," drawled Mr. Sejeter, "the pitch which defileth, is that in which we participate—not that which we endeavour to remove from our neighbour. To publicans and sinners, yea, even unto them, do I endeavour to say a word in season."

"Whew!" whistled Spriggs. "'Hevil communications corrups good manners,' has my copy-book used to say, ven I used to go to the *Naitional Skule*. But I beg yer pardon, Sam Sejeter, for hinting hon sich a thing has hif you had good manners, for I never meant nothink of the sort. But all I do mean to say his, has hevil communications never does nobody no good, that you may take your Davey hof."

With this compliment, truism, and apology, chemically

blended into one bolus, for Mr. Sejeter's benefit, they turned into Well-Close. Paul Windsor's house came first, and gave itself the aristocratic airs of a hall-door, which had once rejoiced in the fulminating appendage of a brass knocker, but *that* the proprietor had wrenched off long ago, and sold; and its place was now supplied by a piece of cord passed through two holes, left by the absence of the iron-screws that had attached the knocker. To this cord, a smooth, heavy, oval stone, with a hole drilled through it, was appended; so that it presented very much the appearance of an officer's gorget—with the splendour left out. Mrs. Fowkes's abode, though the very next door, was less pretentious; having merely a sort of double cottage-door, divided in the centre, and opening with a latch, so that the lower half formed a sort of window-sill, over which she could lean on summer evenings, and take the air; when she preferred the *dolce far niente* of not stirring from home in quest of that inexpensive luxury.

Mr. Sejeter now stopped, and lifting up the stone, gave one ponderous thump with it, upon the miser's door, which had once been painted black, but the varnish from which, had long departed, and left the wood all shrivelled and weather-beaten—with little incipient eruptions of green and red iron-mould coloured looking moss—here and there. The noise returned by the stone against the old brass knob of the former knocker, was loud, shrill, cracked, and discordant in the extreme.

"There!" cried Spriggs, putting both hands to his ears; "may I never cross a oss agin, if there hain't has much difference between the jolly 'OW ARE YOU? HI'M COME TO SEE YOU!' hof a riglar Christian-like knocker and that 'ere old cracked flint, vich no doubt old Vindsor skinned afore he ung it out to dry there, has

there is between the cheery sound of church-bells hand the owlings hup at at THE ATAT."

"Who's there?" asked the old man's thin, feeble voice, through the key-hole.

"A friend, Paul Windsor, a friend in the Lord!" snuffled Mr. Sejeter; approaching the organ through which he spoke (his nose) to the keyhole on the outside.

"A friend! ugh! ugh!—a friend indeed!—ugh! ugh! I know what *that* means. Then you want something? ugh! ugh! the times are hard—*very* hard! I have nothing—ugh! ugh!—but a dainty slut of a sister, who took an illness, and ruined me in sheep's heads and small beer, two years come June; I've nothing for you, go away, go away—ugh! ugh! ugh!"

"Indeed, Paul Windsor, you err, as the unregenerated man is prone to do; I want nothing from you, nor from any man; my wants, temporal and spiritual, are ministered unto—I am Samuel Sejeter, from London, who was with you this morning—Samuel Sejeter, Martha Ray's foreman—and with me is Thomas Spriggs, Captain Mornington's groom, and he want's nothing, either. In fact, I came not to get, but to give, Paul Windsor; for we all have our weaknesses, and mine, I confess it, is dumb animals. And, as we came through the market, seeing scraps of meat (such as poor housewives who allow no waste of food, buy for their dogs and cats) I bethought me of *your* cat, Paul Windsor—poor 'Scratch,' and of her feathered neighbour—'Stump,' Mrs. Fowkes's raven. And I said, if a tree is known by its fruits, so is a friend by his acts; and I will e'en give the poor things a meal, before I return to the great Babylon from whence I came."

"Sam Sejeter! Thomas Spriggs! meat for 'Scratch!'

oh ! that's another thing," said the old man, fumbling at the chain and bolts, to undo the door, in which he at length succeeded.

"Ah ! well—I take it very kind of you, Mr. Sejeter, to remember poor Scratch—not that she wants for food—and like my sister Dorothy, she'd eat till she burst if I'd let them. But I know what's best for them, which women and cats, never do for themselves ; but, but," added the old man, actually smacking his skinny lips, as he looked gloatingly at the disgusting trophies of his generosity, which Mr. Sejeter held out before him on the skewer ; "but, but, isn't there something in the Bible about giving the children's bread to the dogs ?"

"Hall right, Mr. Vindsor," put in Spriggs. "Cause there haint a word in the Bible, from one hend to t'other, agin giving tainted meat to cats, hand *that's* all Sam Sejeter's a-doing. Ere ! Scratch ! Scratch ! Scratch ! for goodness sake come ! for the sooner as you heats your *dainty* dish the better, for the less chance there'll be of its breeding a pestilence."

And the poor skeleton black cat, with its back finely arched, and its wretched ribs nearly in a state of collapse, lost no time in running, or rather in stalking forward, with a piteous sort of *Me-ow !* to accept this agreeable invitation.

"Stop ! stop !" cried Paul Windsor, seizing the proffered morsel. "Not all that ; not all that ! I'll give her as much as is good for her at a time." And he stretched out his skinny, talon-like hand, to defraud the unfortunate animal of the promised feast, with a mental observation that it would do for his own supper, while Mr. Sejeter retained *one* piece of his untempting offering, saying, "*that* was for Stump," whereupon Spriggs roared out,—

"Mrs. Fowkes! Mrs. Fowkes! jist tell Stump to fly this vay, vill yer? for ere's another serious gent arrived at Twaddleton,—Mr. Samuel Sejeter—come to return the ciwilities hand *os*pitalities, has Elijah received long ago from Stump's han*cess*tors, ven they seed more dinner company than they does hat present."

So summoned, Paul Windsor's witch-like, and in *his* opinion, wantonly extravagant neighbour (for she denied *herself* neither food, fire, clothes, nor indeed, if the scandalous chronicle was to be believed, *spirituous* consolation) nevertheless, in her constant endeavours to make both ends meet, she had nearly succeeded in making her nose and chin do so.

"Eh, eh? What do ee say, Mester Spriggs?" cried the old woman, hobbling to her door, while Stump flew on her shoulders, flapping his wings, and making a terrible cawing.

"Hafter you, Sir," said Spriggs, taking off his hat to the clamorous bird, while Mr. Sejeter stepped forward, and, with his most dulcet nasalities, presented it with his amiable gift, which Stump seized; and, after flying back into the kitchen with it, and regaling on a portion of it, he went and buried the remainder in a corner, and then careering round in several circles, and flapping his wings violently, he began screaming out,—

"I know where there's more! I know where there's more!"

"More what, my man?" inquired Mr. Sejeter, in his most insinuating tone, putting his head in over Mrs. Fowkes's gate, and darting his little sharp ferret-like eyes, round the room, into every corner,—"more what, Stump, eh?"

But the bird's only answer was to describe new circles, flap its wings more violently than before, and repeat in a shriller key,—

"I know where there's more ! I know where there's more ! "

"Hauld ee tongue, goose ! " cried Mrs. Fowkes, aiming a pantomimic blow at her favourite, with a hooked, ash stick, that she always carried, for the treble purpose of aiding her perambulations, clearing Well-Close of the swarm of boys who frequently evinced their gambling propensities—as far as marbles and peg-top went—before her door, accompanied by the still more dissolute proceeding of wishing "they had only her, and old Windsor's money-bags to play for; and wouldn't they pitch into the marbles, and make both tops and money spin ! " and also for hooking down the large pictorial Bible off of the walnut-tree bureau, of which her nephew, Jeremiah, had made mention, on the first day of his introduction to the reader at "THE BOAR'S HEAD."

"Hauld ee tongue, I tell ee," reiterated the old woman, "you knows where there's *more*, indeed ! more what ? more trouble, more bad debts, more unpaid rents, eh ? I don't want no more of they, or else *you'll* have to go back to Mornington woods, Stump, and get your own living how you can ; for I shan't have no money to keep even a raven with."

"I know where there's more ! I know where there's more !" re-screamed the bird.

"Drat you, be quiet do, or I'll split ee tongue over again for ee, I will !" cried his now really irate patroness.

"Pretty creetur !" soothed Mr. Sejeter, "how intelligent !"

"Har—hain't he ?" added Spriggs, with a wink. "He's a halluding to the barons of beef, collared eads, and goose-pies, hin your larder, Mrs. Fowkes, vith vhich you fattened up your nevey, Jerry, till he wery nearly busted,

afore he got to London, (he told me so hisself,) honly he stopped hat a cooper's and got bound vith iron oops, vich kep him together like, till sich time has he got to Heastcheap, hand then his friends hadwised him, has you had made sich a show on him, a-feeding hon him hup hin this vay, to make a show hon hisself, hand go about the country to fairs. But lawr, there warn't a wan has they could squeege him into, not heven von has had contained two helephants hand a hinfant potimus. So, has there vos no hopening for cerlebrity, he thort as he'd tend to his ealth, hand so became vaiter at the Boar's Ead, Heastcheap, vere, halways a running arter hother people's dinners, hand aving no time to heat his hown, as redooced him to the size of hordinary hindewiduals, as hasn't no doating haunts to stuff 'em."

"So, you see'd that graceless ne'er-do-well in Lunnon, did ee?" inquired his relative, regardless of Mr. Spriggs' sarcastic *persiflage*.

"I did; hand, hon the contrairy, he's a doing honkimmen vell. Leastways, has vell has can be hexpected, now that he's safely delivered from your stall-feeding, Mrs. Fowkes."

"Ah, and I dare say he'll never have the honesty to send me a penny of his wages, after all the expense I've been at for years for his keep, clothes, and eddication."

"Not knowing, can't say," said Spriggs; "but my happetite tells me hit his one o'clock, hand that's a timekeeper has his never hout hof horder. So, leaving you hand Squire Windsor to your more sumpshus fare, I shall push hon to the Manor, hand partake hof sich wittles has his good enough for servants. Good morning to you, Mrs. Fowkes; good day, Mr. Vindsor, hand may your happetite heaqual your dinner, vich his the best vish has hi

can vish you, seeing that it never does to ave the former greater than the latter."

"The Lord have you in His holy keeping, and may He, who sends mouths send meat!" snivelled Mr. Sejeter, accompanying his valediction with a wave of his hand.

"Ugh," grunted Paul Windsor, as he slammed to his hall-door, for though that most petrifying and corroding of all things, a miser, he was not a fool, and therefore preferred Mr. Sejeter's carrion to his cant, as being, (unpleasant as the former was,) the least offensive of the two.

"Now, hif you're a baiting a trap for a legacy vith that ere catsmeat, I bet you the Cappen's blood mare, to a Methody as you don't git it," observed Spriggs to Mr. Sejeter, slouching his hat very much over his eyes, and scratching the back of his head, as they turned out of Well-Close into the Common at the back of it, which was a short cut to the Manor.

"Alack! Thomas Spriggs, the carnal man sees all things with a carnal eye. Can I not minister to the hunger of a cat, and a crow, without being suspected of laying snares for the Mammon of unrighteousness? What is Paul Windsor's filthy lucre to me, whose treasure is laid up 'where moth cannot corrupt, nor thieves break in and steal?'"

"Har, then there you ave decidedly the hadvantage hover Paul Windsor; same time heven hif robbers (now as highwaymen his gone hout hof fashion) could git up so igh. Hi don't know has they'd be much the richer, or you much the poorer, Sammy Sejeter, hif so be has they vas to clear hout hall the treasure as you've got laid hup in your celestial premises."

And Spriggs measured his companion from head to

foot, out of the corner of his eye. But Mr. Sejeter merely groaned, and interlacing his fingers while his two thumbs met, forming a sort of digital letter V, said—

"It is not for *me* to bandy blasphemies with *you*, Thomas Spriggs."

"Hin course not," retorted the other, "for, though you hare *raythe*r bandy-legged, yet has you should halways put your best leg foremost, you'd honly put your foot in it, if you come to hargufying vith *me*, hon them *pints*, Hi can tell yer, 'cause I goes by the book hitself, hand don't care a pinch hof chaff, hor a split-straw, for hall them yarns as you Methodies takes hand twists hout hof it; Hi judges Christians same has I does osses, more by their *haction* than by their *mouth*. I don't vont to ear vot men *say*. No, nor vot they writes neither, for hevery one is a-spiling reams of good paper now-a-days, hin the fine sentiment line; but you jist tell me vot a man hor woman *does*, ow they *haves* their selves to their fellow-creturs; hand Hi'll soon tell yer vether the hinside passengers his hall right, hand vether hit's honly han hexcursion-ticket they've got, or one right through to the hend of the journey. But ere we hare, hat the Manor, servants' dinner-bell a ringing, hand dinner his like death, hit makes hus hall hequal, by bringing hon hus hall to the same *pint*. Religion, politics, rich, poor, you never finds no fuss hat feeding time, honly that heven there, there his a difference hin the hanimals themselves, for there, has helse vere, some can swaller hany think, hand hothers is more particlar, hand likes to know vot it his they are hexpected to swaller, hand be thankful for."

And so saying, Spriggs pushed open a low, heavy, gothic door, studded with diamond-headed nails, and opening into a high-walled court at the back of Morning-

ton Manor, which had formerly been a tennis-court, and upon which the windows, of the large, hospitable old kitchen looked out. As we have before mentioned, the old Manor House did not possess a servants'-hall, but now that Mrs. Mornington was safe in the Wilderness for the day, and there was security from any prying eyes behind the lattice in the lady's room, the dinner-table had been laid in that quadrangle of the enormous old kitchen, as being more comfortable, than any of the other three, from having been more generally inhabited.

Mrs. Basket, with her usual dignity, had just taken her place at the head of the table, saying grace over an excellent sirloin of beef, with its attendant satellite, a Yorkshire pudding, an Irish stew, so savory, that without even the assistance of the parricidal *sauce Robert*, one might have eaten one's *grand père*, a pigeon-pie, with an upper crust that would have delighted even a geologist, and vegetables, *à discretion*. Nearly all the servants were there; Brown the coachman; Saul the serious butler; Peter, and Abner, the two semi-serious footmen, if such they could be called, seeing that powder had given place to pomatum, and plush to the hardest and stiffest black velvet; Fanny and Phœbe, the two silly, and by no means serious, housemaids; Patty, Mrs. Delmar's pretty maid; the unartistic dairy-maid, who had for an additional sixpence exacted a blush on her black *silhouette* done at Twaddleton fair; and Jenkins, an *élève* of Brown the coachman, who in fustian and fuss, did the waiting part of the dinner, that is, poured out the beer, and spilt the gravy over the maids' gowns, in handing them their plates, at which Brown diurnally looked black, and proclaimed the incontrovertible truth, that "*Bys* was the greatest nuisance under the sun," whereat the stereotyped *sauce piquante* of the reckless Jenkins was—

"Oigh was hired to help mind the hosses, not to wait on asses, oigh warn't." In short, the only defaulters from the hospitable board were the laundry-maid, and Dorcas, Mrs. Mornington's special *souffre douleur*, neither the rigid age of whose bones, nor the chronic cruelties of whose rheumatism, could obtain for her a dispensation from the "mannas in the wilderness," and being a common-minded, common-place sort of woman, strange to say, the poor creature actually preferred servants' fare to "angels' food," and would now gladly have exchanged her seat on the dank, wasps-nested grass of the wilderness, for her normal one at the dinner-table in the comfortable kitchen at the manor.

As Spriggs and Mr. Sejeter entered, the former, making an impromptu toilet, and hastily adjusting his hair, *viâ* a pocket-comb, and the latter, favourably acted upon by the genial atmosphere of the place, and the savory smell of the viands, relaxing into something like a natural and pleased expression of countenance, Mrs. Basket held the carving-knife suspended over the sirloin, like the sword of Damocles, though not exactly by a single hair, and, throwing herself back in her chair exclaimed—

"Dear heart, Sam Sejeter, is that you? How is Mrs. Ray? and how is Ruby, and Polly, and Smudge, and all the family? Phœbe, my dear, be so good as to sit a little lower down, and make room for Sam Sejeter near me, for I want to hear all his London news."

Phœbe obeyed, and Mr. Sejeter showed no symptoms of rebellion, but quietly dropped himself into the proffered chair, like a plummet, and bending forward, as if about to kiss the sirloin, groaned out—"For these, and all other mercies, filthily and vilely undeserving as we are of them, the Lord make us truly thankful!"

"Hallo, Sammy," cried Spriggs, winking round the table, as he forcibly, but gently, pushed Fanny Cole, the second housemaid, lower down, and coolly inducted himself into her place, next to Miss Patty Carew, "hallo! Sammy, my man, as fur as 'filth' hand '*wileness,*' hand sich like his consarned, I'll trouble you to speak for *your*self, hand let the ladies, hand gents, present speak for *their*selves, for I begs leave to say, has there haint no sich things at Mornington Manor, hor, hif there *his*, hat '*these presents,*' as the lieyers say, blessed, hif they haint neat, has himported by *you* from Tower-hill."

The kitchen and scullery-maids, Anne Tone, and Mary Melhuish, who were standing by the fire, acting as guardian angels to the rice-pudding in the oven, and the apple-dumplings still boiling on the fire, had grinned from ear to ear, at Spriggs's advent, for, what Lord Alvanley, Sidney Smith, and Luttrell were to dull London dinners, in *their* day, (since every wit, like every other dog, provided he is only a lucky dog, *has* his day), Spriggs *was* to the serious, moral fog, at Mornington Manor, at once the vivifying sunshine, and sparkling champagne, consequently, a great fluttering of cap-ribbons, and rustling of petticoats, was there, always on his arrival; and now, at his first shot, his charge to Mr. Sejeter, not only the kitchen and scullery-maid, but the whole table was in a roar.

"Miss Carew," said Spriggs, as soon as the laugh had subsided, while Mr. Sejeter, disdaining the paltriness of recrimination, gulped down his ire with his beef and pudding, "Miss Carew, vile I admires your good sense, (to say nothink hof hother small matters), my *curosity* his hexcited, so may I make bold to hask how hit comes has you harenot a-doing your shiverings down hat the Vilderness?"

"Why, I'll tell you how it is, Spriggs," said Basket, answering for her, "she preferred a sham headache, to a real rheumatiz, and I, for one, don't blame her."

"Headaches," said Spriggs, taking off Sam Sejeter in such photographic style, as he twirled his thumbs, and turned up his eyes, that the table re-roared, all but the original of the portrait, "headaches, vether sham, or real, his nothink; hit his ven the haching gits hinto the heart, hand can't be got hout hof it, has the dishorder becomes wital."

And here he groaned, with a vigour that might have been mistaken for the united Jeremiads of the whole "ATAT."

"Come, I declare, Spriggs, you are *too* bad," said Basket, her portly bust shaking with laughter, like a shape of her own jelly, or rather blanc-mange, for she was a comely woman was Rhoda Basket, with a goodly modicum of well-blent red and white, like a full-blown *bien panaché* York and Lancaster rose.

"Amen," responded Spriggs, making a second descent on the pigeon-pie; "to my mind, and for my money, hanythink is better, Mrs. Basket, than being too good."

And here he flung another look at Sejeter that again considerably endangered the gravity, if not the gravitation, of the table, which, however, Basket, with a woman's feeling and a woman's tact, (which is only feeling in action,) repressed by a counter-look, and then prevented all further skirmishes on the part of Spriggs, by engrossing the conversation in the form of cross-questions to Mr. Sejeter about Martha Ray, her sons, her business, Ruby, and all else belonging to her, till, towards the end of dinner, pudding-time, in fact, when Spriggs was observed to whisper with Jenkins, and, indeed, as the two housemaids

thought, (whose eyes were sharper than the rest for that *specialité* in gymnastics,) to slip something into his hand, for the lout grinned from ear to ear, wagged his head, put his tongue in his cheek, and muttered "eez."

Shortly after, Spriggs, elevating his beer-glass in true Brindisi style, said, looking full at Mr. Sejeter across the table, "Sammy, my boy, I looks towards you," and then turning sharp round, added, "Jenkins, fill Mr. Sejeter's glass, and mind it is like the hafflictions hof the righteous, hof which he is the chief,—full to hoverflowing."

"Eez," again responded Jenkins, and forthwith repairing with the large japanned beer-can behind Mr. Sejeter, in holding it high in mid air, with a sort of Ganymede *pose*, done in clodpole, poured accidentally on purpose, a great portion of the contents, over that pious individual's head, and down his back, *viâ* his neckcloth and shirt.

"Good Lord, deliver us!" exclaimed that worthy, starting to his feet, and rushing from the table.

"Oigh, ax ee pardon. Oigh did not mean to souce ee. It was all along of the can a being so full, and your head, I suppose, so empty, as it reared up and kicked over the traces loike. All a accidense any how. I humbly axes your pardon, zur."

"Come, never mind, Sejeter," put in the traitor, Spriggs, "its honly the hover ospitality of Mornington Manor. You knows, Sammy Sejeter, has hall flesh his grass, (leastways, sooner or later, hafter hits hey-day,) so ve must hall, sooner hor later, go to hour biers, and to save you the trouble the beer thort has hit vould go to you, but take my hadvice, make the beer matter heven. Vot Jenkins have a bin hand done for vot you calls your houtvard man, you take and do for your hinner man, hand then there vont be no hodds, but hall vone huniform, moistening hon the clay, hinside hand hout."

"Thomas Spriggs," responded the meek and forgiving Sejeter, re-seating himself, and putting the now-foaming glass, which Jenkins had replenished, to his lips, "I bear no malice, and so pledge you in a loving cup."

"Har, that's a deal better,—leastways, more jolly,—nor taking the pledge," said Spriggs, accompanying the assertion with another circular wink, which included all present, without taking in any one. And the rice-pudding, and the apple dumplings, having by this time not only been discussed but removed, Spriggs turned to Geoffrey Saul, the butler, and said—

"'Saul! Saul! vy persecutest thou me?' Vere is the port? Vere his the biscuits? Vere his the nuts? Vere, hin short, his hall has makes life endoorable arter dinner, hand renders [it opeful afore? Hegh, Geoffrey Saul, vere?"

"Well, well, Spriggs. Nothing, for nothing, in this world. You give us a song, and I'll produce the wine and dessert."

"Wery good. Ear, ear, ear! has they cries out hin the Lords and Commons, ven some noodle says summut has his neither 'ere nor there.' But hi tell yer candidly, Master Saul, never aving been hin the navy, and crossed a sea oss, hi'm not vone of those has says *hany* port hin a storm. Therefore, afore I gits hup my vind for a song, there his two conditions to be hobserved—fust, I must see sherry, has vell has the best port, hand halso hascertain hif so be as my honourable (ahem!) friend, Mester Samuel Sejeter there, happroves hof sing-ging, merry-making, and sich like?"

Mr. Sejeter, who was in a considerable state of beer, if not beatitude, by this time, twirled his thumbs, and drawled out—

"If any be merry, let him sing psalms."

"Vell, I don't zacly know about psalms. You see, Sejeter, they haint, haltogether, hin my line. But the song has hi shall sing being about a broken-arted lovier, ve've got a groaning chorus, hin vich you can jine, with perfect safety, Sejeter."

At this, Geoffrey Saul, vanished, and soon returned with a basket, containing three bottles of port, and three of sherry. No more ; for he had a scruple of conscience about taking claret, burgundy, or champagne ; but he thought port, and sherry, very good kitchen-wines, as indeed they are.

On the evaporation of Saul, Mrs. Basket gave her keys to Patty Carew, and told her to bring some almonds and raisins, oranges, brandied cherries, dried apricots, and rout-cakes, from the store-room. Here Patty whispered something to which Basket returned the following audible reply :—

"Creme de any ass,* indeed. Well, I never ! Grooms is not in a general way allowed such things. However, once in a way, and in the hope of better times, on account of this morning's *noose*, I don't mind if I do. You'll find it on the left hand shelf as you goes in, in a squat, thick, black bottle, between the box of red guava cheese, and the jar of tamarinds."

And Patty tripped away with the keys, and soon returned, bearing a tray, laden with the before-mentioned fruits, in the centre of which like the *Panache blanc d'Henri Quatre*, in the battles of his day, figured the black, Dutch-built bottle, as a rallying point.

* Supposed, by a great linguist, to mean that most delicious of all Martinique liqueurs, *Crême d'Ananas*, or Cream of Pine-apples.

Having placed the dessert on the table, Patty reseated herself, and Saul successively drew the corks of his six contributions to the *festa*, the Apician "click" of which appeared to come as pleasantly and "twangingly off" on the tympanum of Mr. Sejeter's ear, as the kiss did, on that of Sir Giles Overreach.

"Now, Spriggs, if *you* please," said Saul, placing the bottles in battle array; "the song first, and the wine after."

"Jist as you like, for that, Mester Saul; but hif so be has hit's a true saying, that 'ven the vine is hin, the vit his hout,' the song vould be a deal better arter the vine. Howsever, hanythink in my small vay, has I can do to be agreeable to the company, hi'm sure I shall be most proud, hand appy,"

And springing to his feet, and seizing a gridiron that was hanging up over the kitchen mantel-piece, Spriggs threw himself into an Apolline attitude, and, looking up at Mrs. Mornington's closed lattice, began preluding pantomimically, upon his sable lyre, adding, "You'll please to groan in chorus, ladies and jemlin, jist the same, as if you vos a-doing on your repentance hat THE ATAT."

After which, to the air of "Oh, no, we never mention her," he sang, in a most lachrymose voice, with a bevy of admiring nymphs gathered round him, the following lyrical effusion, which he announced was called—

MARY HANN!

Har! under a veeping viller,
I sits most hall my days—
Nights likevise, 'cause on my piller,
I can't git rest no vays.

II.

Though I vith my feelings struggles,
Hall hever as I can;
Still, that 'ere great Sergeant Nuggles
I sees with Mary Hann!

Chorus.—Groan! groan! groan!

III.

It vos at Brook-green Fair, as fust
I met vith Mary Hann;
A fire-balloon ad bin hand bust—
Lawr! ow the females ran.

IV.

Some, into vhere vild beastesses,
Hand dwarfs, vos to be seen—
Vith vax-vork Turks, and priestesses,
Prince Halbert, and the Queen.

Chorus.—Groan, &c.

V.

Vhile hothers thort hit better fun
To see the calf as ad *two* heads;
'Cause some calves asen't heven ONE—
Thof hall as got sweet-breads.

VI.

But hin a booth, vhite, blue, hand red,
Before a lot hof carts;
Covered with goold, vos gingerbread
Nuts, usbans, hand sweethearts.

Chorus—Groan, &c.

VII.

Agin this booth, leant Mary Hann!
A trembling hall to shivers;
For she'd mislaid her friend's young man,
Whose name vos Halfred Rivers.

VIII.

This friend, she vos called Betsey Long,
Though she vos wery short;
They'd let go Halfred in the throng,
Vich *there*, they hadent ort.
Chorus.—Groan, &c.

IX.

So, seeing two sich pretty gurls,
Hall lost like, hand alone—
I stepped hup to the vone hin curls,
The tallest hand best grown.

X.

"Hallow me, Miss—do pray?" says I,
"To take your humberheller;"—
"Lawr! Bet," she vhispers on the sly—
"Vot a himperent feller!"
Chorus.—Groan, &c.

XI.

"Dear Miss," says I, "you air sewere
In that ere hobserwation;
Hit hain't himperence has brought me here,
But sheer hadmiration!

XII.

The vonders of the fair to see—
The hurly bus I took:
The fairest hof the fair *you* be,
Hor I am much mistook.
Chorus.—Groan, &c.

XIII.

Then Mary Hann! she smiled hand said,
"Betsey, did you hever?"
Betsey, she jist toss'd her head,
Hand says, "Vel! I never!"

XIV.

The osses in the merry-go-round
Vos jist about to start;
Thinks I, "That's hit—I'll stan my ground;"
So, pinting to my art—
Chorus.—Groan, &c.

XV.

I says to Mary Haun, says I—
"Lawr! ow I pitch and toss;
Do take a round, Miss—you and I—
Upon the foremost oss."

XVI.

So hup ve jumped, and round ve vent,
Has merry has two griggs;
Vhile Betsey Long came arter, pent
In vone of them there gigs.
Chorus.—Groan, &c.

XVII.

Then squeeging Mary Hann the vhile,
Hall round about her vaist;
The osses going hin fust-rate stile,
As far as vind, and aste.

XVIII.

Soon arter setting hoff—my heye!
Jist didn't I get hon?
"For life, I says, to ride hand tie,
His vot I'm bent uphon."
Chorus.—Groan, &c.

XIX.

But vhen at last, they made us stop,
The gurls vos looking pale;
So Mary Hann, hand I, ad pop,
Hand Betsey, she ad hale.

XX.

Hand vhen ve'd seed the fair,
Vhy then ve tried the fowl;
But the old en they give us there,
Vos tough has hany howl.
Chorus.—Groan, &c.

XXI.

But love makes hall things pleasant—
So Mary Hann hand I,
Thort it good has any pheasant,
Hor Christmas week's goose-pie.

XXII.

Hand on it, ve hall three did sup,
Has jolly has prize pigs;
Hand Bet's young man, at length turned up,
Vith happles, nuts, hand figs.
Chorus.—Groan, &c.

XXIII.

Then ome ve vent, vith pleasure spent,
Hin the bus together;
Hall four quite appy, hand content,
Sitting close has leather.

XXIV.

Har! from July to December,
Ve company did keep;
Hand vell does I remember
Them kitchen stairs so steep!
Chorus.—Groan, &c.

XXV.

For hit vos there, I heer'd strange boots,
Hand—I ad no peace, man—!
Till by his ears, and visker roots,
Hat length I caught a pleeceman!

XXVI.

He vos hof the D. diwision,
Since he diwided us;
He'd hall the best perwision—
For *he* war hall the fuss.
Chorus.—Groan, &c.

XXVII.

Hin fac, hit vos not to be stood—
Hand so, I did not stand it;
But hupp'd, hand left the ouse for good,
Has they might hunderstand it.

XXVIII.

But tho' I vith my feelings struggles,
Hall hever has I can;
Vith that ere tall Sergeant Nuggles,
I still sees Mary Hann!
Chorus.—Groan, &c.

This ditty, thanks to Spriggs's histrionic mode of rendering it a *scéna*, was received with great merriment and applause, by all, save Mr. Sejeter and the two kitchenmaids. The former, proved an exception, on account of the discomfort experienced between the Scylla of his beer-bath, and the Charybdis of his anxiety—to do every justice to what had been so celebrated throughout the county, in the old 'Squire's time, to wit,—the PORT of Mornington Manor; and the two latter, had been disqualified for mirth, by the sympathetic interest they took in everything the most distantly related to "*loveiers*," "*keeping company*," its *worser* half "jilting," and, one way or another, its natural sequence—"*pleecemen*." So they were both checking their emotions, by drying their eyes with the corner of their check-aprons, till Spriggs presented them with a glass of sherry each; entreating

that there might be no more "veeping villers" for that day, or he, for one, should be too much mildewed, to attend the meeting at "The White Hart."

The conversation then became genial, and general; till Spriggs, despatching an ocular telegram to Basket and Patty, after Mr. Sejeter's speech had become very thick and inarticulate,—got up, and placed a whole bottle of the far-famed Burgundy Port beside him, saying that "Hif Hengland hexpected hevry man to do his dooty, Madam Mornington hexpected hevry Methody to do his drinking; hand, therefore, he begged to purpose the 'ealth of the great Benjamin, Makesure, Bunyan! hand may he vin hall *'arts*, hand lead captivity, captive, hat Mornington Manor!"

"With all my heart! I'll drink *that* toast, Spriggs," said Basket.

"And I, too," said Miss Carew.

Both of them accompanying the declaration, by thumping on the table with the handle of a knife, in a manner not only *unfeminine*, but that went to the very *ne plus ultra* of being even more like weak-minded men, than strong-minded women.

On the other hand, Mr. Sejeter did not *say* much; he could not, but he seemed to consider the black bottle before him, as a mere alias of "The Pierian Spring;" of which, in self-defence, he was bound to "drink deeply," from a conscientious conviction, that "a little" knowledge of its contents, was "a dangerous thing."

The consequence was, that the last bumper his trembling hand endeavoured to convey to his mouth, slipped, and broke against his chin; while he himself, fell from his chair.

"*That's* your sort!" said Spriggs, as he, and Saul, the

butler, rose simultaneously to go to his assistance. "That's your sort! that's the vay has hall wessels, vhether of wrath hor hotherwise, his christened:—by dashing a bottle of vine agin their figure-head. So here's 'The brig Hypocrite, of London,' and no mistake!"

"Dear heart! undo his cravat, Spriggs, or he'll choke," said Basket, in great trepidation; "you shouldn't have plied him so with drink, Spriggs—a pretty job if he dies on our hands!"

"I didn't ply him, I honly supplied him; hand I defy hany one, heven hisself, to have made a beast hon him, 'cause as how, he vos ready-made," retorted Spriggs.

"Well!" said Geoffrey Saul, brushing a tear from the corner of his eye, and looking down with a sort of maudlin tenderness, on the disgusting object before him. "It seems nat'rel, too! and like old times; for since the poor squire's death, this is the first I've seen under the table—ah! there was some use for a butler and cork-screw in those days, in this house; but now! a pump-handle, and a tumbler, are quite butler and cork-screw enough, for Mornington Manor."

"Hallo; you Jenkins! bear a and here, hand elp me to carry this here piece of piety, hand perfection, hinto the hopen hair, hin horder to *re-wive* him, though he *his* a bachelor, hand likely to remain von, hif the women his honly 'arf as sensible has HI thinks 'em—pretty dears. Hand, Mr. Saul, hi've von hobservation to make to *you*, vich his, (though you might not think hit) there his a difference *heven* hin Methodies; hand hif so be has, Madam Mornington should hinwite the great Benjamin Makesure Bunyan to the manor,—look to your bins—for I can tell yer, he knows vot's vot, so brush the cobwebs hoff the '45 claret; break them old church-spires of

champagne-glasses, hand get hout the large saucer vons, sich has you uses ven the Cappen is here; hand mind has the Champagne his hiced solid, hand grad'elly left to thaw, but not left lagging till near the second course, but anded round immejet most,—least-vays, vithin von glass of sherry, arter the soup."

"A Methody, drinking claret and champagne! and still more, knowing how they ought to be drunk; well, you do surprise me, Spriggs," said Saul, flinging up both his hands, like his apostolic namesake, preaching at Athens.

"Vell, I *ham* a surprising young man, hand that's a fact, hat least hall the gals says so," said Spriggs, looking at Miss Patty Carew before he added, "hand them has doesn't *say* so, *thinks* hit, vich I *perfers;* silent vomen hand silent vater, being both on the same plan, von *runs* hand 'tother *loves, deep.*"

"Now, Jenkins, look sharp! you take this here hanimal by the shoulders, hand I take him by the right leg, hand then by the left leg; but not to throw im down stairs, for *that* vos Daddy Longlegs's punishment, cause *he vould not* say his prayers, vhereas, *this* von his allvays a praying—leastvays, he *pertends* to; but yer see vot his *practise* his; so, has I thinks hit his a pity has sich talents should be vasted, I hintend a conwaying hon him to his proper *spear,*" and with this, he lifted up the feet of the mass, of which Jenkins had the shoulders, and carried it out at an opposite door to the one by which he had entered, and which opened into a sort of farm-yard.

"Where be ee a going to car un *tu,* zur? to the styble, be it?" asked Jenkins, as soon as they had got him out.

"The stable! you blockhead—did you hever ear hof a pig being put in a stable? no, no, straight for the pigsty; hin his present condition, he's best hamong his hown

people, hand vill feel more at home like." So saying, Spriggs proceeded with their joint burden to the abode of *Messieurs les Cochons,* where, in a low-walled compartment, between two very stout individuals, of the Bacon family, was a comfortable litter of clean straw, that had been vacated by the late occupant, three hours before. Into this, Spriggs now shot, rather than laid, his uninteresting load, while the others, on either side, resented this unwonted intrusion on their domestic privacy, by putting their fore feet up upon the low wall, looking over it, aud grunting energetically, at this biped variation of their species.

"There," said Spriggs, "hit haint, by no means, pearls before swine, has I'm flinging, but quite the *contrairy* to that, for though ve've heerd so much hof "*the right man hin the right place,*" THIS HERE, *his the fust* GENUINE SPECIMENT *hof* THAT HARTICLE, HAS AS BEEN SEEN HIN ENGLAND—HOORAH!"

CHAPTER X.

IN WHICH OCCURS AN HELIECAL RISING, BETWEEN TIES, AND TITHES, NOT FORETOLD IN ANY ALMANACK.

AS soon as Spriggs had left Mr. Sejeter, not exactly a "mute, inglorious Milton," but a maudlin, inglorious "*Methody*," in the pigsty, which process had been accompanied by a loud guffaw from Jenkins, Spriggs repaired to his own apartment, to make his toilet, previous to going down to "The White Hart," to superintend that of Sir Hugh De Byons; and certainly, if the dazzling polish of his white-topped boots, the marble whiteness of his Parian-looking buckskins, the drifted snowiness of his linen, and cravat, the latter ornamented with a *chef-d'œuvre* in *bijouterie*, such as *Cellini* or *Aschanio* had never dreamed, as it consisted of a pin of the following charming dimensions and design, namely, on a square plate of gold, on which was a burnished gold hand, rampant, with a red cornelian ring on the little finger of the said hand, and a piece of thick locket-glass over it, to protect this gem, which, probably, was worn in honour of Sir Hugh, or, it might be even a hieroglyphical mode of intimating, that Mr. Spriggs himself, had latent intentions of, one day or other, degenerating into a baronet.

If, we say, all this, added to the satinny gloss of his well-fitting, dark corbeau, cloth coat, his accurately brushed hat, could have had any influence upon the caprices of the female heart, he might have considered Miss Patty Carew, Mrs. Spriggs, even before the carriage was packed for her mistress's elopement, more especially as, added to all the rest, a sprig of lily of the valley graced his button-hole, while another decorated the corner of his mouth, as if to guarantee the floweriness of his language, like those good, old-fashioned signs, that may still be seen over some continental shops, giving "a taste of the quality" of the traffic within. Thus equipped, Mr. Thomas Spriggs made a point of passing through the housekeeper's room, although it was the longest way out ; but he did so, inasmuch as male coquetry, is always fifty per cent. greater than female coquetry. Upon entering the apartment, which he did, with a *nonchalant* air (as if no such person as Miss Patty Carew had been in the world), with his hat slouched over his eyes, *et le moindre soupçon*, on one side, he found Patty laughing over her work, and Basket, who had just strained her veal and chicken stock, into a quart of nice, thick cream for her white soup, and was busy sticking long, pointed halves, of blanched sweet almonds into a well-rasped French roll, like pins into a pincushion, leaving off, to hold her sides, while a village lad, belonging to the ATAT SCHOOL, one Richard Dunston, was standing, cap in hand, with his eyes and mouth wide open, looking more and more, solemn and scared, the more Basket and Patty laughed.

"Vot's the fun, ladies?" said Spriggs, taking off his hat, "you seems precious jolly ; hif so be has you vonts hany elp hin that ere sort hof vork, I'm your man, leastvays, for the next quarter of a hour, ven I'm due down hat the

Vhite Art; but vot's the ticket, cause I likes to know *vhere* I'm booked for?"

"Oh! the voice,—the voice,—crying," began Basket, making several abortive attempts to speak.

"The woice *crying!* indeed, I think hit his the woice has can't get hout, for larfing!" put in Spriggs.

"Sa-t d-own," began Patty, but giggled into perfect unintelligibility.

"The woice crying sat down, did it indeed? Vell, that's somethink new, hand proves hat least, has the woice warnt a cherrybum," said Spriggs, at which Mrs. Basket's, and Miss Carew's laughter, having been considerably augmented, he shrugged his shoulders, and, turning to Dick Dunston, said, "Hallo! you sir! has you seem the cause hof hall these Tower guns being let hoff, vots the noose? vot brought you here, eh?"

"Please, sir," responded Dunston, pulling his fore lock, and giving a fling backward, of his thickly-booted right foot, "please sir, Madam sent me to Missus Basket, to ax for some white lily, and elder-flower *intment*, and some stone blue, cause, if you please sir, 'a voice crying in the Wilderness' has been and sat down on a *wapse's* nest, and is stinged all to pieces, and he is a crying dreadful in the Wilderness now sir, if you please, sir."

"Ha! ha! ha! Vell, hin course, he thort has he *ort* to hact his part, and that vos the vay to do hit heffectually; but I forgets who the woice crying in the Vilderness is; vots the boy's rale name?" asked Spriggs.

"Sniggers, sir, Bill Sniggers; the by as walloped Johnny Carter last week on Twaddleton Common, and Carter give he a black eye for't. So Madam Mornington said, as Carter shouldn't have no pleasure this year, and shouldn't go to the Manna in the Wilderness, nor the tea

at the *skule*, nor nothing; but that Bill Sniggers should go in his stead. So that's the way as he comed to be the 'voice crying in the Wilderness' to-day."

"You see, Dickey Dunston,—Dickey Dunston you see," said Spriggs, speaking through his nose, turning up his eyes, and twirling his thumbs, in the exact imitation of the Rev. Aminadab Scuttledust, "that has Mr. Scuttledust his

THE REV. AMINADAB SCUTTLEDUST, RETURNING FROM THE WILDERNESS, AND PROCEEDING TO THE TITHE-MEETING.

always trying to himpress upon you, pleasure is sure to leave a sting behind, and so William Sniggers as found to his cost to-day, though I doubt the wapses have made him feel this more keenly than even the Rev. gent's hexortations,—cause vy? The Rev. Aminadab honly give the bys a set down, whereas, Bill Sniggers give the wapses a set down,—hand no mistake."

"Please sir, be I to say that ere, to Mr. Scuttledust?"

"A wery good hidear hof yourn, that, Dickey; to be sure you hare, and there's sixpence for you, hand mind has you don't spill a word hon it by the way."

"Yes, sir, thank ee, sir, much obleeged to ee, sir."

Basket, after the gentle admonition of "get out with your nonsense, do, Spriggs, or you'll be the death of me!" went to a press, and getting on a chair, took from a top shelf a cold-cream jar, full of the lily and elder-flower ointment, and calling out "Anne,—Anne Tone," to one of her *aides*, through the door that stood ajar, opening into the kitchen, "you bring a blue-bag here of *stone* blue." Being, according to custom, instantly obeyed, she jumped down off the chair, and cutting a thick slice, off a plum cake that was on a side-table, presented it to Dunston with one hand, and the blue-bag and ointment with the other, saying, "there, Dickey, run for your life back to the Wilderness! as if half-a-dozen wasps' nests were after you."

Master Dunston crammed the lily ointment, and blue-bag, into his pocket, where they became like poverty, acquainted with strange bed-fellows, and then obeyed, till he had cleared the Tennis-court, and got out upon the Common, when, stopping to eat the lump of cake, and gaze with mingled wonder, and admiration, on the sixpence! this juvenile Caligula exclaimed, with that intensity of common-place selfishness, which is the idiosyncrasy of *all*

yards and a quarter of masculine humanity, crammed into three quarters of a yard, of separated, but *not* disunited, brown corduroy.

"My eye! don't I wish as Bill Sniggers would sit down upon a wapse's nest *every day*, that's all!"

"What have you done with that pig, Sam Sejeter, Spriggs?" asked Mrs. Basket, as soon as Dunston had disappeared.

"Vy, restored him to the *buzzum* hof his *famly*, vhere he can go the whole hog hat his hease,—hin plain Henglish, chucked him into the pig-sty."

"Good gracious! Spriggs!" cried Patty, "you've never done such a thing as *that*, surely?"

"Hand vhy not, pray Miss Carew? He's only vhere, if I might persume to give hinto persumshus vishes, I *sen*cerely opes, vone hof these days, to see his *betterers*, ——— hin the strawr!"

"I can't think," said Basket, who having had her laugh, had now resumed her avocations with all the care, and skill, she usually bestowed upon them, and was then carefully blending two tablespoons full of sherry, with the yolks of three hard eggs, and some pounded almonds, and Bayonne ham, and celery, preparatory to thickening the cream, and stock with them; and these it was, that made her *soupe à la Reine*, celebrated far, and near, for its diplomatic smoothness, and gave to it that delicious, and undefinable underflavour, which is the culinary Delphic oracle, that suggests all things, without revealing any,—"I can't think how such a genuine Christian, and thoroughly good soul, as Martha Ray, can put up with such a canting, whining, self-seeking hypocrite, as that Sejeter."

"That's alvays the vay hon it," fiatized Spriggs, "vith hall you *femalehaleties*—vhether maids, hor vidders,—has

hasn't got a proper man hof your hown to look arter yer, you're *sure*—ay, has sure has heggs, his heggs,—to get some tremenjus himposter hof the hopposition gender, to lord hit hover yer ten times wuss, than heven a licensed Turk of a usban, vhether hits has a laywer, doctor, parson, foreman, bailiff, steward, nevey,—hor heven he-babby in long clothes, as you've gone hand hadhopted—hand sooner, than not be bullied, hand put hupon. Vy, lawr bless yer, a tom-cat becomes master hof the ouse,—you may believe hit hor not, has you please. But I can tell you, there's nothink like a usban, for keeping hoff hall the hother varmint."

"Ah!" said Basket, with a sigh and a smile, the former retrospective, to all the *tracasseries* she had endured during the reign of defunct David Basket, the latter, in honour of her present emancipation. "Ah! as the gout keeps off all other diseases, by being worse than them all put together."

"Vell now, that's vot I call pussonal to my whole sect," said Spriggs.

"Why how long have you been married, Spriggs?"

"Oh! Har! Hi take: hif the bachelor's harn't hincluded hin that ere kick has you give the male sect, with your gouty foot just now, Mrs. Basket, vy hin course, Thomas Spriggs, Hesquire, haint no occasion to take hup the quarrel; more hespecially, has he've to go hand make hup his packet of contraband backy."

"Packet of contraband tobacco!" repeated Basket.

"Ay," rejoined Spriggs, winking his right eye, and putting up his fore-finger to the corner of his nose, "you females haint hup to the tricks hof London; but there, those swell-mob fellers has got a dodge hof selling the finest Latakai hat heighteenpence a pound, pertending has hit vos smuggled. You turns the corner down some lane,

hor halley, vith em, tries the backy, finds hit fust rate, sure enough,—forks hout your four hand sixpence, for three pound hov it, vich hin a reglar vay, vould cost three hor four guineas,—takes hit ome, hand begins a hemptying hov hit hout hinto a jar, ven you finds that for your four hand sixpence, you've got about a hounce, that his, about a shilling's vorth, hof the real stuff, hall the rest being vool, bran, hor hother rubbidge."

"Serve you right, for buying smuggled things," snapped Basket.

"Hall a matter hof hopinion that, like hevery think helse," resumed Spriggs; "but that ere, his my model. I'm going to make hup a packet hof fust rate Methody for Madam Mornington, surface prime, hand to hall happearance the genuine harticle, but hunderneath, lawr bless yer! nothink but gentility, ten thousan a year, hand hother rubbidge, honly fit to be throwd avay by them as has been used to smoke the real Methody, but didn't appear zactly to smoke *this* speciment. But mind, Patty, heven hif the trick should be diskivered, has you don't go hand chuck avay the hunderneath rubbidge."

"I wont, you may depend upon it, Spriggs," laughed Patty.

"Cause you've no hidear vot nice soft pillow-stuffing that there sort of rubbidge makes, hand so I hadwise you to make your Missus hunderstand, Patty."

"Well I'm sure I wish you success with all my heart, Spriggs," said Basket.

"And so do I!" chimed in Patty, clapping her hands.

"Humph! hand hif I succeeds, now say, vithout chaffering, vot vill you give me?" and he sidled up so closely to Miss Carew, that she had not room to draw out her needle.

"Give you, why—give you joy! to be sure."

"Oh! you vill, vill you? then hits hall right;" and, flinging his arms round her, lifting her out of her chair; imprinting a resounding kiss upon her cheek, and replacing her in her seat, he rushed out of the room—whistling

"Over the water to Charley!"

Cæsar at Pharsalia; Leonidas at Thermopylæ; Marshal Saxe, dying, and dictating, at the battle of Fontenoy; William Pitt, shaking off the effects of port at a moment's notice to watch, and meet, Fox in Parliament; and Napoleon taking the field at Marengo, are all, but faint and feeble parallels, for the look, and air, of Mr. Thomas Spriggs entering the hotel of "The White Hart," Twaddleton, at five p.m., on the 25th of May, 18—.

"Hallo! Musprat," cried he, relaxing a little of his dignity, as he spied that functionary, about to ascend the great staircase, with a brown surtout of his master's hanging over his left arm.

"Ah! Spriggs, that you? glad you're come, for hang me, if I even know how to lay out the toggery, in the black portmanteau, never having seen anything like it before."

"Vot hever you do, be particklar hin your languidge; rob, murder, swindle, drink, forge, game, lie, *sejeuce, crim con* it, (that his, perwided has you've tin enough to pay the piper,) hall, *that* haint no matter to nobody, 'men vill be men,' that's hall, has his said habout sich little hinnocent pranks has them, hif hindeed they haint the igh road, to being Lord Chancellor, or Prime Minister, cause vy? they shows 'CLEVERNESS,' hand that's the ONE thing needful now-a-days; but for eaven's sake, or rather for the sake hof tother place, mind your languidge, take care vot you *says*, cause vords his the honly things hever looked

for, hor aginst yer; now, therefore, Hi'll jist trouble you, hif you please, to call that ere black consarn has his beyond your comprenshon, a SERIOUS portmanter, cause hevry think his serious here, heven to Sir Hugh's hintentions. Vere his he? his he hup yet?"

"Up! why he rang for his chocolate at one, before I was stirring myself; he's been up these two hours, and is at dinner now."

"Dinner, ho! that will never do, hif he hintends being a Methody, hand *having* has sich," said Spriggs, with a more than Burleigheanly portentous shake of the head.

"Why not?" asked the unapt Musprat, "provided the lady don't know he has dined; I am aware that gentlemen in love, are supposed neither to eat nor sleep; but we know, Spriggs, that's all gammon, much like patriotism, and independence! on a hustings, and every one knows what *they* mean."

"Lawr bless yer, hit's nothink about the love nor the lady, hand making believe to be hoff his feed; but quite the contrairy to that; hit's because them Methodies heats tremenjus! hand hif so be has Sir Hugh goes and heats a five o'clock dinner, I don't see ow he's to come a nine o'clock supper, hin true ARK style, has hif the unger hof hall the beastesses, had stowed hitself avay hin his bread-basket, vich his honly vot vill be hexpected from the great Benjamin Makesure Bunyan."

"Benjamin Makesure Bunyan, who the dooce is he?"

"Vy, hall the same, has his commonly called, Sir Hugh de Byons, Barrowknight; but mind, *he's* levanted from Mornington Manor, not known there, has they says hon the returned letters, has hasn't bin took hin, though the senders has."

"Oh! I begin to understand," smiled the gentleman's gentleman.

"Vell, Mr. Musprat, there's vhere you, and Hi, differs, for I vont to hunderstand to begin, for time's a-getting hon. Ve've hall heered tell hof trying to scrub the blackeymoor vhite, but lawr, that ere, vos honly like launching a paper-boat, compared vith laying down the *snub*-marine *tell-ee-grapht*, by the side hof turning hof a dandy, hand vone hof the most fashionablest gents hin London hinto a Methody! So now let me know vhere he's feeding, 'cause Hi must stop that."

"Surely," said Musprat, not a little alarmed at the idea of such an unprecedentedly vulgar breach of domestic etiquette, "you'd never think of intruding upon a gentleman at his dinner? Recollect, it is not even a mess-room, where a groom once in a way might venture to enter. "Gad," added he, imitating, as nearly as possible, the voice, gesture, and explicative of his master, now that the latter was safely out of hearing. "Gad, it would be as much as my place is worth, to be accessory to such a confounded democratic movement as that." Musprat was in the habit of reading Sir Hugh to sleep, *viâ* the newspapers, to wean him from Morphine, and moreover attended a Debating Society, so that in his conversation, whenever he wished to carry a point, or produce a sensation, he rather affected the *politico-historico* style.

"Vell, but vot number is he dining hin?"

"No. 4, down that passage."

Spriggs who, like all average minds, had no idea when "dressed in a little brief authority," of bearing his faculties too meekly, and not making the most of his dictatorship, now made a stride forward, but Musprat, taking him gently, but forcibly, by both arms, pulled him back, saying—

"No, no; come, I really can't let you do that. I'll go and tell Sir Hugh you are here, and that you wished me to say the meeting began at seven."

"Oh, vell," rejoined Spriggs, scratching his head, and obliged to yield, but still not a little crest-fallen, at having his supremacy invaded, "in course you knows your hown cattle best, honly I assure you has there haint no time to lose."

Musprat turned down the passage, and opening the door of No. 4, walked quietly up to his master, who was disconsolately turning over with his fork a piece of an English provincial hotel *fricandeau!* which he had been obliged, in order to help himself, to cut with a knife, and which looked more like a segment of petrified porcupine, than en *entrée* at a human dinner.

"Spriggs is here, Sir Hugh," said Musprat, in his usual low, bland voice, "and he desired me to remind you, sir, that the meeting commenced at seven."

"Oh! ah! by Jove! yes," said Sir Hugh De Byons, instantly rising, pushing back his chair, and flinging his napkin upon the table.

"Hadn't you better finish your dinner first, sir?" suggested Musprat, who was in the habit of "*valeting*" the baronet's creature-comforts, as well as his person.

"Why it's all so confoundedly bad, that it would be more apt to finish me; only imagine, cayenne in the soup! and a chicken spitchcocked with pickled mushrooms, Musprat? pickled mushrooms!!"

Musprat shrugged his shoulders in sympathetic horror, but philosophically observed, that going to country-inns, was like going to the Bush,—gentlemen were obliged to rough it.

"Ah! by Jove! true; but it's a confounded bore, though."

And, with this axiom, he walked into the hall, and found Spriggs, with his elbow leaning on the turn of the bannister, and standing at the foot of the stairs.

"So, Spriggs, there you are? Gad, there's nothing like punctuality."

"Sorry to hinterrupt you hat dinner, Sir Hugh," bowed Spriggs apologetically, "but I vos afeared has you might heat too much, hand not be hable to ply a proper ATAT knife and fork, hat supper, hat the manor."

"Gad, no fear of eating too much *here*, Spriggs, and no hope, I'm afraid, of being asked to sup at the manor."

"Hall right, sir! got yer a pressing *hinwite!*—you're *'a dear man,'*—haint to *tarry hat the hinn* no longer; there's *a pen hin the fold for you*, (vhere hall the rest goes vool-gathering), hand hall the *spirital consolations hof the Hark, hand the creeter-comforts, hof the manor his hat your servus.*"

"No! Spriggs, you are not in earnest?" said the enterprising lover, elevating his eyebrows into two little triumphal arches, "it can't surely be true? gad, you *are* a clever fellow! how *did* you manage it?"

And Spriggs promised, as soon as Sir Hugh had reached his bedroom, to explain his *matériel*, and tactics, which he did accordingly, producing, what he called, his "great guns," to wit, "The Sinner's Last Snore," and the rest of the Tracts.

"Capital!" laughed Sir Hugh, "only, by Jove! I fear I shall never be sufficiently up in that sort of jargon."

"Your best vay, sir, vill be to keep to the groaning, hand duck hin thunder line."

"Duck in thunder line?" repeated Sir Hugh.

"Yes, sir, a turning hup your heyes, like a duck hin thunder, vith a groaning haccompaniment, hand great

twirling hof the thumbs, hand to keep a sharp look out has to *who* you gits next, for the kiss hof peace, arter prayers, cause, sir, there's has much difference hin vidders, has there his hin vine, honly hage, vich himproves the vone, does quite the rewerse to 'tother."

Several times, during Spriggs's instructions, Musprat being unable to contain his laughter, had to leave the room, more especially, at his graphic narration of Bill Sniggers's misfortunes in the wilderness that morning. But having just entered with some hot water, he helped his master off with his coat, whereupon the latter, forthwith poured a quantity of Rigg's "Extract of Roses," into the palms of his hands, and was about to rub his hair with it, when Spriggs, pausing in the unpacking of the serious portmanteau, made a sudden rush forward, and, placing his hand on Sir Hugh's wrist, as if he had been staying that gentleman from the self-administration of Prussic acid, exclaimed—

"You'll hexcuse me, sir; but not hon no account! you'll ruin hall, for nothink has comes hout hof the perfumer's shop hat hall, comes near the hodour hof sanctity, hof vich, I give you a slight speciment hin Noah Lane this morning."

"Oh!" said Sir Hugh, docilely relinquishing his fragrant intentions, and sprinkling the extract of roses, destined for his hair, on the carpet.

"Thank 'ee, sir—hand I'm sorry to be obleeged to say, has you'll have to part with your moustachers, 'cause who hever seed, hor heered, hof a Methody hin moustachers?"

"The deuce!" said Sir Hugh, seating himself at the toilet, and with a profound sigh, whetting a razor on the palm of his hand, as he added, "I forgot that."

"Vell! Hi know hit *is ard*," said Spriggs, sympathetically; "but you see, sir, hit vould be quite hout hof

ka*rac*ter—has much so, has drawing hon a hangel vith a quizzing-glass stuck hin his heye."

"There!" cried this self-sacrificing lover, flinging down one of his severed lip-tails, with Spartan courage, and then proceeding with a groan to immolate the other.

"I suppose it would be hasking too much, sir," said Spriggs, dubiously, "to—to"—and not having courage to finish the query in words, he began with his right hand making a series of circular pantomimic gyrations, about his own throat and chin.

"What! to cut my throat?" interrupted Sir Hugh.

"No, no—Heaven forbid! but your beard, sir—your beard!"

Sir Hugh paused, and looked as if he only thought this a distinction, without a difference; when suddenly, with a *vivida vis anima*, of which resource, is one of the most infallible proofs, Spriggs exclaimed, in a Eureka voice—

"Not hon no haccount, sir. Hi ave it. Ve'll tie the vhite choker hover hit, hand that vill give hit the true bolster-bulge."

"But—good gad! I shall look as if I had a wen!" objected the disconsolate Adonis.

"Never mind about the ven, Sir Hugh, has long has ve finds out the ow."

"Ha! ha! ha! not bad."

"Now, Musprat—be so good as to take Circassian cream—dewide Sir Hugh's air down the centre ;—hand plaster same, hinto himitation dips hon heach side."

"Did you ever walk in any of these manna-in-the wilderness, processions, Spriggs?" asked Sir Hugh, while Musprat was officiating on his hair.

"Never vos caught but vonce, sir, hand that vos last year—ven Hi had to oist the Blue Peter, vith a text,

hon hit, hat the hend of a stick, like the rest on 'em; but Mrs. Mornington said has I vos hold henough to ave the *priwilege* hof chusing hon my hown text. So I did chuse hit, hand give 'em a piece of my mind, to boot."

"And what was it?"

"Woe unto you Pharisees, hypocrites!—I thought that vos the ticket for the whole bilin."

"Good Heavens!" cried Sir Hugh, contemplating with unaffected horror! the result of Musprat's labours in the glass, "a regular *toilette de la guillotine*!" and then added, with a sigh of resignation as he rose up, "my shirt, Musprat."

No sooner had Musprat handed, and inducted him into, the delicate, embroidered, cambric garment, than Spriggs stepped forward, with one, coarse, and heavy, as a sail-cloth, without any collar or wristbands, but merely very narrow bands, and three bone-buttons down the front.

"Must put this here serious shirt, hover the hother, please, Sir Hugh."

Like Circus-horses, which are tamed into perfect obedidience by want of sleep, poor Sir Hugh, as his serious toilette proceeded, became more and more docile, and passive. But, when Spriggs next brought him an enormous pair of thick-soled, dimly-blackened, Wellington boots, with round convex excrescences upon the sides of them, about as large as small chestnuts, he said, starting back with unfeigned disgust—

"Good gad! what are those?

"Your serious boots, Sir Hugh."

"Well—but my good fellow, those are more like boats than boots, and are at least a mile too large for me."

"Your dress-boots his inside, sir, hotherwise they vould be."

"But what on earth are those knobs, or lumps, that look like chestnuts, or truffles, about them?"

"Don't you take, sir? You knows has you's to be an himmejet descendant from the Progress."

"Descendant from the Progress!—I don't understand."

"Vy, the Pilgrim's Progress, to be sure, sir, since you hare the great Benjamin, Makesure, Bunyan; hand them round knobs as you sees there, sir, his photographs hof tother sort hof bunyans. Hi ad *a deal* hof trouble to get 'em made so natrel—Hi can assure you, sir."

"Well," groaned the the unhappy dandy, "they certainly appear made for wading through the slough of Despond. But I'm in Doubt Castle, if Antinous himself could win a woman, in such a perfect disfiguration as this."

"Lawr! bless yer, sir; hexcept the veriest fools, fresh from boarding-school—hit hain't the *dress*, has vins 'em, hit's the *had*dress."

"It's to be hoped so!" sighed the sceptical baronet.

Next came the long black kerseymere waistcoat, and the long-tailed straight black surtout; the slightly bilious or polemical tinge, which, *viâ*, a weak infusion of camomile-tea, Spriggs had, had, imparted to the ample mull muslin cravat—into which, as he expressed it, he made a pudding of Sir Hugh's beard—a broadish-brimmed, flattish-crowned hat, thick black leather-gloves, a pair of purple spectacles (with side-blinkers to them)—and a small black gingham umbrella, completed the disguise.

"Now, sir, you'll do!" cried Spriggs, with far more self-gratulation, and less terror, than Frankenstein contemplated the monster of *his* creation. "But, Hi beg your pardon for perposing sich a thing, but you'll be obliged to vear my vatch, sir," said Spriggs, presenting his own silver turnip, with a new piece of black elastic

attached to it for the occasion. "Hand this ere ankicher, sir, please," added he, presenting a large white, coarse, lawn one.

"Well, at all events, there's *one* comfort," said Sir Hugh, as he placed the silver warming-pan in his waistcoat-pocket, and the small table-cloth in his coat-pocket; and surveyed himself in the cheval-glass, with more wonder, than admiration:—"and that is, that my own mother wouldn't know me!"

"No," snivelled Spriggs (turning up his eyes, and twirling his thumbs) "that's 'cause, sir, you are 'regenerated!' a *new cretur*, has they hare hall 'new creturs,' has far has houtward happearances goes; hand *there*, the 'new cretur' mostly hends, and the hold cretur remains jist the same has hever, hor rayther *wus*, 'cause hoff 'aving a hadditional coat hof hypocrisy hover hit. But, lawr! sir," added he, taking up a stick of mustachio-wax off the toilet, "you hain't *quite* hup to the mark yet, honly I should be afeared to *int* sich a thing to a gent like you; honly, to be hegzact ATAT, hit's vot had ort to be."

"What, to speak through my nose?" said Sir Hugh.

"Oh! that hin course, sir; but hin horder to ave your lesson at your fingers' hends, as the saying his, you raley ort, by rights, to let me blacken your nails a bit, vith this here moustacher-vax!"

"Good gad!" exclaimed Sir Hugh, with irrepressible horror; "surely I'm quite disgusting enough already, without that!"

"Disgusting!" said Spriggs, repudiating indignantly, with artistic vanity, such a stigma upon what he justly considered his *chef d'œuvre*. "Disgusting hindeed! *you* honly take care sir, as Weeds number one, the hold lady,

don't fall hin love with yer! that's hall, for she's a terrible Turk for hanythink has she takes hinto her 'ead; hand Hi should say has a male Methody, heven double your size, vouldn't ave no chance agin her, hif vonce she set her mind upon him, particklar has the feeding hat the manor, his hequal to Taylor's condition balls."

Poor Sir Hugh! "a shudder came o'er him," as he recalled the Medusa-like effect Mrs. Mornington had produced on him, the first night he had seen her at Clanhaven House.

"Hand now, sir," resumed Spriggs, in a whining voice; "you know has ve're hall brothers! 'cept ven ve's loveiers, usbans, vives, hor vidders, so you hand Hi must henter the room cheek by jowl, *permiscus* together, so has I may get yer a good place near the platform, hand give the hold lady an int, has you're Big Ben, sir. Hand, Musprat, you'll be so good has to make yourself wery scarce, has far has the manor goes, has hanythink has Sir Hugh vonts, Hi can come down for." Sir Hugh took another look at himself in the Psyche, and his disgust gave way to an explosion of laughter; as with his broad-brimmed hat, blue goggles, and gingham under his arm, he was compelled to compliment Spriggs upon the completeness of the metamorphose, and impersonation.

"Har! sir," said that worthy (as he had his hand on the handle of the door to open it) with great dignity and just pride at the consciousness of the climax by which he, Thomas Spriggs, had distanced both Nature, and Fate. "Har! sir, natur made you a man,—chance a barrow-knight,—but Hi've made a Methody hof you! and that kicks 'tother two hout hof Court hany day."

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed Sir Hugh; "but, by the bye, well I thought of it. When Mrs. Mornington speaks to

me, I mean is introduced to me, or introduces herself to me, what ought I say to her?"

"Say; vy, nothink, sir, hor you'll spile hall, for them Methodies hain't never no manners. She'll be sure to lay it hon thick, has hif she'd got the trowel in her and, and vos a re-mortaring Solomon's temple, hand the thicker she plasters, the solider you should git, honly a making hon her a stiff bow, has hif you'd been weaned from the vorld hon starch, hand 'regenerated' hon steel-filings, jist to let her see that you're the gen*uine* harticle, hand like a true 'new creatur,' your humility his halways hon the hincrease: that his, the more hothers think hof you, the more, hin course, you follers suit, hand thinks hof yourself. But, above hall, sir, don't you be hoff your guard; hif you sees hany one has you knows,—'cause, ricklect, hits a hunpossibility has *they* can know you, hunless you betrays yourself,—hand you may see some hof your acquaintance, 'cause the Cherrypant Hussars his still quartered down ere."

"Not much fear of that, for I should think a meeting of this sort, the very last place any of them would come to."

"Lawr, sir, you little knows the sort hof desperate things, country-quarters will drive gents, hand hofficers, to do, hin horder to make avay vith their time, hand perwent their making avay vith theirselves, hand there hain't never a theaytre hat Twaddleton, hand the 'Sembly Rooms his seldom used but for 'lection dinners, hand Methody-meetings. There's honly vone billiard-room, hand vone reading-room hin the town. Hin course, they don't trouble the latter. So that, hexcept hat the time hof the 'sizes, or ven Calcraft comes down, now hand agin, to Twaddleton Gaol, to do a perfessional job hor two, there

hain't no public hamusements vothever. So vot his hofficers to do? They's obliged to go to Methody-meetings, hor hany vere else, vere they think has they may find, or make, a little game."

Spriggs was right in his statistics; for, upon entering the large and very crowded ball-room, at the end of the corridor in which Sir Hugh de Byons's bedroom was situated, he beheld a goodly sprinkling of the Cherrypant Hussars, like poppies in a field, and amongst them, he instantly, to his great annoyance, recognised two of his acquaintance—Lord Marcus Hilton, and Cornet Scampington; but he saw, by the way that they eyed him from head to foot, with a mixture of jocularity, and supercilious impertinence, that they had not the slightest idea who was so near them, and heartily did he congratulate himself upon the excellence of his "get-up," as Lord Marcus, who was fresh from Christchurch, and therefore either lisped in Latin, or grumbled in Greek, at every convenient, or inconvenient opportunity, now looking down at Sir Hugh de Byons's Slough of Despond boots, nudged Scampington, and said—

"*Ex pede Herculem,*" adding, in plain English, as he twirled his moustache, "It's quite extraordinary! the size of those fellows' feet, *invariably;* and the curious phenomenon of distorted anatomy they present."

But presently his lordship's attention was directed to "metal more attractive," and giving his other moustache a corresponding twirl. "By Jove! all Matchlock House turned out, and my sentimental Maypole, that I used to pelt over the wall, with bunches of primroses, last Spring, at the head of them. Ah," concluded he, perorating with a sigh, and pressing his hand upon his heart, "confound it! Old Worrybones herself and the two teachers. Never mind; courage! *Nos hæc novimus esse nihil.*"

Those who have seen, and those who have not, a flock of well-conducted ducks or geese, walking two and two, from the country, Londonward, marshalled by two bipeds, may form a pretty accurate idea of the *entrée* of Miss Worrybones's "young ladies" into the Assembly-room at "The White Hart," where the tithe-meeting was held, walking two and two, all dressed in white muslin, and headed by Miss Jetson and Miss Worrybones, who formed a perfect *charade en action*, of the long and the short of it; for Miss Jetson's neck appeared to have grown longer than ever, as it towered proudly—at least a quarter of a yard—separately and distinctly above her shoulders; while her whole figure, despite crinoline, was thinner, and more diophanic than ever, as if almost blown away by the sighs she had breathed to her affianced Terps, for they had now been affianced for eighteen months, though she had more than once gently, but firmly, recapitulated to him, an axiom of her "dear father's" respecting the disadvantage of long engagements; and so consistent had the Major been in all his opinions, that he carried this principle out with respect to war, as well as love; and therefore was it, at the very onset of the attack on Muchchaff's Mill, near Bristol, that he had gained that glorious black patch, which he wore to the end of his days.

Now Miss Worrybones, differed *widely* from Miss Jetson, being literally as broad as she was long, and her whole figure, taken from feet to head, bearing a strong family-likeness to a bee-hive. While "Matchlock House" was trying to obtain what most houses (or at least their owners) wish to avoid,—*i. e.*, a settlement, Lord Marcus Hilton was pressing his heart, and turning up his eyes, in mimic and telegraphic raptures, at the fair Jacyntha, and over his shoulder, the more mercurial Scampington, standing on

one foot (the left) while the right was suspended in mid-air, as he leant forward, and with a "*Flore et Zephyr*" air, and an immense amount of *ballet aplomb*, more even in his face, than in his feet, began blowing kisses from the tips of his fingers across the room, to the same lady.

"I declare," said Miss Jetson, quite loud enough for all the spectators to hear, bridling tremendously, and trying to do what she had never done in her life, no doubt from never having had cause,—blush. "I declare, wherever those dissolute Cherrypant Hussars are quartered, (so different from the quiet *gentlemanly* officers of the Slowcome militia) a respectable 'female,' had need, on coming to public places, to wear a placard, with 'ENGAGED' written on it.

"Well, never mind dear," soothed Miss Worrybones, as she shampooed herself into her own place, next her elongated *protégée*, "never mind dear, you'll soon, in a double sense, have a legal protector of your own."

"For my part," said Miss Di Coverdale, the fast young lady of Matchlock House, in a stage whisper, to Miss Louisa Lambkin, the sentimental young lady of the establishment—"For my part, I should prefer red pants, to red tape, any day."

Miss Jetson looked pumice-stones at her, over her right shoulder; but merely remarked to Miss Worrybones, as she "faced to the right about" on her seat, as she had seen the Slowcome militia do on parade in her youthful days; that it was "most unfortunate that Mr. Quirker should be detained in town, on the present occasion; for really an *engaged 'female,'* more than any other, required a protector, to shield her from the audacity of the other sex, and the envy of her own."

"I see you, Miss Coverdale, and Miss Lambkin," said the Nemesis of Matchlock House, turning quickly round on the delinquents. "Miss Dj Coverdale, debtor to Jane Worrybones, one handsome, one shilling and sixpence; Miss Louisa Lambkin ditto, ditto, one middling; one shilling."

The "one handsome," alluded to Lord Marcus Hilton, while "one middling," was the more plain, and less flattering designation of Cornet Scampington, for thus were the "little accounts" demanding the ocular forfeits at Matchlock House worded, and thus, did Miss Worrybones instil into *her young ladies*, by every pore, and *viâ* their purse, as the most enduring way, that nucleus of *British female* education, MAN-WORSHIP, and HUSBAND-HUNTING. *Cela posé.* We will now accompany the great Benjamin Makesure Bunyan, in his noble manner of ignoring the existence of his friend, Lord Marcus Hilton, and his laudable and arduous endeavours to get near the platform, which was occupied by Mr. Langston, several other clergymen, Luther Mornington, and the Rev. Aminadab Scuttledust; while just under it, and close to it, sate Mrs. Mornington, Mrs, Delmar, Eva, and Walter Selden.

For this latter group, Sir Hugh de Byons steered, making a sort of lightning-conductor of his black gingham, by which he kept off danger, and forced a passage for himself, followed by Spriggs, according to ATAT "*liberté, égalité,*" and "*fraternité,*" style, who even carried this to the length of whispering—

"Capital! sir. You handles the humbrellher hin fustrate style, hand does the take-care-of-number-one, has vell has hany Methody amongst 'em. Hi sees Madame Mornington a-longing to *fold* the new sheep, in her *harms* halready. Look hout, sir; mind vot you hare about.

'Cause *between two!* vidders' caps, his vot the holdest hadmirals hin the navy, vould call difficult steerage, hand no mistake!'

After which warning, Spriggs made a push in advance of the Baronet, and reaching Mrs. Mornington, after pulling the fore lock of his hair, instead of his hat, said, in a low voice, jerking his left thumb over his left shoulder—

"That's he! 'um. The Progress,—the great Benjamin —the big Bunyan! He has roused me in the train, vith 'The Sinner's Last Snore,' 'um."

Mrs. Mornington sprang to her feet, as if moved by a spring, having in her hand that identical tract, "*Pour se donner un contenance,*" as the French say, and waiting patiently, till she caught Sir Hugh's eye, or rather his spectacles, for he was looking about, with his mouth open, as Spriggs had directed him, in order to look as gawky as possible. He had no sooner come within arm's length, than laying her hand upon his wrist, and pressing it gently, Mrs. Mornington looked up in his face, or rather at his goggles, and said, in a voice meant to be the quintessence of pious tenderness,—

"No further. You need not further seek your place of rest. Surely the place of a brother in faith, is next to that, of a sister in faith. *You* yet, (oh great and good man), ignore that humble sister. Not so she, with regard to you, whose good work has gone before him, like a sweet-smelling odour, and found favour in her sight. Oh, that precious "Last Snore" has awakened, I trust, the sin-steeped senses of a worldly servant of my son's. I am not wrong in presuming I have the privilege of addressing that dear brother in the Lord, Benjamin, Makesure, Bunyan, am I?"

"Oh! Mrs. Mornington, of THE ATAT ARK OF SAL-

VATION, I conclude?" replied the wolf in sheep's clothing, with true Anglo-Saxon absence of all grace, and graciousness, without moving a muscle of either face, or limb, but rigidly keeping up the orthodox national *nolo mi tangere* temperature, that Spriggs had marked down for him in his part.

"Amy," said Mrs. Mornington, sharply, "make way for Mr. Bunyan, and consider yourself highly privileged, for enjoying the society of such an advanced Christian."

Amy did as she was desired, but with a look that in a slight degree betrayed the great disgust, and repugnance, she felt to so doing, for which the Under Baronet, and *Upper Benjamin*, could then and there, have thrown himself at her feet, and implored her, as her copy-book had so often warned her erst of old, *not to judge by appearances*, but discretion being the wiser part of valour, he restrained himself, and

"Took the goods the Gods provided him."

And soon—

"Lovely" Amy (not Thais) "sat beside him."

Looking, from a certain languor that the damp dreariness, that the "manna in the wilderness," had cast over her exquisite features and delicate complexion, if possible more lovely than usual, for the colour that had receded from her cheek, had left the fairness of the lily, rather, than the pallor of the invalid. It is doubtful whether the great Benjamin, had he been the direst sinner upon earth, instead of "a regenerated," or, at least, as far as appearances went, "*a new creature*," could have trembled more than he did, on finding himself beside the realization of his two years' dream. And whether Amy, perceived it, and thought it was some additional mummery, or only in con-

tinuation of her original repugnance, but certain it is, she moved an inch, or two, further on, and with most supererogatory *perseverance, took* his umbrella, and placed it Rubicon-wise, between them on the bench, saying, "I can make room for your umbrella here."

"Sir Hugh seized the innocent gingham, envious, as is his sex's wont, on such occasions, that it should be more happily placed than himself, dashed it on the floor, and put his huge foot, (no, boot) upon it, very nearly blurting out, "Curse the umbrella!" as he did so, but suddenly recollecting himself he converted the blasphemy into a bland—

"Dear madam, on no account ;—it is damp, and might give you cold."

And this having been said inadvertently, in his natural voice, it caused Mrs. Delmar to look up, and stare at him for half a second, whereupon, he turned to Mrs. Mornington and remarked, in a Yankee nasal drawl, which was the nearest approach he could make to the true conventicle whine—

"I rejoice in the spirit, to see the Philistines mustering here so strong, and hope that, like Sampson, the Rev. Aminadab Scuttledust will slay his thousands."

"At all events," said Cornet Scampington (who overheard the remark) to Lord Marcus Hilton, "at all events, he has got the original weapon for doing it."

Here, Mrs. Delmar, foiled in her *ruse* about the umbrella, in moving to the very extremity of the bench, out of the vicinity of the great Bunyan, turned her face full upon the two Cornets.

"By Jove! what a lovely creature," cried Lord Marcus, stopping dead short, in the third twirl he was giving his moustachio.

"Ah, is she not?" assented Scampington, "cursed shame, though, she should be wedged in there, among the saints!"

"Why, where would you *have* an *angel, but* among the saints?" rejoined Lord Marcus, quite loud enough for the compliment to reach its proper address, whereat, might have been observed by any one, so lowly-minded as to cast their eyes on the floor of a crowded room, one of the great Benjamin Makesure Bunyan's huge Wellingtons, involuntarily flung out before, as obstreperous donkeys, are wont to fling out behind.

While these tessellations of talk, were going on at the foot of the platform, Lady Clairville entered at the side-door, near where Mrs. Mornington was sitting, leaning on Mr. Thornberry.

"How do, Thornberry?" said Lord Marcus, as he passed, while Walter got up, and rushed forward to Lady Clairville, who was looking about, rather despairingly at seeing every seat in the room occupied. Mrs. Mornington did *not* wear crinoline, but she *did* wear what is more voluminous, and, alas, spreads far more widely, in England—CANT, and having, from the first, Pharisaically set her face against Lady Clairville, she now in the same anti-Christian spirit, so rife in Anglo-Saxon *folkmotes*, whether in the aisles of churches, or the crush of ball-rooms, spread out her dress, her handkerchief, and her Tracts, to prevent the possibility of Beatrice taking a seat near her, instead of compressing her skirts, and other appendages, to try and *make* room for her, as our less devout, but more Christian, continental neighbours invariably do, even for their social inferiors, in all gatherings.

Luther Mornington saw the whole scene from the

platform, where he was sitting, solemn and silent, in the midst of the clerical rookery—a curl of the lip, a flash of the cold eye, a flush on the colourless cheek, were the affairs of an instant. He rose, as if by electricity, seized the chair on which he had been sitting, and, holding it high above his head, by one leg, after the fashion of acrobats, he sprang, or rather flew (so noiselessly and lightly did he reach the floor) from the platform, and, making his way, in some mysterious manner, equally unknown to himself as to others, placed the chair beside Beatrice, saying, "Allow me to offer your ladyship this chair.

"But it's your own, and I am taking it from you, Mr. Mornington," said she, still hesitating.

"Oh, not at all,—I can get another."

"Thank you, then, very much—it is a *real* charity," said she, sinking into it, and repaying him with one of her ingenuous smiles, which was like those little crystal brooks, of which we see to the uttermost depths, when the sun turns their ripples into silver, and then she added, "Mr. Thornberry, allow me to present to you, Mr. Mornington."

"I've the pleasure of knowing a brother of yours in the Guards," bowed Mr. Thornberry.

"I've often heard my brother mention Mr. Thornberry," rejoined Luther, in a low, timid, hesitating voice, with a faint blush, like a girl, which deepened into the most vivid crimson, as presently he heard his mother's voice, shrill as "the last trump," and almost as startling! saying—

"Luther, you are keeping the whole platform waiting."

"Ten thousand thanks, and as many pardons," said Lady Clairville, with well-bred *empressement*, making a sign of her hand to him to return, "for *that* is *my* fault."

The young man bowed, awkwardly enough, hurried away, and felt such a conflict of volcanic emotions, that they were like the throes of a moral earthquake, more than anything else; but, above all this chaos, rose but one defined feeling, and that was a wish that the earth would open, and swallow him. However, he regained the platform, and, much to Lady Clairville's chagrin, remained standing and leaning against the wall, for he no longer had a seat, and yet did not appear very well able *to* stand.

"That would be a very handsome young fellow,—much better looking than Bowes;—if it were not for the disfiguring priest-like coat, and white dog-collar round his neck," observed Mr. Thornberry, as soon as Luther was gone.

"The whole family are wonderfully handsome," replied Lady Clairville, pointing out Mrs. Delmar, and Eva. "And even the mother, cold and petrifying as her eyes are, *must* have been very handsome."

Here the little Babel going on throughout the room, was checked by the rising (far less brilliant than that of the sun) of the Rev. Aminadab Scuttledust in black shorts, (by way of an evening costume,) who, advancing to the very verge of the platform with his right foot slid forward, and pointed, as if about to commence a minuet, cleared his throat, turned up his eyes, twirled his thumbs, invoked a blessing on his humble efforts; and then, once more, descending from Heaven to earth, opened his harangue by premising that he was no orator—a work of infinite supererogation, as his discourse clearly proved *that* without any such waste of words; for three quarters of an hour he kept them, denouncing the heinousness of tithes, which were clearly not free-will offerings. From them, he got to what he called the root

of the evil—the established Church—which he elegantly denominated "a scab on the fair face of the nation." ("Hisses, groans, cries of "Order!") and a voice outside the door (supposed to be Spriggs's) "Ho! ho! a scab his it? then, that's the reason, I suppose, has you Methodies his come to the 'scratch!'"

Laughter, hisses, groans, cries of "Silence!" "turn him out," and applause, from the officers of the Cherrypant Hussars, in which Miss Di Coverdale joined, while Miss Worrybones groaned, and Miss Jetson bridled and fanned herself violently, energetically enunciating the one word, "SHAMEFUL!"

As soon as the storm had in some degree subsided, Mr. Scuttledust resumed, saying he would not further touch on *naytional* prejudices; but, as a tree was known by its fruits, he would merely call their attention to the great blessings that pious soul, Monica Mornington, the founder of "THE ATAT ARK OF SALVATION" had poured out on Twaddleton and Field-Fleury. A voice, "Where are the microscopes that we may see them?" Innumerable other voices, "Ay, where *are* the microscopes? for I defy you to see the blessings without!" Hisses! "Silence!" and cries of "Order!" Another voice,—

"Now *I'll* tell you where you *can* see blessings—plain as mountains to the naked eye—at Beechcroft; look at the Maresco schools!"

"Hear! Hear! Hear!" loud and continued applause. Poor Lady Clairville hung her head, and was covered with confusion. Mr. Thornberry kindly stood before her, and murmured something about "doing good in secret, and blushing to find it fame." In order to quell these plaudits, which he saw were so painful to her, Mr. Langston now came forward on the platform, begging to trespass for a

short time on their attention, and promising not to detain them long.

"The longer the better," from several voices. Every one felt the charm almost like that of sleep after pain, or safety after fear, at the soft, deep, mellow, musical tones, of this thoroughly Christian gentleman's, and well-educated man's voice, following as it did, the nasal, whine, and vulgar rant of Mr. Scuttledust.

"The last speaker, commenced Mr. Langston, "has *improved* upon Sir Henry Wotton's '*Disputandi pruritus ecclesiarum* SCABIES!'* by transferring it to the *nation* at large. And perhaps I shall astonish some of my hearers, and anger others, when I declare, that though a minister of the Church of England, and if one of the humblest, I hope I may conscientiously add, *not* one of the least zealous—I fear, I say, that I shall excite surprise in some, and displeasure in others, when I declare that I, like other far worthier divines, who have held the same creed, believe that tithes are not only injurious to religion, but detrimental to the State. Injurious to religion, because they have a tendency to make the pastor independent of his flock, little anxious after their spiritual welfare, unconcerned about religious duties, desirous of gain, a lover of the world, more than the lover of God. And I deem them detrimental to the State, because they discourage agriculture, create litigation, and are oppressive, and unjust, to those, who *not* following the dogmas of the established Church, are yet obliged to contribute to the support of the teachers of them." (Great applause from THE ATATIANS.)

* "The itch of disputation will prove the scab of the Church." This was so favourite an axiom of Sir Henry Wotton's, that he even had it inscribed upon his tomb.

It may appear a paradox; but I further maintain, that tithes are not the best payments of the Clergy in general. (Hear! hear! hear! from divers Curates throughout the Meeting.) "Individuals, no doubt, are much benefited by this mode of remuneration; namely—Lords Bishops, other dignitaries, and pluralists. But how small,—how infinitesimal a portion of the crumbs of *their* loaves, falls to the share of the most laborious, and useful members of the officiating Clergy? (Remember, my friends, *I* am a Vicar; and therefore am not, as our Gallic neighbours express it, 'Preaching for my parish'—that is, for myself.) Besides, I scarcely think tithes constitutional. The Sovereign, the Army, the Navy, are supported by annual taxes, which are perpetual taxes, imposed in barbarous times, by our semi-barbaric ancestors. They could give away, it is allowed, their lands,—but how could they appropriate the use of those lands, which, in the course of time, from the industry of the cultivator, became worth a hundred-fold their original value? I should not be disposed to make too great an innovation, suddenly; but if, in the northern counties, the experiment were tried;—and upon the decease of every incumbent, the tithes should cease in the parish,—religion—I mean its better part—Christianity, would perhaps gain ground; and, if the experiment succeeded, other counties might, upon petitioning the Legislature, have the same privilege allowed them. In this case, I suppose patronage and ecclesiastical rights to remain in *statu quo*. But, when this change had taken place, it might not be amiss to appropriate the revenues of Cathedral, and Collegiate Churches, in those counties to the purchase of tithes in lay-hands, by which the occupiers of land, would be freed entirely from so obnoxious a tax."

Mr. Langston paused, bowed, and was about to sit down

amidst great applause, and very few dissentient voices, when some solitary one, in the crowd exclaimed, loud enough to be heard, when all the rest had died away, "Pish!—a Calvinist!"

"A Calvinist!" repeated Mr. Langston, again coming forward. "Nay—my good friend, if that arrow was levelled at me, I must beg most indignantly to fling it back to him who aimed it, it having fallen so very wide of the mark. As I am a Christian, I had rather you had called me a Papist, for it would *not* have led me so far from home. For it must be at once confessed, and lamented, that the very same persons, and churches, that had so nobly run the race of glory, stopped short in their full career, monstrously attempting to deprive others, of that religious freedom, which they had so bravely, and fearlessly, exercised themselves. And thus they miserably 'halted between two opinions,' asserting their *own* right of private judgment; yet denying it to those who differed from their belief. If Rome had its Inquisition, Protestantism, alas! had its sensual Luther, and its profligate, and persecuting, Calvin, whom some one has just done me the dis-honour of likening me to; *that* Calvin, whose conduct on the score of inhuman persecution was notorious. While he fulminated anathemas against the Vatican, he himself persecuted a far nobler man and purer Christian to the stake; and who, at least, unlike his persecutor, had never BEEN BRANDED AT THE GALLEYS. To sum up the crimes, the vices, and the hypocrisy of Calvin, in ONE indelible blot,—there needs but the one word—

SERVETUS!

"Neither was his blood-hound tracking of this, his hapless victim, the mere result of a hot, and unbridled

temper, inflamed by party,—or I should say by sectarian zeal, that infernal lava, which devastates wherever it flows; but rather the deliberate dictates, the confirmed principles, of that Genevan church, of which he was the founder, of those (in their original) pure tenets, of which he was the con-founder. For it is a note-worthy fact, that one of the most lauded and admired writers, and doctors, of that church, one who is allowed to be the best expounder and defender of its tenets,—one who after having discussed this question concerning the right of persecution, with all the astuteness of an able man, and a subtle logician, labouring under the up-hill, miry road of a bad cause, sums up his decision in these words—'CONCLUDIMUS MAGISTRATUM CHRISTIANUM POSSE PŒNA CAPITALI IN SIMILES PESTES ET HOMINUM MONSTRA ANIMADVERTERE,' namely, 'we conclude therefore, that a Christian magistrate may punish such pests, and monsters, with death.'

"Now, just let me ask any candid, and impartial person, wherein does the difference consist between this sanguinary fiat, and the most persecuting Papal inquisition? If there be a difference, it consists only in the difference of opinions to be persecuted; the Papist will excommunicate you for holding one doctrine, while the Calvinist will exterminate you for believing another; but the utterly unchristian principle of PERSECUTION *is the same in both.* And, furthermore, have *we* no cause to blush for some of the foremost of our Reformers? we must be very partial, or very blind, not to admit that many of them laboured under this taint of persecution. Many, very many, who, in other respects, were amiable, honest, and praiseworthy men, and yet were wanting in the true and generous spirit of religious liberty;—that noble and Christian spirit, which knows the weakness of

human nature,—knows how liable it is to err, and thence *bestows* on difference of judgment, the same blessed toleration which it *claims*. May I then at least request, from the justice of my variously thinking hearers, for my at least Christian SINCERITY—any other term of reprobation, than that very unmerited one, of—CALVINIST?"

Mr. Langston sat down, amid unanimous applause; and, among the very loudest, and most enthusiastic, of the *claqueurs*, was Luther Mornington. Even the Cherry-pant Hussars, (who were not proud) generously clashed their spurs, as if they were going to dance the *Cracovienne;* —while the heat of the room was so intense, that Match-lock House appeared on fire! at least, the vivid colour that the 111th wore upon their limbs, Miss Worrybones's young ladies wore upon their cheeks.—*Mais à tout malheur, quelque chose est bon;* and, while Mrs. Mornington had been *rather* touched by Mr. Langston's words, (though she did not care to show it), poor Mrs. Delmar, between the fatigue of the morning, and the heat and excitement of the evening, fainted; but forthwith, the arms of the great Benjamin Makesure Bunyan, made sure of his prize, and ungratefully forgetful of the trampled gingham, (which had piloted him into port,) was bearing his lovely burden from the room, when Mrs. Mornington began apologizing for the trouble; and saying she had beckoned to Luther, who would be there in a moment, which of course, accelerated Sir Hugh's movements. Seeing this, she called after him:—"you will find our vehicle at the door, Mr. Bunyan," as she, Eva, and Walter, followed; for very properly, she had too great a regard for truth to call it a carriage.

"Hall right, sir!" winked Spriggs, at the ball-room door; "I'll show yer the vay to the machine, sir,—they

say has heverythink hin natur has hits use, but I never rightly considered the use of fainting-fits afore:—shall know better for the futer."

Then, seeing Mrs. Mornington close upon him, the hypocrite added, "many ands make light vork; so Hi'd hoffer to 'sist the poor gemman, hif I vosn't a suvant." But, so little did the "poor gemman" seem to require his assistance, that even when they reached the semi-hearse, Sir Hugh did not relinquish his freight. Spriggs slammed to the door, then *viâ* the box, got upon the roof, where he began snapping his fingers, and capering like a wild Indian dancing the war-dance:—then, drawing up into sudden immoveability, he roared out to the coachman, "Brown! you Bunyan,

"OME!"

END OF VOL. II.

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